THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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TRUE

MASCULINE MYSTIQUE: A Hilarious Rebuttal to the Feminine Myth

A FORGOTTEN AMERICAN: He Rots Helplessly in a Mexican Jail

HOWARD HUGHES: An Unauthorized Biography of the Mysterious Flyboy

GI EXECUTIONERS: They Avenge Atrocities by Beheading Viet Cong

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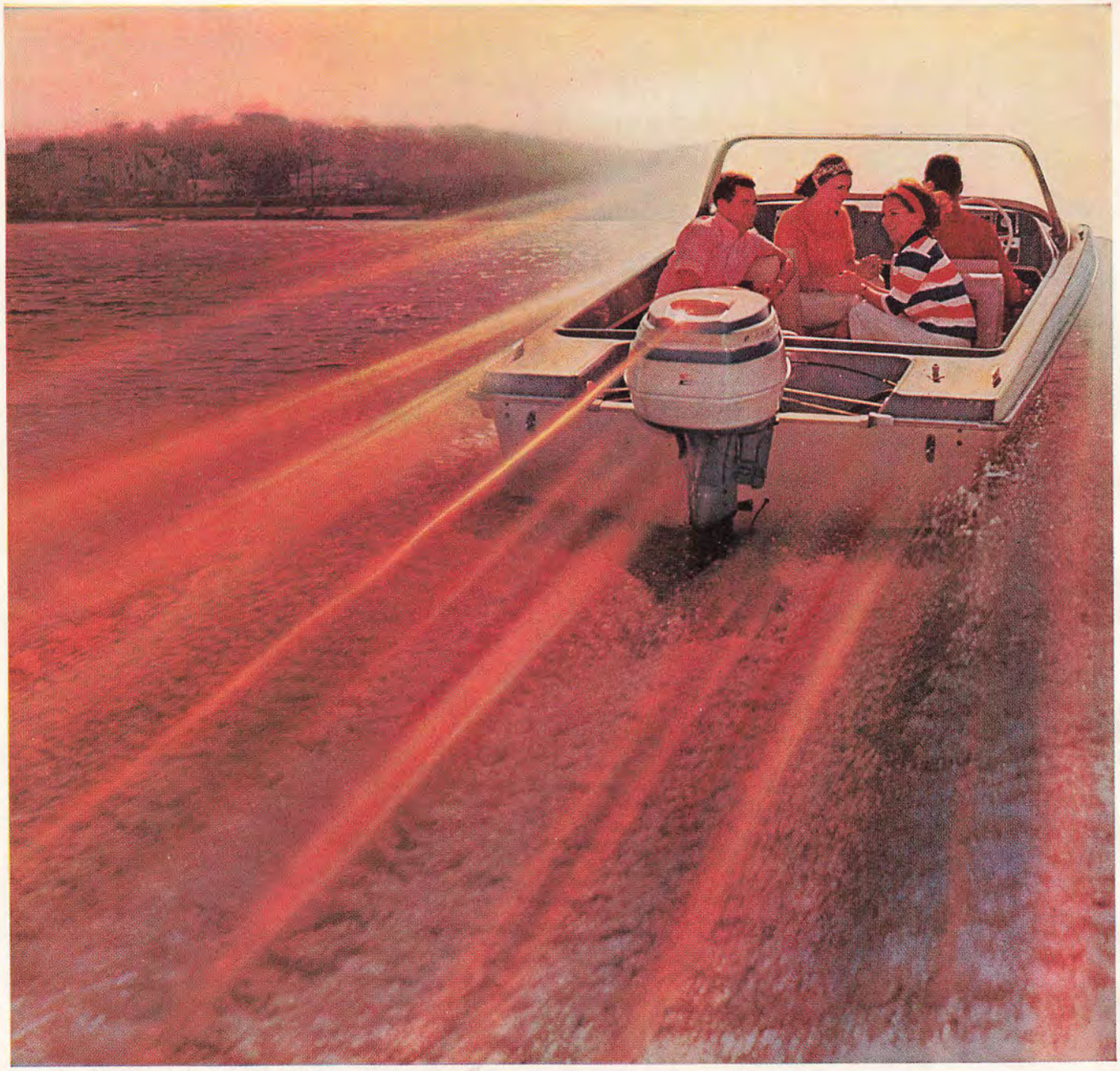

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Doctor's Dilemma

Your article in the December issue on Phineas P. Gage is most interesting; but it is a well-known fact that my grandfather, Dr. Edward H. Williams, and not Dr. Harlow, had the entire care of the man.

May I refer you to his (Doctor Williams') obituary in the December 22, 1899, issue of the Santa Barbara, California, paper: "At Proctorsville he treated a case, now classic, that of Phineas P. Gage, who had a tamping bar blown through his head, and survived." And I likewise refer you to an article in the February 1, 1923, issue of *The Springfield* (Vermont) *Republican*, with a similar reference to the case.

I am quite sure that a silver plate was attached to the top of Gage's skull, over the hole, before he left Proctorsville. Whether it is still there, today, I cannot say.

—Edward H. Williams
Woodstock, Vermont

We're sure it's a moot point. About the silver plate, not your grandfather's role in the case.

The World Of LBJ

In the future, please spare me the agonizing propaganda such as *The Secret World of LBJ* in your January issue. In all fairness to you, I tried to read it all before commenting on it, but I became so nauseated that I had to quit before I was through, and just glanced through the rest.

I may be mistaken, but thought I saw that Walter Jenkins got an apologetic mention, I missed Bobby Baker entirely. Wonder why? As for other things, they are too numerous and nauseous to mention.

In the future, please do not spoil an otherwise good magazine by carrying such obviously blatant and nauseating propaganda. Even though us readers may be long suffering, the gagging point can be reached.

—W. J. Oved
Crosby, N. Dakota

Am writing in connection with the LBJ story in your January issue. I am a collector of playing cards, and seeing the deck that was pictured with this article, I immediately began correspondence in search of this particular deck. I wrote to my Congressman, William Stanton, in Washington, and he tried to acquire a deck for me with no success. He wrote that no one in Washington, D.C., is aware of such a deck.

I hope you can help me by informing me if there is such a deck and where I can acquire same.

—Mrs. Albert Pap
Warren, Ohio

Our photographer stacked that deck for us. If enough readers—principally LBJ—want same, we'll see if we can have them made up.

Historical Footnote

Some time back you printed an item about horse and rider statues. You said that if the horse had four legs on the ground, the rider died of natural causes; if the horse had two legs in the air the rider died in battle; one leg in the air, the rider died of wounds.

On my annual tour of historical sites last year, I took the enclosed photograph of Stonewall Jackson's statue at Manassas, Virginia. History tells us that he died of wounds, so I am curious to know why his horse does not have one leg in the air.

—Earl C. Jones
Gulfport, Florida

Dumb horse!

So Speaks The Fair Sex

I am still furious over Max Gunther's October article (*The TV Plot to Slander Manhood*) and even more so now that I've read Joe Gores' January article (*Paradise—for $3 a Day*). Of course women are more domineering today than ever before. That, however, is not how *they* want it. Women are domineering only because men let them be domineering. The little woman doesn't feel fulfilled because there is no *true* man around to keep her satisfied, a man with "grace, gumption, grits and guts."

If man tried harder to keep one woman happy, she, in turn, would gladly keep her place, and those "swinging, sexy islands" would hold little excitement. A woman wants and needs to be conquered as much as a man craves to conquer and she doesn't want some "hit and run" Romeo either.

—Mrs. P. A. Roy
Solsqua, Canada

Mr. Roy been running lately?

It is now time for the fair sex to rebel. This is a modern generation, and we women are tired of being modern alone. I for one think it is about time our American male finally puts fashion and class in his life. We women are sick and tired of seeing our men walking around like drab, potbellied slobs.

Only recently have some of our masculine sex realized we women enjoy admiring their

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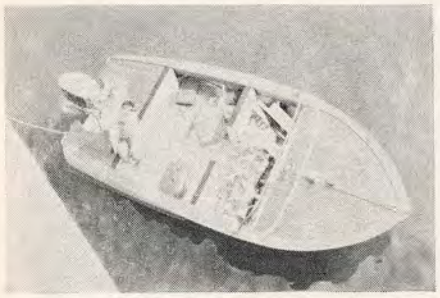
Movements and prices as of Feb. 1, 1966

[*Continued from page 2*]

form, as I'm sure they do ours. I am now waiting for the fashion designers to give our men more sex appeal. I know there is nothing more I would rather see than my man with the nude look in underwear.

—*Mrs. R. K.*
Belleville, New York

Tell him; don't tell us.



Bully Boat

I thought you might like to see how some of the True articles were read and appreciated. I have enclosed a photo of the Ski-Tow All Purpose boat I built according to the plans and specifications which appeared in your February 1960 issue.

It's well designed and handles nicely—top speed 40 mph.

—*E. David Kammer*
Chattanooga, Tenn.

That equipment toward the stern looks pretty nice, too.

Caution

Easy on that fiction, men. If I see a story or article is fiction, I can't and don't spend one second reading it. Quite often I refer to someone about something I read in True and always add, "You know, True Magazine's stories are all true." So, gents, go easy on the stories like *Sarkhan* and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.*

—*H. Enloe*
Cleveland, Texas

Don't quibble. Just tell your friends that True's stories are the best, fact or fiction.

Girl Watchers

We (The Bolema Rod and Gun Club) would like to congratulate you on a great job. You were voted the club's second favorite magazine (*National Geographic* was number one). Since you are only number two, you should try a little harder. You may, however, make number one if you could give us a little info on the little blonde "charger" who leads the Dodge Rebellion on TV and in your magazine (page 27 of the February issue). Eighteen of us will anxiously await your reply (ballots in hand).

—*Bolema Rod & Gun Club*
Lafayette, California

Hope you got better eyesight when you're out shooting. Ain't the same girl at all. The one in the magazine is a model named Connie Snow.

French Lesson

Just wondering where Geoffrey Bocca obtained his material for *The Traitor Hero France Forgave.* (February True). He should be informed that there never were any foreigners who ever made the commissioned ranks of the Legion. Noncoms, yes; officers, no. The officers were French who had to serve a hitch with the Legion as part of an officer's training. It was never possible for a French citizen to enlist in the Legion. There were Frenchmen in the Legion, but at the time of enlistment they gave a country other than France as their place of birth and residence. The Legion cared less about a man's past. That was one reason for enlisting such people as Otto Klems.

—*Edward C. Letchman*
Birmingham, Alabama

Voice From The Past

Want to take exception to statements referring to me in your February issue. (*The Smallest Show on Earth* by Dan Mannix.) First, the reference to me being the "late" Professor Heckler! I carry on a wide correspondence with old friends and relations and have had many queries as to my passing on to the next world.

Second, the statement that I came to this country in the '20's and opened the Flea Circus on 42nd Street. I am a Tar Heel, born in Gastonia, North Carolina, and have never been in Germany in my life.

Yours for a truer True magazine.

—*The "late" Professor Heckler*
Not in Germany

Well, we got 42nd Street right. Glad to have you still around reading True.

I beg to differ with Dan Mannix—fleas do not have six legs but three legs. Dan was probably thinking of the crab when the subject asserted itself. As much research as he did on the Flea Circus story, how come he made this statement?

—*Speedy Babbs*
Palm Beach, Florida

Where've you been doing *your* research? Dan's fleas were circus fleas, yes, but they weren't freaks. Six legs is right.

Love Bed Letters

I can't resist commenting on Isaac Asimov's article *Conceived in the Love Bed of Science* in the February issue. Asimov paints a very rosy picture of life in the future as man learns how to improve on heredity and even create new species of plants, animals and humans. Except for a single paragraph, however, Asimov says nothing about the undesirable consequences of such endeavor. We should always remember that science does things "to" us as well as "for" us and that sometimes the undesirable consequences and reactions of a discovery may outweigh the benefits. Right now we should be considering and debating the moral, ethical and religious consequences of tampering with life as well as the technological results. Unfortunately we never seem to do this until the discovery is already made and it is too late, as in the case of the atomic bomb. . . .

—*Dr. Allen R. Utke*
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Your article on "man" created in the laboratory was noteworthy for its omission. Man is dual, body and soul. How does the scientist propose manufacturing his soul?

—*Mrs. E. M. Tippet*
Claremont, California

"My mother-in-law."

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

MAY 1966

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He produced famous motion pictures, squired glamorous women, built up a major airline from nothing and, as a pilot himself, was as celebrated as Lindbergh. Yet, through it all, his quirk for privacy was as notable as his feats. Now, at 60, he is a legend and although still puzzling and withdrawn, he is easily one of the most fascinating figures of our time

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

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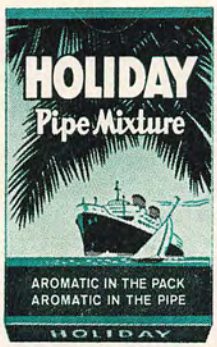

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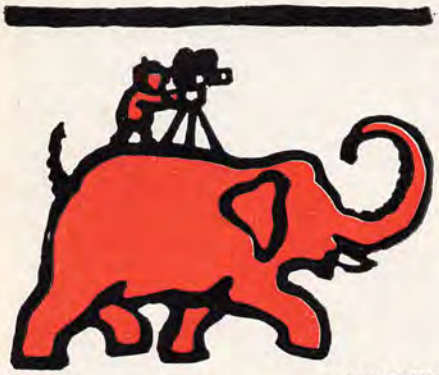

MOVIES

YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS. A documentary, mostly in color, of the brief administration of John F. Kennedy, intertwining highlights of those thousand days with the funeral—the "day of drums." Made by the USIA for overseas showings and released here by an Act of Congress, it captures perfectly the style and grace of the late President. It is a fitting memorial to him, and an intensely moving reminder for us of the unutterably tragic loss America suffered that day in Dallas.

HARPER. Paul Newman stars as hard-boiled private eye Lew Harper, on the trail of a rich lush who's gone AWOL from his bitchy wife. From an opulent mansion to the back alleys of Los Angeles, the search is full of wit, suspense, foul play and excitement. Newman is superb as the wry hero, and is excellently supported by Arthur Hill, Janet Leigh, Shelley Winters, Lauren Bacall and Julie Harris. A tough, enjoyable movie.

BORN FREE. So-called "family pictures" are usually fit only for little old ladies in flowery hats, and very square kids, but this is an exception; it's top-grade entertainment all the way. Based on the best-selling books about Elsa the lioness and the game wardens who adopted her, the film tells their story with warmth, humor and intelligence. Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers play her likable keepers, but the lion's share of this achievement goes to the kittenish lioness who plays Elsa.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX. Producer-director Robert Aldrich takes the plane-lost-in-the-desert story and turns it into virile, vivid entertainment, thanks to a unique plot twist and a good, international cast. James Stewart, Richard Attenborough, Hardy Kruger, Peter Finch, Christian Marquand and Ernest Borgnine rate special mention.

OUR MAN FLINT. What an original idea—a spoof of the James Bond movies! And with more girls, more gadgets, more gymnastics! Does quantity triumph over quality? Not here, it doesn't. James Coburn is Flint; he's an actor worth watching, but not on this outing.

LORD LOVE A DUCK. A stupifying, unfunny comedy based on the erroneous idea that taking leave of reality and being grotesque guarantees comic results. Roddy McDowall plays an androgynous high-schooler and Tuesday Weld portrays the imbecilic object of his ambiguous affections.

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER. Good, old-fashioned whodunits are as rare as humility in Congress these days, so this modest French entry is quite welcome. Yves Montand stars as a police inspector, fighting both a bad case of the Asian flu and his promotion-minded superintendent while trying to figure out who strangled a beautiful brunette on a train. There are more murders before we get to the bottom of this and it ends with a rip-roaring chase. Simone Signoret steals several scenes as an aging actress who's clinging to her youth; he eventually does her wrong.

OTHELLO. Laurence Olivier's interpretation of Shakespeare's classic is quite startling. He has chosen to play the Moor in blackface. In the beginning, he is more successful at playing a Negro than Othello; by the end he is so caught up in it that he goes overboard into a burlesque—you almost expect him to drop to one knee and start singing "Mammy." Strictly for scholars.

BOOKS

THAT SUMMER by Allen Drury. The author of *Advise and Consent* turns away from politics to a tougher world—the battleground of the heart. A former Air Force officer comes to an exclusive summer colony where his aloofness and manliness make him a target for the gossipy inhabitants, especially when he falls in love with one of them. The hero is a good man and his no-nonsense point of view keeps this entertaining and moving novel from becoming a soap opera. *Coward-McCann; $4.95.*

THE CRYING OF LOT 49 by Thomas Pynchon. A hilarious, way-out parody of life, love, the far right, homosexuality, psychoanalysis, rock 'n' roll and a dozen other things, set in the framework of a quest for the significance of a sinister secret society. Though it reads like a nutty detective novel, a calm coda at the finish turns it into thoughtful satire. *Lippincott; $3.95.*

THE NAKED RUNNER by Francis Clifford. This well-written, tightly drawn thriller is one of the best suspense novels we've read. A man is lured into some part-time spying, unaware that he's really a full-time pawn being driven to murder in an intricate plot. From London to Leipzig to Copenhagen to a rainy rendezvous with death on an East German highway, the tension (and surprises) never lets up. *Coward-McCann; $4.95.*

THE EMBEZZLER by Louis Auchincloss. If you agree with the statement that there is nothing so boring as the problems of the very rich, then you won't want to read this novel. It details the life and times of a finagling Wall Streeter in the early part of this century, cataloging the artificialities of upper-class life in New York as though they were virtues. *Houghton Mifflin; $4.95.*

THE COMEDIANS by Graham Greene. Another portrait of Graham Greene's favorite character: the hero-as-loser. This time the setting is Haiti and the context for failure is an abortive revolt against its current dictator. Never quite dull, never quite exciting, it's literary Chinese food—you'll want to read another book an hour later. *Viking; $5.75.*

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL by Kenneth Rexroth. The uproarious, engaging memoir of a man who was a poet, painter, translator, ex-con, dropout, cowpoke, hobo and husband by the age of 23. He grew up in Chicago in the '20's and hitchhiked all over the country, one of the last of a generation of scruffy artists who wanted to see life firsthand. The success of an autobiography often depends on the personality of the subject; Rexroth is charming and candid. *Doubleday; $5.95.*

THE FATAL IMPACT by Alan Moorehead. An account of the discovery, exploration and eventual corruption of the South Pacific, from 1767 to 1840. We are taken along, via a fascinating, level-headed narrative, on Captain Cook's three voyages to Tahiti, Antarctica and Australia, and remain to see the ruination-through-progress that civilization brought. The book is chock-full of facts and continually interesting. *Harper & Row; $5.95.*

THE SWORDS OF SPAIN by Robert Daley. In the deadpan prose that has become *de rigueur* for describing bullfighting, Daley reports on its heroes, rivalries and continuing drama. It's readable and interesting even if your favorite sport is golf and "bull" is what your next-door neighbor throws after three martinis at the 19th hole. Two hundred fine photos by the author make this a handsome book. *Dial Press; $9.95.*

THE LEGEND OF GRIZZLY ADAMS by Richard Dillon. Adams vamoosed from his Massachusetts home and dull shoemaker's life to go

[*Continued on page* 10]

This 5-year/50,000-mile warranty could be worth extra dollars at trade-in time.

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION

TRUEVIEWS [*Continued from page 8*]

West in 1849 and became a great hunter, bear tamer and tall-tale teller. He ended up in P. T. Barnum's entourage, showing off the animals who had made him famous, and died in bed in 1860. His biographer is handicapped by the way the old boy cheerfully tangled his facts, but it's a good story. *Coward-McCann; $5.00.*

THE DUEL by Robert Baldick. A concise and lively history of dueling, from the trials by combat of the Dark Ages to the more elegant days of "pistols for two, coffee for one." The anecdotal, often amusing narrative makes good reading and there are many authentic illustrations. *Clarkson N. Potter; $8.50.*

THE LAST 100 DAYS by John Toland. The last days of WW II in Europe are re-created in this excellent, big (622 pages) book. Toland keeps a firm grip on his complex subject and often makes it exciting, whether dealing with the statesmen at the top, the generals in the field or the soldiers in the mud. The book is packed with revelations: Patton's correct prediction of Eisenhower's future, Alger Hiss' role at Yalta, Churchill's first act upon touching German soil. *Random House; $8.95.*

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND CHINA by A. T. Steele. There have been quite a few books published on China in recent months. This is one of the more valuable ones. It is a well-organized and well-written evaluation of American public opinion toward China—and an examination of the facts, which are often different. Sometimes shocking, often surprising, it is a good book to begin with for anyone who wants to learn about this dangerous behemoth. *McGraw-Hill; $7.50.*

IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN by Stephen Vizinczey. This book, a sort of sexual memoir, was a sensation in Canada where the author published it himself. Americans may wonder what all the fuss was about since his adventures with mature ladies are more wistfully charming than frankly erotic. Readable but forgettable. *Trident; $4.95.*

MADE IN USA by Alfred Kern. The setting of this novel is the jungle of organized Labor. A union man from national headquarters returns to his hometown to take over a local and is soon involved in skullduggery, adultery and violence—and a rigorous examination of his (and Labor's) ideals. A strong story that's well worth reading. *Houghton Mifflin; $4.95.*

ODDS AGAINST by Dick Francis. The author is an ex-jockey, now a sportswriter, and his knowledgeable portrayal of the racing world is only one of several things that make this suspense novel so good. The hero, a crippled ex-jockey (now a detective), is pitted against a sadistic swindler twice his size whose target is a local racetrack. The sharp characterizations, bright dialogue and tight plot make it a sure bet. *Harper & Row; $4.95.*

RECORDS

SHIRLEY BASSEY IN PERSON. Recorded live in a London nightclub, this album has all the heat and excitement of an erupting volcano. Miss Bassey is a gusty, gutsy singer, and when she belts out a song it stays down for the count. "The Lady is a Tramp," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "You'd Better Love Me," and 11 more. Brava! *United Artists.*

QUINCY'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG. And a good one, too. Quincy Jones is a talented composer, conductor and arranger; here, he delivers a bagful of contemporary tunes with a solid beat and nice jazzy sound. The dozen instrumentals include "Fever," "Harlem Nocturne," "A Lover's Concerto" and "Hang On Sloopy." *Mercury.*

THE WORLD OF CHARLES AZNAVOUR. It is a sad place, ruled by love—or its absence. When, occasionally, it's funny, the humor is ironic and wry. Aznavour carries on the tradition of the troubadours, writing and singing his own songs in French and English. In this fine album, his throbbing baritone tells why lovers are losers who are still somehow ahead of the game. *Reprise.*

SKY HIGH. Dextrous blendings of piano, drums (including bongos and congas) and bass result in an exciting, pleasant potpourri of sound by the Quartette Très Bien. They're cool but swinging on numbers like "Ruby," "Fly Me To the Moon," and "I Can't Get Started." *Decca.*

ELLA AT DUKE'S PLACE. Ella is Ella Fitzgerald; Duke is Duke Ellington. If you needed to be told that, you will also need to be told that this is a great record; if you didn't, then we need say no more. Then 10 tunes are the Duke's: five tender, five bouncy, all tops. *Verve.*

AN EVENING WASTED WITH TOM LEHRER. A reissue that shouldn't be missed. Lehrer is one of our best humorists, mostly because of his awareness that satire and bad taste go hand in hand. Some of his targets are motherhood, college, the army, love and The Bomb. While we're at it, let us also recommend *That Was the Year That Was,* another recent album by him; it's topical, outrageous and very funny. *Reprise.*

1601. Mark Twain's comic masterpiece, recreating the bawdy fireside conversation of Queen Elizabeth I, Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakespeare and lords and ladies of the court. Richard Dyer-Bennet reads the often-suppressed work with charming elegance. On the flip side, he sings six uninhibited folk songs, including the famous "Gatherin' O' the Clan." Good adult fun. *Dyer-Bennet Records.*

AN EVENING WITH BELAFONTE/MOUSKOURI. Harry Belafonte needs no introduction, but Nana Mouskouri might: She's a young singer (and a very good one) from Greece. She and Belafonte make beautiful music together singing 10 Greek songs. Most of them were written by Manos Hajidakis, the man who composed "Never on Sunday," and have that same zestful quality. *RCA Victor.*

20TH CENTURY SPANISH PIANO MUSIC. Contemporary classical music that reflects the many faces and moods of Spain, played with skill and *simpatico* by Gonzalo Soriano. Two of the four selections here are by Manuel De Falla: the limpid "Four Spanish Pieces" and the dramatic "Fantasia betica." Joaquin Rodrigo's neo classical "Dances of Spain" and Xavier Montsalvatge's modernistic "Sonatine pour Yvette" are also fine listening. *Angel.*

ARTHUR PRYSOCK/COUNT BASIE. Take a fine singer with a husky baritone voice, add an orchestra that has always been among the best for showcasing singers, blend in a batch of blues ballads, and you have a feast fit for a king's ears. Prysock, Basie and the band are in top form on "Gone Again," "Don't Go to Strangers," "I Could Have Told You," "I Worry Bout You" and seven more. *Verve.*

BASIE MEETS BOND. The Kid from Red Bank threatens to become ubiquitous—and what could be nicer for pop music than that particular danger? The album might have been better titled "Basie has a Ball," because that's what happens as he uses "Thunderball," "Goldfinger," "From Russia with Love," the James Bond theme and several other tunes from the 007 repertoire as launching pads for high-flying improvisations. *United Artists.*

I LIKE IT LIKE DAT. Who dat? Della Reese, dat's who, and after hearing her belt out a dozen blues (six raunchy, six tender), you'll like it like dat, too. Her brassy voice is especially effective on numbers like "Travelin' Light," "Fool that I Am," and "Ain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do." *ABC-Paramount.*

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by
DICK
KOTIS,
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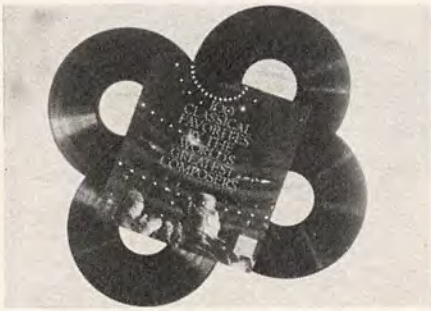
TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.



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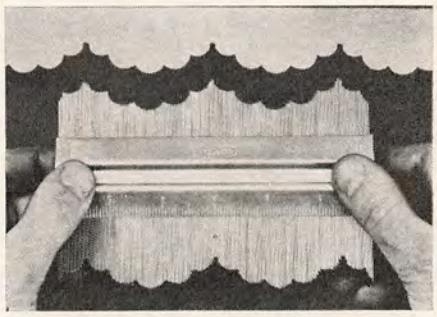

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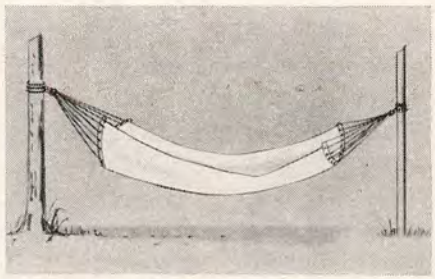

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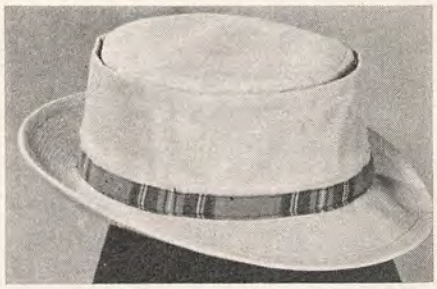

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For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 125

accessories supplied by Manufacturer, at an authorized Dealer's place of business any part or parts thereof, including all equipment or trad
before such motor vehicle has been driven 24,000 miles, whichever event shall first occur, be returned to an authorized Dealer's place
of business, and which shall be thus defective. This warranty shall not apply (1) to tires (which are covered by the tire manufacturer's
warranty), nor (2) to normal maintenance services (including, but not limited to, engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and wheel, brake
and clutch adjustments) and the normal replacement of service items (such as spark plugs, ignition points, filters, wiper blades
brake and clutch linings) and deterioration of soft trim and appearance items due to use or exposure, nor (3) to any such motor vehicle
which shall have been repaired or altered outside of an authorized dealership in any way so as in the judgment of Manufacturer to
affect adversely its performance

Company warrants to the owner each part of this vehicle to be free under normal use and service from defects in material and wo
manship for a period of 24 months from the date of delivery to the original retail purchaser or until it has been driven for 24,000 mil
whichever comes first.* This warranty shall be fulfilled by the dealer (or if the owner of the vehicle is traveling or has become a resid
of a different locality, by any authorized dealer) replacing or repairing at his place of business, free of charge including related lab
any such defective part.

miles, whichever occurs first after delivery, it will be replaced at no cost. Thereafter, it will be replaced on a pro-rata adjustment basis
up to 36 months from date of original vehicle purchase. The pro-rata adjustment provides you with a credit towards the purchase
new battery, based on the number of months remaining in the pro-rata period at the time
does not apply if the battery has been

5. REQUIRED MAINTENANCE SERVICES: The engine oil and oil filter must be changed and the carburetor air filter cleaned ar
replaced as specified in the warranty to assure protection under the engine and drive train warranty coverage. At least every six months,
Authorized Dealer must certify on the form supplied with the vehicle that (1) you have furnished the dealer evidence that the require
maintenance services have been performed, and (2) the mileage then registered on the vehicle odometer. Any competent service gara

he provisions of this warranty shall not apply to any motor vehicle or chassis which has been subject to misuse, negligence or accident,
which shall have been repaired or altered outside of an authorized dealership in any way so as, in the judgment of Manufacturer, to
fect adversely its performance and reliability, nor to normal maintenance services (such as engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and
heel, brake and clutch adjustments) and the replacement of service items (such as spark plugs, ignition points, filters and brake and
utch lining) made in connection with such services, nor to normal deterioration of soft trim and appearance items due to wear and
posure.

s Manufacturer, warrants each new motor vehicle and chassis including all equipment and accessories thereon (except tires and tubes),
anufactured or supplied and delivered to the original retail purchaser, to be free from defects in material and workmanship under
ormal use and service; obligation under this warranty being limited to repairing or replacing at its option any part or parts thereof
hich shall, within twenty-four (24) months after delivery of such vehicle or chassis to the original retail purchaser or before such
ehicle or chassis has been driven twenty-four thousand (24,000) miles, whichever event shall first occur, be returned to an authorized
Dealer at such Dealer's place of business and which examination shall disclose to Manufacturer's satisfaction to have been thus defective.
The repair or replacement of defective parts under this warranty will be made by such Dealer without charge for parts, and if made at
uch Dealer's place of business, without charge for labor.

This warranty is expressly in lieu of any other warranties, expressed or implied, including any implied warranty of merchantability or
itness for a particular purpose, and of any other obligations or liability on the part of the Manufacturer, and neither assumes nor
authorizes any other person to

3. TIRE WARRANTY: Your tires are warranted separately by the tire manufacturer. This provides you protection against defects in
workmanship and material under their lifetime warranty, and against the hazards covered by their road hazard warranty. You may use
this booklet to establish the delivery date of your car to the tire manufacturer's representative should you require road hazard-type
will be based on tread wear remaining and list price at time of tire failure.

7. NOTICE OF TRANSFER OF OWNERSHIP: Within 30 days after acquiring the car, subsequent owners should have a Dea
submit a Notice of Transfer of Ownership certifying the mileage and service history of the vehicle. If previous owners have had
Required Services performed and the Services Record and odometer mileages certified at 6-month intervals, any remaining coverage
the Manufacturer's Passenger Car Warranty will continue to apply.

This warranty shall not apply to (i) tires or tubes (appropriate adjustments for them being provided by their manufacturers), or (ii) to
normal maintenance services (such as engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and wheel, brake and clutch adjustments), or (iii) to normal
replacement of service items (such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points, wiper blades and brake or clutch linings), or (iv) to deterioration

This warranty is expressly in lieu of all other warranties expressed or implied by Manufacturer or others, including merchantability or
fitness for a particular purpose, and all other obligations or liabilities on the part of Manufacturer or others, and Manufacturer neither
assumes nor authorizes any other person to assume for Manufacturer or others any other obligation or liability.

2. WARRANTY SERVICE: Maintenance and Adjustments:
Periodic lubrication and adjustments that become necessary because of use and operation of the vehicle.
Engine oil—changing or adding
Engine tune-up and electrical system checks
Front suspension alignment and wheel balance
Tire rotation
Drive belt adjustments
Replacement items:
Oil, air and fuel filters, spark plugs, condenser, ignition points, crankcase ventilation valve, light bulbs and seal beam headlights.

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including any implied WARRANTY of MERCHANT-
or the selling Dealer.

before such motor vehicle has been driven 24,000 miles, whichever event shall first occur, be returned to an authorized Dealer's place of business, and which shall be thus defective. This warranty shall not apply (1) to tires (which are covered by the tire manufacturer's warranty), nor (2) to normal maintenance services (including, but not limited to, engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and wheel, brake and clutch adjustments) and the normal replacement of service items (such as spark plugs, ignition points, filters, wiper blades and brake and clutch linings) and deterioration of soft trim and appearance items due to use or exposure, nor (3) to any such motor vehicle which shall have been repaired or altered outside of an authorized dealership in any way so as in the judgment of Manufacturer to

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THE TAUT SPRING WHO DRIVES THE DODGERS

When Buzzie Bavasi blows his lid, the biggest ballplayers run for cover. But the Los Angeles general manager has won seven pennants and four world championships, so he must be doing something right

BY AL STUMP

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

■ Deep under Dodger Stadium, in a room so remote that most of the team's executives didn't know it existed, Johnny Roseboro, Maury Wills and a few other players sat staring into the bright, burning eyes of a hypnotist named Arthur Ellen. "You have become sleepy," Ellen told Wills. "You will drift into beautiful sleep . . . you will sleep, sleep. . . . " Shortstop Wills slid from consciousness as neatly as he slides into a base.

The time was 1964, when the Dodgers were headed nowhere but into the second division of the National League. Wills' problem was fear. He had stolen 170 bases in two-and-one-half seasons, at the cost of ruptured blood vessels in his legs and was tormented by the thought that the constant hemorrhaging would end his career. Roseboro's problem was a strange apathy. He hated to go to work and could hardly drag himself to the park for another game. Ellen, a noted West Coast hypnotist, had been recommended to Wills and Roseboro as the answer to their troubles: under his spell, suggestive "brain waves" would be used to remove the demons.

Moving secretly, bringing the trance-doctor to the stadium at an hour when no one was about, the Dodgers were sure the meeting wouldn't be detected.

You don't get that lucky on the Dodgers. The blowoff came within one hour. Suddenly, from nowhere, Emil J. "Buzzie" Bavasi, the club's general manager and vice-president in charge of almost everything, appeared on the scene, spouting fire. When Bavasi loses his temper, the biggest ballplayers run for cover. There

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN

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was an evening when he opened an address to the team by kicking a tableload of fried chicken and gravy across the clubhouse. At a Friars Club dinner in 1962, guests scattered and Leo Durocher cowered in a corner when Bavasi went after him in anger. Bavasi has challenged a busload of two-dozen rival players to step out and fight him and his explosions have left such strong athletes as Sandy Koufax and Ron Fairly shaking with fright. Sportswriter Milt Richman of UPI once thought he'd need the cops to pull Bavasi off him when the six-foot, 190-pound veep flew into a rage in a hotel lobby.

With fists knotted, Bavasi roared at Wills and Roseboro, "I've got enough players in a trance on the field without you rockheads doing it behind my back! Get the hell out of here! Next time you pull something like this the fine will be so high the Bank of America can't finance it."

Hypnotist Ellen left hurriedly and hasn't been back. Buzzie Bavasi takes his baseball with deadly seriousness. When the Dodgers don't win, he has been known to kick in the heads of his son's drums (at $22 per new drumhead) and to smash transistor radios against walls. He can be, and generally is, one of the most fun-loving, warmhearted men in baseball, but when aroused he's still the staff sergeant who served with a machine-gun outfit through some of the worst fighting of the 1944-45 Anzio, Cassino and Po Valley campaigns and won a Bronze Star for the way he could make a chopper work.

It's not known today how Bavasi learned of the secret session under Dodger Stadium. How did he also learn that one of his stars was involved with a married movie actress and stop it before scandal could result? How did he block each attempt Durocher made in the past few years to replace Walter Alston as team manager, often before Durocher made it? The 50-year-old Bavasi is tough and direct when he must be, but he also makes many moves no one can explain. "If you belch in Pittsburgh," remarks outfielder Willie Davis, "Buzz knows about it. That cat also knows *what* liquid refreshment taken *where* made you belch. Next thing you know he's got you on the carpet."

Buzzie Bavasi is now in his 16th year as boss of the Brooklyn-Los Angeles Dodgers and even his critics admit that he's the best man at his job in the business. Maybe the best of all time. He began at the bottom in 1939, as an office apprentice under Larry MacPhail, and in 10 years (a war intervening) worked his way to organizational command. Since then he's had a few strikes against him—such as the hatred felt for Dodger owner Walter O'Malley in many places, the shifting of the franchise from Brooklyn and attacks on Walt Alston by Dodger personnel and the press which have amounted to a nonstop brannigan. Along with this the Beautiful Bums have had more oddballs, malcontents and prima donnas in the dugout than any other team.

Last season the Dodgers looked to be such weak-hitting patsies that they ranked as 8-2 underdogs on the Las Vegas line in April. But in October they were champions, which made it seven pennants in 15 years of operation for Bavasi. Over the same period the Giants, Braves, Pirates, Cardinals and Reds, as a combination, barely have been able to top this, with eight pennants. These five teams have accumulated four World Championships during this time. The Dodgers also have four. In 12 of the 15 years the Dodgers finished first-second-or-third and Bavasi would have wrecked the opposition even further, with nine pennants, if twice he hadn't been beaten out on the last day of play. No other established team director is close to Bavasi's lifetime .584 winning percentage, 1,373 wins to 975 losses. It's an arresting fact that one out of seven established players in the majors today was developed by the Dodgers and their 18.7 million attendance since moving west in 1958 is a record in a class by itself.

Such results imply hard work, which is an understatement when applied to Bavasi. Sixteen years ago he celebrated his wedding anniversary, along with his wife, at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, and she has never been able to change that. All anniversaries are spent at work. He has been seen at 23 separate locations during one game, nervously jumping from seat to seat. His workday runs 15 hours and up. He soaks through three shirts daily. Luckily, he's nearly bald, for he goes weeks without a haircut to save time. While driving his black Thunderbird, he jots notes on "things to do" on a clipboard. To save time-out for lunch, he eats candy bars.

"The damn fool once got acute tonsilitis because it would cost him time to have an operation," says Dr. Bob Kerlan, the Dodger physician.

"For two years I tried to get him into a chair," says Dr. Russ Leonard, the team dentist. "He wouldn't quit work and his teeth almost rotted."

Buzzie's wife Evit never worries about burglars. "Buzz wrote the book on insomnia," she says. "He's much too tense to sleep and at 4 a.m. he's up and about the house, chain-smoking. He's waiting for the East Coast to wake up so he can phone and make a deal." Conversations come hard because by mid-season his voice fails and becomes a croak.

During the 1959 World Series Buzzie turned white, collapsed from exhaustion in a hotel garage, and was rushed to a hospital. Quiet was ordered. No visitors. From his bed, handling incoming phone calls while watching the Series on TV, with a direct line to the park, he sent a string of commands. "You satisfied now?" asked the doctors, after he'd further ruined his health.

"Yeah," said Bavasi. He'd just had word that three Dodger staffers he'd been driving hard—farm system chief Fresco Thompson, ticketman Harold Parrott and advertising [*Continued on page* 20]

HOW MUCH WEIGHT DOES YOUR OPINION CARRY?

Whatever the occasion, some people have a knack for getting their points across.

Perhaps it's just the way they've learned how to express themselves. Maybe it's a "gift of gab," or their certain way with words, or their natural ability to soak up information about everything under the sun—and talk about it. Whatever the reason, people like this are almost always looked up to, in any group. They feel at ease. They make their points well. They hold your attention, and earn respect.

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[*Continued from page* 16]
director Danny Goodman—also had been hauled off to the hospital.

Dodger insiders claim that Bavasi is one mogul who doesn't employ private eyes to shadow his players (this is open to doubt); however, a veritable Gideon of Scotland Yard, he runs the finest intelligence network in sports. His scouts and volunteer spies don't just look for player talent; their ears are close to the ground, everywhere. For instance, days before Juan Marichal of the Giants wound up and hit Johnny Roseboro over the head with a bat last August, it was known to Bavasi that Marichal was behaving strangely. An informant, pointing to his head, reported, "The Giants are privately saying that there's something wrong with Juan." The Dodgers were warned to stay loose at bat, but the attack on Roseboro couldn't be prevented.

However, something else could be done. The Roseboro affair cost Marichal an eight-day suspension. He returned to pitch against the Phillies on September 2. Marichal is sensitive and excitable and as he entered the clubhouse he was hit in the face by the announcement that Roseboro was suing him for $110,000. Shaken, he took a beating from the Phils. Chub Feeney, the Giants' general manager, cried, "Dirty pool! Bavasi timed that suit to upset Marichal."

You doubt it? Three weeks later, one hour before Marichal was to start against Cincinnati, a process server walked up and handed the Giants the suit papers, making sure that Juan knew about it. Juan's eyes turned glassy and the Reds hammered him for three home runs and he lost again. Of the seven games the great right-hander pitched after the harassment began, Marichal lost four and the Dodgers took the pennant over the Giants by a two-game margin.

"That———Italian," they say of Bavasi in San Francisco, "stole the pennant from us without leaving his office."

With his own men, Buzzie plays a variety of roles, ranging from father confessor to needler to tyrant. The way he handled Don Drysdale has gone into the front-office textbooks. "All I did with him," Bavasi says, with a small, tight grin, "was find out where to apply the pressure."

Bavasi treated him like a spoiled child and did it for all to see. He even asked Drysdale's wife how often she changed his diapers. In one season Drysdale changed his ways and before long developed into a 25-game winner and team leader.

At analyzing the fears and foibles of players, baseball remains in pre-Freudian darkness and the late Branch Rickey, the Old Sage, under whom Bavasi studied, once commented, "To be an exact team-balancer, which is the Number One requisite in general management, first you must be able to read young men intimately. Few are able. The one virtuoso at this today is Mr. Bavasi."

As recently as 1960, Sandy Koufax was a big Dodger problem. Evidently indifferent, a 24-year-old loner, he wouldn't open up to anyone and his career hung in the balance as he walked 100 batters in 175 innings and lost 13 games against 8 wins. Treated with kindness, Koufax sulked. Dodger coaches couldn't find the answer to his lack of control.

By his own means, Bavasi learned that Koufax had a low opinion of baseball as a way of life. If the jerks didn't appreciate him, Koufax thought, why not quit? Bavasi decided it was time to make or break him.

He did just that at the batting cage, before a crowd of writers. "What's bothering you?" he asked Koufax.

"I want to pitch and you guys won't give me a chance," the left-hander replied.

"Izzat so? How can Alston pitch you when you can't get the side out? Every time I look up you're getting bombed."

"How can I get anybody out sitting on my can?" cried Koufax. "I'm never working in rotation, never know where I stand."

"I'll tell you where you stand!" roared Bavasi. "You stand on the verge of pitching in Pueblo next year! Wake up, show some pride and interest in your job, and we just might keep you." Before everyone he blasted the big kid until tears were in his eyes.

It was a gamble (a $3 or $4 million one, as events proved), but Koufax took it as a challenge. Seeking retribution, he came out of hiding and the next season had a promising 18-win, 13-loss mark. He refined his control and today he's the game's Golden Arm, holder of many strikeout records and the man who pitched the Dodgers to championships in 1963 and 1965.

Opponents such as Milwaukee manager Bobby Bragan speak of "Bavasi luck" and say that with Walter O'Malley's huge park and bankroll behind him, there's no way he can avoid success. Here the truth is mixed. True, Dodger Stadium grosses $200,000 on a capacity day; O'Malley has spent 1.5 million on player acquisitions in recent years; and some 90 scouts and agents are in the field.

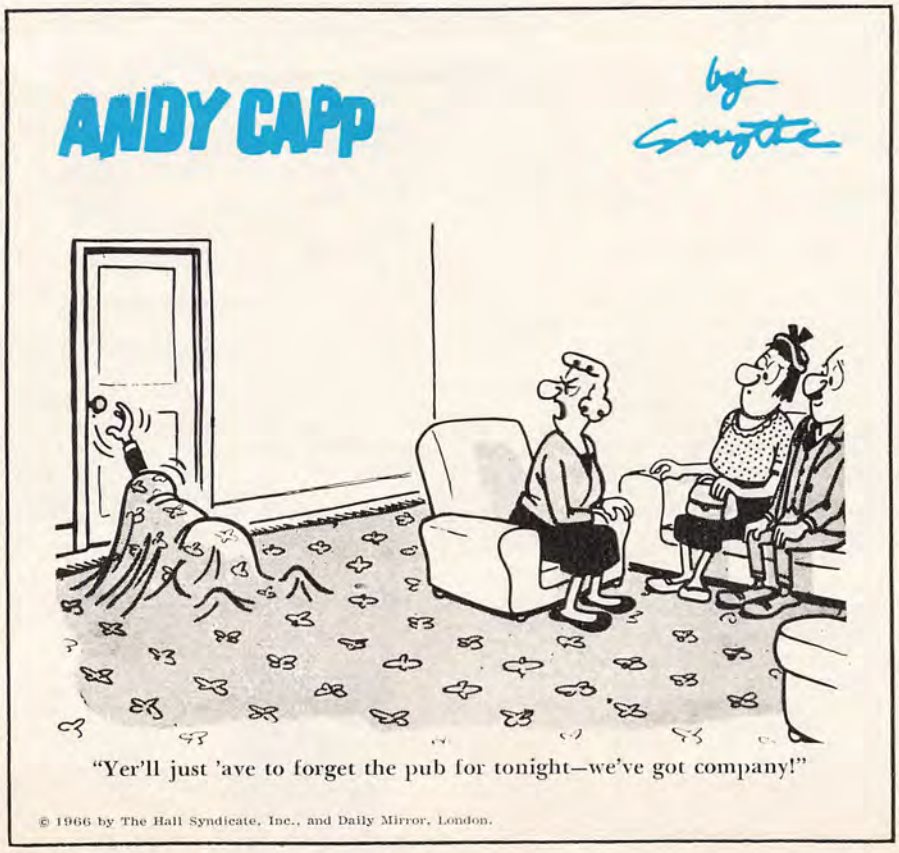
Yet Bavasi doesn't outbid many teams for prospects. He avoids high bonuses for youngsters more than most others. And until Koufax and Drysdale came along, he had managed to avoid giving gigantic salaries to any Dodger players. No one ever got over the $50,000 mark before last year and that includes Duke Snider, Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella.

"We've had fewer high-paid stars and more players drawing between $20,000 and $40,000 under our share-the-wealth plan than any damn franchise," claims Buzzie. "Spread it around and you've got a happier group. It wins for us." Buzzie adds, revealingly, "I've killed more $25,000 pay raises for players who've just had a bigger year than anybody. You grant a man the raise and what might happen? The man has a poor following season and then you've got to cut the legs from under him salary-wise. And he's sore at you. Keep the raises down and the pay stable and you get some complaints, but you also get far better long-time results."

Yet when someone needs special stimulation, Bavasi treats money like dross.

"Not long ago," he lectures, "Ron Fairly was an ex-college baseball star who couldn't tell you what inning it was or who was on base half of the time. Wouldn't concentrate. I could have used his head in my rock garden and he was slow of foot. Walt Alston was unhappy with him and Fairly was in bad shape. That's when I step in."

Sensing that the right gesture might



"Yer'll just 'ave to forget the pub for tonight—we've got company!"

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Buick Riviera. Made in U.S.A.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this 1966 Riviera Gran Sport.

If there are two things the romantic Italians love, one of them is automobiles. Dashing, dramatic automobiles.

Now, some people think Italy has a monopoly on the red-blooded cars that make hearts beat faster and the adrenalin flow.

But those people have another think coming.

The tuned car is here. *Con brio.*

Where the tuned car comes from. Well, from the sunny slopes of far-off Flint, Michigan, if you want to be precise. But really it comes from the hearts of people who dearly love a great road machine.

The tuned car is a blend of styling, performance, ride and handling—all working together in harmony. It means the Riviera lives up to its looks, and that's going some. Under the hood, you have a 340-hp Wildcat V-8. The exhilaration it turns out is harnessed to the road via a suspension that gives you thorough control, yet a firmly comfortable ride.

We confess that we give the Riviera more than a little foreign flair, when it comes to designing it. So we exuberantly tune in Latin fire and grace.

But we never forget American practicality. And so the Riviera offers you a choice of bucket seating or six-passenger bench seating. (Or, for that matter, a combination: a new notch-back seat that converts into semi-buckets is available.)

Help keep America safe. When you first see the '66 Riviera, you might be forgiven for overlooking certain added attractions. Such as all the *safety* equipment that comes standard: seat belts front and rear; shatter-resistant inside mirror; outside rearview mirror; padded dash and sun visors; dual-speed wipers and washers; backup lights. (Which make seeing where you're going easier, even when you're going where you've been.) We overlook nothing to make your driving more pleasant. Nothing at all.

Drive the tuned car. And be glad Flint is in your country. The way to wangle an introduction to the tuned car is simply to visit your nearby Buick dealer.

You'll quickly discover that this '66 Riviera is as sleek and dramatic as any Roman chariot could possibly be. At the same time, you'll be pleased to know that it continues the Buick tradition of comfort and solid dependability.

And besides that, all the labels are in English.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

GM

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

turn the trick, over a steak dinner Bavasi told Fairly, "As a first baseman you still have the first dime you ever played on. But speed isn't all of it. I'm betting that Alston is wrong about you. I'm betting $10,000." Fairly's mouth dropped open.

"Yes, 10 Big Ones," purred Bavasi. "If you hit this season the way I know you can hit, I'll give you a bonus of $10,000."

The sum almost equaled Fairly's salary then, and the redhead became a smart hitter, averaging .322, earning the bonus and becoming a star outfielder. "Or take me," pipes up Willie Davis, the swift center fielder. "I was a swingin' man with foxes (girls) hangin' onto me and my money was goin' fast when Buzzie called me in. He offered me a helluva piece of cash if I'd get married and buy a house. Man, there was a weddin' in nothin' flat. And I been a happier player since."

Offhand but crushing comments are a Bavasi specialty. He once told a hard-to-handle pitcher, Dick Farrell, whom he traded, "You've got feet of clay and a head to match." He tells rookies about their third-base coach. "A guy who doesn't believe in signs will be reading the 'help wanted' signs pretty soon." Pitcher Johnny Podres once exulted, "Boy, do I have a lot of stuff!" Bavasi's retort: "Why shouldn't you? You drink a lot of stuff."

Because he moved so fast as a boy, his mother nicknamed him "Buzzie." His interest in girls was such that, as he says, "My mother was dead-set against me entering a coeducational college. So I conned her. I told her DePauw University in Indiana was for men only. By the time she found out, half the sorority house mothers at DePauw were after my neck."

In 1940 Buzzie married pretty Evit Rice of Scarsdale, New York, and they have four sons, ranging from Billy, seven, to Peter, 21. Bavasi earns somewhere around $75,000 per year and their Los Angeles home is a showplace where the swimming pool must be heated to 90 degrees to suit the man of the house. Evit Bavasi doesn't waver when he blows up and slams a transistor radio against the wall following a Dodger defeat. She picks up the pieces and buys another.

Down at his Chavez Ravine office, Bavasi wears solid brown and blue suits tailored high and square in the shoulders and a bow tie. His trademark is the always-harassed expression on his broad, olive face. Chronic insomnia—"I watch the late, *late* show and write letters to the studio, urging them to keep up those damned movies"—leaves him looking like a tired cupcake at day's end. He increases his own tension. For one thing he's a big funeral-goer. He attends funerals of old friends all over the country and returns lachrymose. He hits the butt end of a lighted cigarette against his palm, flips it up and catches it in his mouth. When he misses, he's indignant. Also burned. "At a ball game they could sell tickets just to watch him," says Fresco Thompson. "He's the last of the great agonizers."

"When we have a win streak," offers his son Billy, "Pop repeats everything exactly like he did the day before. He hangs his shirt on the same chair and puts his shoes in the same spot. He won't change clothes when we're winning, except underwear. What a character." During one 13-game Dodger streak, Bavasi wore the same bow tie until it was soggy.

Long ago Walter O'Malley gave Bavasi full charge of the ballclub, attending himself to the business end. "So the credit goes to him and to his co-workers," says O'Malley. "But he drives me crazy sometimes. I think he gets a winner so often with mirrors."

In the 1964-65 winter, for instance, everyone knew Bavasi had to come up with a power hitter. After a disaster of a sixth-place finish the season before, he had barely saved Walt Alston's job. He did this in a way unparalleled in the big league. Walking into O'Malley's presence, he said, "If Alston goes, so do I. It's both of us or neither." As Bill Veeck has observed, "Never has a general manager put his job on the line for a manager like that."

No one would sell or trade Buzzie a hitter, at which he coolly traded away the one home-run producer he did have, Frank Howard, to Washington, for a pitcher named Claude Osteen. The outcry was great. And when the Dodgers' only other heavy hitter, Tommy Davis, broke an ankle last May 1, every expert poll showed that Bavasi had at last cut his throat.

On May 2, Buzzie phoned his farm club in Spokane, Washington. "How's Lou Johnson looking?" he asked. He referred to a 32-year-old outfielder who'd been rejected by four National League teams and had drifted around to 14 minor-league clubs in 12 years. But Bavasi always had an idea that someday Johnson would find himself. He brought the veteran to Los Angeles. "I'm doubling your pay," he told the astonished Johnson, "the minute you show me something."

Flying to Chicago to join the team, Bavasi worked on Johnson's confidence. "No one on this club can hit the size of his cap, so you're bound to look good," he repeated.

On July 17, Johnson's homer, his seventh since reporting, beat the Cubs and lifted the Dodgers into first place. He swung a steady bat all summer and when it came down to the finish, it was Johnson's September 28 homer which beat Cincinnati in the 12th inning and put Los Angeles in front to stay. Meanwhile Claude Osteen pitched many a victory.

It was a miracle, they say, but Bavasi brushes this away. "We knew we couldn't get base hits so we switched our style and made our weakness our strength. We developed a go-go, gambling, bunt-and-run, old-time error-forcing game. It was such old stuff that 99.9 per cent of the experts ridiculed and abused us, at the very time other clubs were proving they couldn't cope with tactics they hadn't seen since the original Orioles. Even while we kept winning, so-called smart baseball men kept laughing at our chances. It was the biggest exhibition of mass blindness I've ever seen." The Dodgers won with the lowest team batting average, .246, for a pennant winner in National League history. They had even fewer home runs than the basement Mets.

Where tearing apart weak teams, such as the 1964 Dodgers, is standard practice, Buzzie Bavasi sits as tight as *L'Avare*, the Miser of Moliere, making the fewest deals of any operator. In 15 years he has traded off only three frontline players. "The Cards, Phillies and others play right into our hands when they tear up a good combination which has gone temporarily bad. I want my players to feel safe in their jobs, to develop pride and a continuity of effort," he says. "Select a man carefully, give him time and usually he'll get better." But when a desperation deal

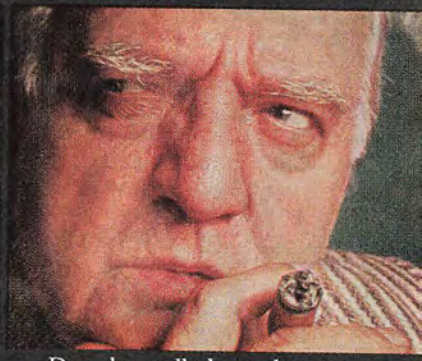
TRUE

"Wait 'till you get a load of my new Chinese back scratcher."

He's got three 3's looking at three kings. Does his opponent have four kings...or kings full?

By betting he says, "I have four 3's".

Is he bluffing?



Does he really have them?

Can't chance it. Fold.

He held the 4th king, so the bluff was a good bet.

CLEAN AND CLEAR

The man who knows how to take care of himself uses Vaseline Hair Tonic.

"Our group has 37% less brains."

must be made, Bavasi can do that, too.

In 1953 Russ "Mad Monk" Meyer was unwanted, on the skids, until Bavasi picked him up for almost nothing. Meyer won 15, lost 5, and brought Brooklyn the title. In 1956, Sal Maglie likewise was "finished" and then Bavasi got him from Cleveland for $1,000. Maglie won 13 games and the Dodgers got a pennant.

In his relationship with the majestic and often overbearing millionaire Walter O'Malley, Bavasi never is subservient. O'Malley insisted on adding Leo Durocher to the coaching staff and for a while Bavasi went along with it. But when the Dodgers lost the 1962 title play-off to the Giants and Durocher took Hollywood potshots at Walt Alston's manner of managing, what O'Malley thought was of no consequence.

Bavasi looked up Leo the Lip at a Friars Club dinner and shoved him into a corner. "For two cents I'd tear your head off, you backbiting rat!" snarled Buzzie. Frank Sinatra, who was an observer, ran to get help, fearing the husky Dodger veep would ruin Durocher. "I damn near did," adds Buzz. "I'd always wanted a piece of Durocher and it's lucky they pulled me off."

Until Leo left the Dodgers, he was the meekest man on the roster, even handing Alston his jacket. "I made it plain to Walter (O'Malley)," Bavasi says now, "that the day Durocher became Dodger manager, that day I would quit."

Now managing the Chicago Cubs, Durocher says, "I won't talk about O'Malley's precious boy. He did me nothing but damage."

If anyone ever inherited an unpredictable set of genes, it's Emil Bavasi. His father, Joseph "Frenchy" Bavasi, was born in Marseilles, France, emigrated to New York, earned a fortune in a hurry and then caused his own death, at the age of 47, by his sheer impetuosity. In 1912 Manhattan newspapers were delivered by slow trolley and horse-buggies. Introducing truck service, Frenchy soon expanded a lone contract with the New York *Evening Mail* into a circulation empire involving half-a-dozen dailies. He grew wealthy. Buzzie was the steady companion of a father who was young, a gourmet, a fun-lover and a nonstop gambler. Buzz was at ringside for the Dempsey-Tunney fights and sat in a Polo Grounds box, but mostly his father had him around Empire and Belmont tracks, where at the age of nine he could expertly scan a handicapper's chart. "I could dope probable closing odds off the morning line while I was still cutting teeth," says Bavasi. "What an education for a kid."

When angry, Frenchy was something to see, much to Buzzie's admiration. One night in New York, Papa Bavasi told a taxi driver to take them to the family home, far away in Scarsdale. "Go fornicate yourself," replied the taximan.

Nearby stood parked one of Frenchy's delivery trucks, which he summoned with a whistle. Then he pulled out the cabby and knocked him down. "Get in this hack and take us home," he ordered his truck driver. Father and son proceeded, unworried by thought of what the cops would do when the hijacking was reported.

"It caught up with him after he retired at only 45," says Buzzie. "Two years later he was operated on and the hospital got on his nerves. So he ran out into a freezing-cold night in his gown and with 52 stitches in him. He caught pneumonia and died."

Following tours at Fordham Prep and DePauw U., where he was a good-fielding catcher on the varsity, Buzzie awoke in 1939 to find himself short on schooling. He'd been busy courting co-eds in the Chrysler Imperial his family had given him. However, at school he'd been friendly with Fred Frick, son of Ford Frick, then the National League president, and Frick placed him in a minor office job at $25 a week with Larry MacPhail, president of the Dodgers. MacPhail assigned the skinny apprentice to the deepest point in the Dodger system. Bavasi went to Class D Americus, Georgia (population 9,000), as business manager. There was little hope for promotion.

"Anyone else in his spot might have quit then," says vice-president Fresco Thompson. "Here was a proud and pampered boy who'd never had to work. He was ignorant of handling players, keeping the concession people from robbing him, papering the house to fake good crowds, and the like. And MacPhail gave him a backwoods town with a team that lost 16 straight games. Buzzie had to start each game with four balls and finish with four. If the last ball went over the fence, he had to climb after it. He went 13 weeks without a paycheck. In Brooklyn we'd forgotten he was alive."

They learned better. Word arrived that Buzzie personally was selling beer, taping players, repairing toilets, staging pregame stunts and drawing fans. Americus baseball picked up. When MacPhail cut the roster to 10 men and two were hurt, Buzzie went in at second base and hit a smashing .333. Meantime he didn't relax his idea of how a New York bon vivant should live by one martini. Fresco Thompson learned this when he visited Americus.

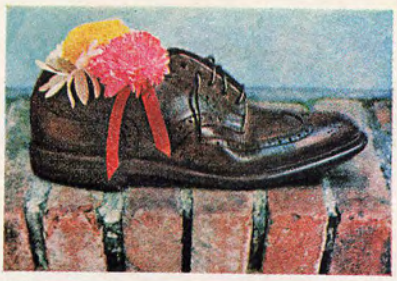
Down in the bush he was met by a limousine and driven to a colonnaded mansion with ankle-deep rugs. Admitted by a maid, he was served drinks by a houseboy. Then Bavasi sauntered in, wearing an A. Sulka silk robe. "Jeez, we don't live this good in the big time," said Thompson. "How do you do it?"

"Hell, it's costing me $700 a month just to work for you guys," replied Bavasi, who'd been drawing on family funds. "Tell that MacPhail I demand more money."

As he became important in baseball, Bavasi set a style for profligate behavior. He once handed some Montreal sportswriters $300 to hire a cab for a ride from Rochester, New York, back to Canada. Lee Scott, the Dodgers' present road secretary, recalls the time Buzzie threatened to pull the Dodgers out of the Chicago Hilton Hotel because a street light flashed through the drapes and disturbed his sleep. "We rushed in new drapes," says Scott, "fast."

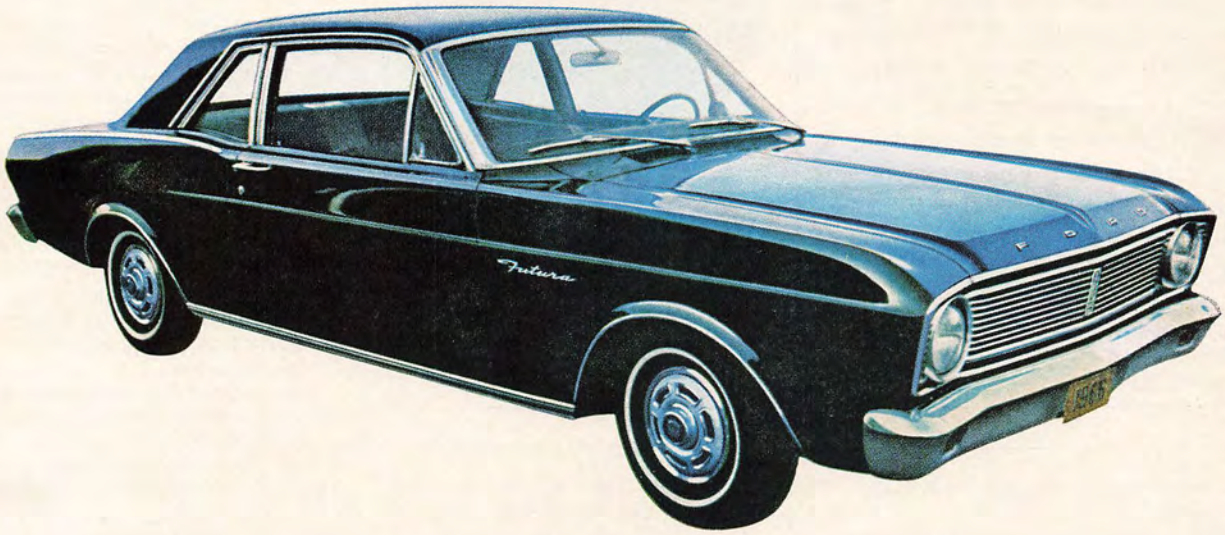
He learned in the bush league by making errors ("but always realizing how stupid I was,"). Promoted to Durham, North Carolina, in '43 and short of players, he hired a lanky pitcher who had no credentials, but could throw very hard. "I'm from Atlanta," the new man said. Five victories later Buzzie wired Brooklyn: "HAVE ANOTHER LEFTY GROVE." Then the FBI crashed into the clubhouse with drawn guns and arrested the phenom. He

Commuters: Exciting news about the Economy Run to Suburbia!



1st place won by shoe leather

2nd place won by Sears



3rd, 4th, 5th place won by Falcon!

When it comes to economy, the only thing that beats walking or pedaling is Falcon. Basically, the whole point of Falcon is to be economical. Low buying price, low maintenance, low gas costs. And these big savings are built into a car that's easy to park, tough, reliable; a car that's roomier by actual measurement than any other compact. Good reasons why Falcon is saving money for more suburbanites than any other compact car in America.

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Caravel V

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was from Atlanta, all right, the Atlanta Penitentiary.

Bavasi once told his manager, Bromo Beltzer, that a rookie pitcher never would amount to anything. "Get rid of him," he ordered. Said Beltzer, "Why, you poor sap, he's ready for the majors right now." Brooklyn brought up the boy and he soon won 15 games. Rex Barney was *extremely* fast.

Larry MacPhail, the king of egotists, never recovered from his first exposure to the Bavasi personality. MacPhail invited Buzzie to sit in his Ebbets Field box. A Dodger runner barreled into home plate, slid across, and was called out by the umpire. "Safe!" howled MacPhail, appealing to the crowd. The 25,000 yelled, "Safe!" Turning to the silent Bavasi, MacPhail demanded, "He was safe, wasn't he?" No Dodger underling ever contradicted MacPhail.

"Naahh," drawled Bavasi, "he was out a foot."

He was fired on the spot, but MacPhail relented, and then the war took Buzzie to North Africa and Italy with the 88th Division. He once went on a 36-man patrol from which only six returned. A bullet passed through his shirt and killed the man behind him.

Upon moving up to Nashua, New Hampshire, as business manager in 1946, he impressed Branch Rickey, the new Dodger president, with his defense of Negroes at a time when Rickey's integration program was hated within the organization. Bavasi's lineup included Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe. They took many insults from opponents, especially the Lynn, Massachusetts club.

Once, when the Lynn manager entered the office to collect his team's check, Bavasi threw off his coat and demanded satisfaction. They went outside, where a busload of players was waiting. "If any of you so-and-sos want to help your manager, just step out," challenged Bavasi.

Walt Alston, who was then the Nashua manager, recalls the scene with a sigh. "I was standing behind Buzzie. There were just two of us and I thought they'd come out and kill us. But he backed them down. He's always been a hothead."

Rickey moved him up to Class AAA Montreal in 1948, where Bavasi took a losing proposition and in three years returned a $322,000 profit. He did it with championship teams and by converting the park into a hippodrome where he promoted everything from grand opera to wrestling to Zulu dances. Walter O'Malley and Branch Rickey were struggling for control of the Brooklyn empire, a feud in which Bavasi played it neutrally, favoring neither, with the result that the victorious O'Malley put him in charge of operations in 1951.

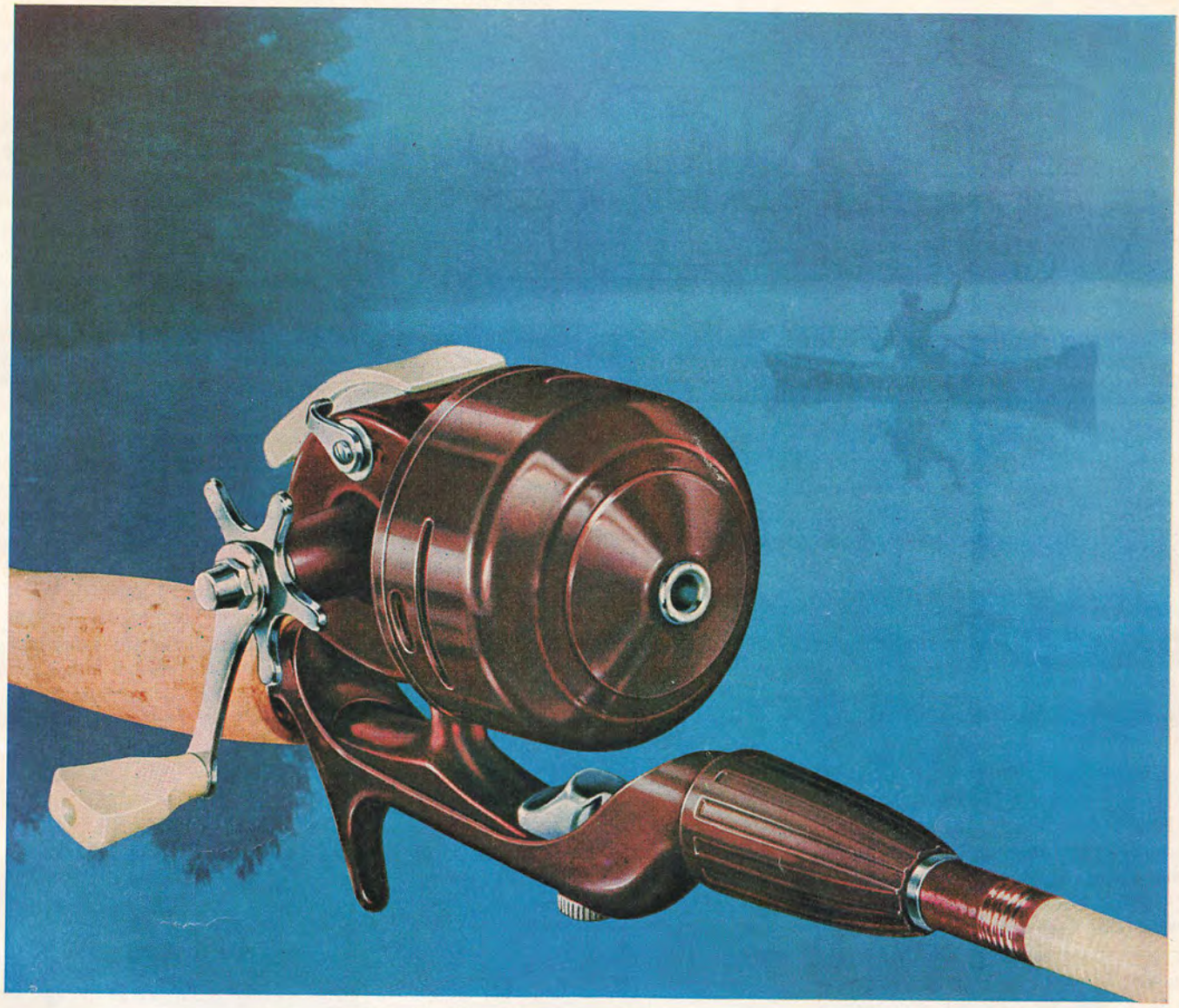
It was Bavasi's decision, against O'Malley's inclination, which brought Alston to Brooklyn as manager, a move of incalculable importance. The phone call jumping Alston, "the unknown hick," from the minor league to Ebbets Field was made from Bavasi's basement rumpus room. This was the biggest bet The Buzzer ever made. From Jackie Robinson to Durocher, the move has been ridiculed and, in losing years, as Bill Veeck remarks, anyone but Bavasi would have tossed in the towel and fired the colorless Alston. While the major leagues have hired and fired 63 managers during Alston's time (the Giants have had five bosses, the Cardinals six), the Bavasian conviction that you should pick one solid man and stick with him through any weather has been thoroughly tested. While there's famine in other cities, Buzzie and Smokey have collected more World Series titles than anyone in NL history and laugh until it hurts as they annually bring some $8 million into the Dodger treasury.

One reason they can laugh is that despite the current free-agent draft, which penalizes a hustling management, their scouts consistently come up with superior talent. Bavasi's scouts work under orders to always say "sir" to a player's father. "The day comes when the father tells our scout to stop sirring him and to call him Joe," says Tom Lasorda, a Dodger scout. "Right then, on a first-name basis of *his* choosing, we've got Dad halfway sold on signing with us."

If anything satisfies Bavasi, it's the amount he spent to field last year's winners. The infield of Wes Parker (signed for no cash), Jim LeFebvre ($11,000), Maury Wills ($500) and Jim Gilliam (nothing); the catcher Johnny Roseboro ($1,500); three pitchers, Koufax ($17,000), Drysdale ($4,000) and Johnny Podres ($5,200); and outfielders Willie and

[*Continued on page* 32]

FISHING'S HERE—and so is the buy of the year!



Now get half-a-mile of mono FREE with America's favorite push-button outfit!

The fish are ready . . . are *you?*

If not, now's the time to get down to your Shakespeare dealer's, because $29.00* never bought more fishing fun than it will today. Look . . .

You get the famous Shakespeare 1765 WonderFlyte reel—so simple a child can use it, so precise it has won the National Spincasting Championship. Star drag. Fixed spool. No line twist or backlash. Positive 8-point pickup. On-Off non-reverse. Complete with 12-lb. monofilament line installed, plus extra reel spool filled with 8-lb.

And you get Shakespeare's sporty, two-piece PB110L 6-ft. tubular Wonderod. Patented Double-Bilt Fiberglas† construction. Tru-Aim double-offset handle. Perfectly matched to the reel.

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All this is yours in the Shakespeare S-199 Balanced Fishing Outfit, illustrated at the right. Ask for it. It's at your dealer's now; but it won't be for long. Last year, smart fishermen like you made it a sellout!

Shakespeare

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*Not represented to be usual or customary retail price, priced competitively by dealers everywhere.

†®Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

GAIT THAT BAITS

How come so many women wiggle behind when they walk? We believe that the cause of undulating... well, hips... is less interesting than its exhibition, but can report that the fetching gluteal twitch of many females is not an inborn but an acquired art. Our authorities are orthopedist Louis H. Paradies and his associates of Southwestern Medical School in Dallas, who have been taking movies of walkers. They find that women tend to take short steps and keep their knees stiff. This causes the pivoting hips to heave and quiver, to keep the rest of the girl on a fairly even keel. Women who suspect with good reason that a gyrating gait is an object of male attention can learn to put their flings behind, and it easily becomes a habit. So now you know. As for men, we typically have loose knees and take long steps, hardly worth a backward glance.

THE INSTANT PARTY

Slathers of "instant" products have flooded the market, but we hadn't heard of the "instant cocktail party" until we were invited to its unveiling. The affair was arranged by Schenley Distillers to promote a line of premixed cocktails and we took it in to see what's going on in the world of gastronomy. The hostess was Mrs. Marvin Cohen, a New York housewife, who didn't know she was to be a hostess until she became one in a trice. Only her husband was brought in on the advance planning.

At the proper hour a big bus loaded with Schenley's staggering invention, the instant cocktail party, pulled up at the Cohens' door. It disgorged instant drinks, instant hors d'oeuvres, instant guests, musicians and bartenders, and two cocktail waitresses, one of whom looked more instant than the other. We partook of good grog and in a flash were involved with several women who deplored instantness. "Everything is instant these days," one of them grumbled. "How lazy can we get?"

Many women seem to feel that a too-instant product lacks the tenderness that can only be kneaded into it by their own hands. Maybe this anti-instantness stems from female instinct that anything worthwhile takes nine months to prepare. Some years ago a manufacturer brought out an instant cake mix to which the housewife merely added water. It was a dog until the maker de-instanted it. When he changed the formula so the housewife had to buy eggs with a little love in the yolk and stir them into the powder, sales took off like a skyrocket.

It's rather sad if American women must buy eggs to feel female. We think the American male is in better shape and all for instantness as a general principle. Instantness frees us from trifling tasks so we can concentrate on world affairs. Not a man at the party sneered at the drinks on grounds of premixedness. We think that any given drink is splendid whether poured from one bottle or several. As a newspaperman at the party remarked after imbibing quite a bit of instantness, "Ish the chemical effect. Thash wash important."

GEMINI CRICKETS!

The birth of twins throws numbed parents into split reactions of joy and shock, if we haven't misread Betsy Holland Gehman's charming book on twinsmanship. It's called *Twins: Twice the Trouble, Twice the Fun* (Lippincott), which sounds a little like a chewing gum commercial and will certainly stick to your psyche if you contemplate fatherhood. Mrs. Gehman's expertise (she is the mother of twin girls) is mostly aimed at women who have similarly hit the jackpot, but we always scan these things to see what's said about the forgotten man: papa. Well, twins aren't your fault, but they may be your wife's, and a young man risking matrimony would do well to see that his intended has a singular family tree. It seems that a woman whose ancestors produced fraternal (two-egg) twins is likely to have inherited the tendency, and a woman who has given birth to twins is three times more likely to produce another set than an ordinary parsimonious woman. Percentage of twin births is highest in women between 30 and 40; the husband's age has nothing to do with it. One set of twins is born for every 10,545 confinements and all that father can do is to buy a $5,000 twin-insurance policy from Lloyd's of London for $150. With the five grand, a baby nurse can be hired for a few weeks.

PAYCHECK PRISONERS

Long ago they stopped branding the scarlet letter on the hides of adulterers, but vile punishment persists in vicious debtors' prisons better known as "alimony jails," like the Civil Jail in New York City. It is substantially populated by divorced husbands who can't get up alimony. Often their vindictive ex-fraus love to have 'em rot there. Recently Mrs. Joan Matthews of Manhattan and Ray Carrow of Brooklyn "locked" themselves in pillory and stock on the jail sidewalk to dramatize the shame of the city. Their immolation deserves more publicity than it got and we hereby give them some more. They are members of the Committee for Fair Divorce and Alimony Laws which, among other things, advocates that divorced men behind in their alimony payments have their wages garnisheed up to 20 percent of their salary

(Continued on page 30)

Old Grand-Dad's been made one way for 84 years.

Before you cry "old hat," consider the reason.

Back in 1882, it set a standard no other Bourbon has managed to match. And we're not about to change that.

We still use more of the costly small grains to make our mash. They push up the price, but smooth out the flavor.

We double-distill a dram at a time, instead of taking the faster big batch way.

We make our own ageing barrels, with heartland white oak selected as carefully as the cherry flitch used by a cabinetmaker.

And we char the barrel inside 3/22", to obtain the marriage of body and flavor that is ours alone.

84 years may seem a long time to be of one mind.

But where our Bourbon is concerned another 84 years can pass–and then another–before we'll change it.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

This is a single-minded whiskey.

Old Grand-Dad

Head of the Bourbon Family

Get away in a '66 Dorsett cruiser

These are the boats that put miles between you and everyday living. Choose from the roomy, rangy 23-foot Farallon with inboard/outboard power; the sleek 18-foot San Juan or compact 16-foot-plus Catalina. Dorsett cruisers provide all conveniences you need for a second home on the water. Dynamic V hull design for the smoothest ride on the water. And exclusive Iso-Glas® and Tufcore (patent pending) construction with two year warranty. A full line of action-packed runabouts, too. Also a complete fleet of aluminum craft from Trailorboat Division of Dorsett. From the originators of world famous Dorsett boats.

Dorsett

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ST. CROIX POWER FLOW RODS

It's a rare fish that comes tamely to the boat. You have to coax him, play him, with all the sensitive, controlling power your rod can deliver. It helps to have a St. Croix rod in your hands, when you need split-second reaction to out-think and out-play a furiously fighting fish. Try them at your tackle dealer.

St. Croix®
Park Falls, Wisconsin

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from Page 28)

instead of being thrown into the pokey. It seems fair to us that a harried ex-husband should have the same consideration as a fellow who defaults on installment payments for furniture.

HOT BRAS

The burning question of how hot it gets inside a brassiere recently got rapt attention in a Milwaukee court. At stake was $22,000, the unction demanded by Mrs. Edward Bethehia, who laid a charge of local thermal assault against a bra she wore while sunbathing on her porch. The sling of outrageous fortune allegedly inflicted burns and blisters via its metal stays. Physicians for opposing sides disagreed as to whether this was possible. Expert testimony, however, was furnished by a physicist, Norman Sylvester. No experimentalist, he avoided simple use of a thermometer and made dehumanized calculations on a basis of the second law of thermodynamics, definition of specific heat, and thermal conductivity. He figured that temperature inside a bra is 10 to 15 degrees higher than atmospheric temperature. Or about 100 to 105 degrees on a 90-degree day. No worse than a mild fever, we imagine.

$1,000,000 GOING BEGGING

Pate Hutchens, employment manager of United Airlines, has a miserable job trying to hand $1,000,000 to 1,600 men between the ages of 20 and 35. Not long ago he was in Atlanta trying unsuccessfully to flush out some takers. He is beating the bushes for young men qualified to become airline pilots, and so are other airlines. United alone needs 1,600 new flight officers in the next two years. Many present pilots are nearing retirement age and there aren't so many military pilots to draw on as there used to be. Competition for prospective pilots is fierce. True, the airlines don't hand out a million bucks in a lump sum, but by retirement at age 60 with a $20,000 annual pension the average pilot has made his million or more. Recruits are paid while training and the average monthly pay escalates from $750 in the second year to $1,400 in the sixth year, with a captain's pay of $25,000 to $33,000 annually at about the twelfth year. Basic qualifications for a million-buck job are a private pilot's license (commercial license if over 29), excellent health, 20/50 eyesight correctible to 20/20 with glasses, two years of college, height between 5 ft. 7 in. and 6 ft. 4 in., and age between 20 and 35.

CHECKMATE

Automation has endangered an old gesture of friendliness: lending an acquaintance a blank check when he's caught without one of his own. Do so at your own risk if your checks are encoded with your account number, as most of them are these days. We heard some commuter-car talk about a fellow whose bank told him he was overdrawn. He rushed down with fire in his eye and was shown the check which put him in the red. It was one of his personal checks, signed by a friend who had carefully inked out the original account number and written in his own. Trouble was that the bank's electronic eye saw nothing but the imprint of magnetic ink which was still there under the ordinary ink that supposedly obliterated it. So the lender of the blank check was charged for it. His friendly bank was pretty huffy about the whole thing. It actually took the intervention of human intelligence to get the matter straightened out.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

- **A cosmetic manufacturer has applied for a trade mark for an eye makeup called Wow Brow.**
- **A vacation resort built by a laundry workers union is on the rocks because laundry workers don't want to go to a place peopled entirely by laundry workers.**
- **The highest incidence of syphilis in U.S. territory is in the Virgin Islands.**
- **A toothpaste patented by Warner-Lambert contains optical brighteners which enable teeth to glow in the dark and reflect auto headlights.**
- **It costs the government $1.03 to prevent the production of a bushel of corn that sells for $1.10.**
- **Tri-State College, an engineering school in Angola, Indiana, furnishes a supply of hairnets on hooks outside machine laboratories and requires that men wear them unless their hair is less than two inches long.**

—THE EDITORS

It's bad enough that we made our tiger look the way it does outside. Very luxury-car. But then we had to go repeat the feat inside, too. With bucket seats and center-armrest bench seats and wall-to-wall carpets and seat belts front and back (be sure to use them) and all the other soft touches that make a Le Mans a Le Mans . . . and the other low-priced cars very embarrassed.

We even made the inside of the engine compartment impressive. With a shiny new 165-hp-on-regular-gas overhead cam six. Or you can order a 207-hp Sprint interpretation with a special sports suspension and striping as part of the package. Or a 250- or 285-hp V-8.

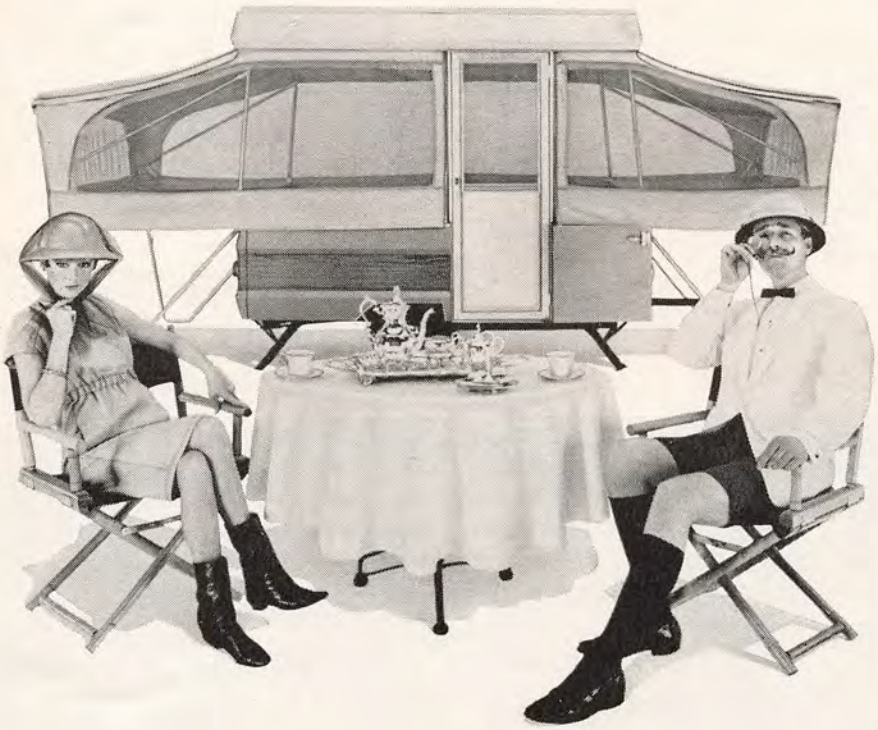
You say you're looking for a low-priced car? Buy a Le Mans (any of the four sleek models will do) and very quickly remove the price sticker. No one will ever know.

Pontiac Le Mans.

Now you know why all the other low-priced cars look low-priced.

GM

Pontiac Motor Division



We don't make Apaches luxurious enough for some people.

Naturally they buy Apache camping trailers anyway because they're more comfortable to camp in than anybody else's. And some camping luxuries have to be strictly do-it-yourself. You can buy accessories for your Apache. All the way from ice boxes to carpeting. But it's the extras every Apache comes with that make them the largest-selling camping trailers in the world. Fiberglass screening. Permanently made-up double beds with foam mattresses. Aluminum bodies. Preshrunk, specially-treated tenting. Our exclusive warranty on the whole package. And more. Some people think Apaches are pretty luxurious campers just the way they are. If you want to make yours more so, any of our more than 700 dealers will be happy to oblige. You'll find one listed in the Yellow Pages. He can show you almost everything you'll need for luxury camping. Except the tea.

VESELY COMPANY, BOX 370,
LAPEER, MICHIGAN

CAMPING INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

APACHE CAMPING TRAILERS

Apache shown is Buffalo Mesa, $875. Aluminum screen door illustrated is extra cost. Other models from $485 to $745. Prices F.O.B. Lapeer, Michigan.

[*Continued from page 26*]

Tommy Davis ($4,000 each) and Lou Johnson (a trade throw-in) cost a total of $47,200, the greatest bargain of all time. Only Fairly ($80,000 bonus) and Jeff Torborg, the second catcher ($100,000), represented expense. As long as the bushes can be beaten, Bavasi will beat the hardest.

On many nights, when he can't sleep, he remembers all the times he's been wrong. "My critics have wanted me fired, too, and sometimes rightfully," he said not long ago. "You could fill a book with my mistakes." Dodger policy decisions are made by committee rule, not by Bavasi alone—Fresco Thompson and Chief Scout Al Campanis cast votes, too—but fans won't forget that in 1959 Bavasi almost let Maury Wills slip away to Detroit for $35,000. Detroit didn't like Wills and turned him back to Los Angeles thus saving Buzzie the worst error a man could make. He also let Roberto Clemente, a league-leading hitter, get away to Pittsburgh when he owned Clemente outright. And in 1962 his inability to find a replacement for an injured Sandy Koufax generally is blamed for the Dodgers' last-minute defeat.

"He also couldn't keep his mouth shut during the World Series last season and told everyone we'd beat Minnesota in four straight games," says Alston, who can now smile about it. "The Twins got all fired up and made us sweat to win it in seven games."

Tight supervision, a well-dispersed payroll, a first-rate intelligence system, psychological study of his employees, unwavering faith in Alston, honest racial understanding and hard work are some of the methods which have put Bavasi far in front. "Don't forget," reminds Duke Snider, "that he also scares hell out of you. That violence in him is quite an asset." Back in 1958, when the Brooklyn Dodgers moved to Taj O'Malley in Los Angeles, it was hoped by the players that California's easy living and sunshine would soften their boss somewhat. There were some signs it was happening. Bavasi took up golf and fishing and he didn't even scream at his caddies. However, the team bowed into Los Angeles by finishing 21 games back, in seventh place. With one game still to play the Dodgers held a clubhouse banquet and they were dining on chicken legs and shrimp salad and cracking jokes when B.B. appeared.

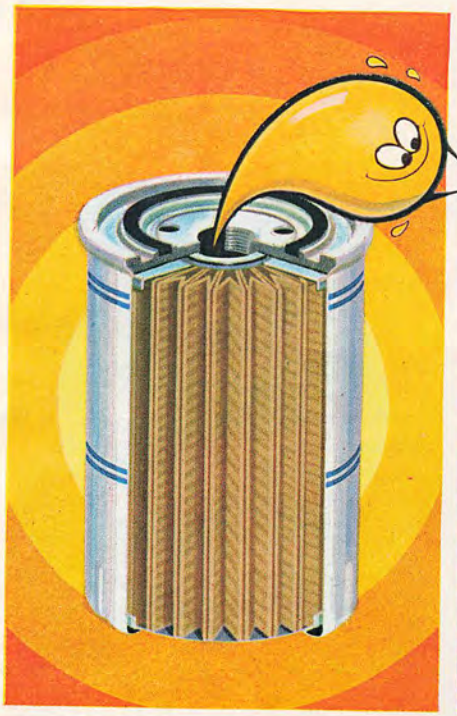
"How much did you pay for those gloves you're wearing?" he asked Snider and pitcher Roger Craig.

"Like thirty bucks," they replied.

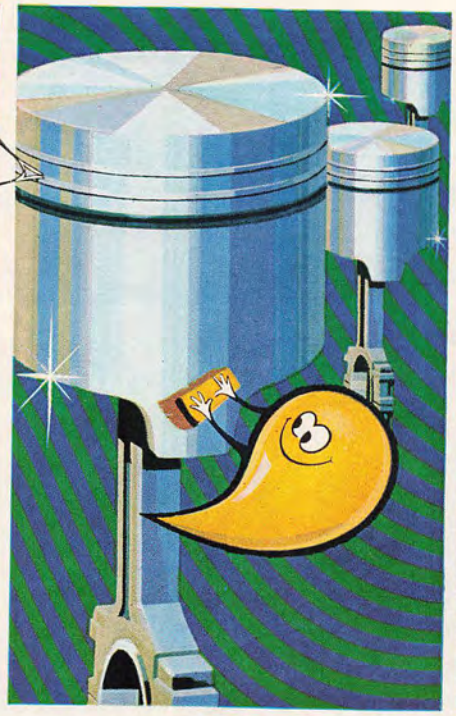
"Well you got gypped!" bellowed Bavasi. "They're no good to you or to anyone and you can stick them up your hind ends!" He went on to say, "The next bite of chicken anyone takes will be his last on this team." With two swings of his foot, he kicked over the banquet table and sent food flying across the clubhouse and then he tore up some uniforms. The following season, no member of the Dodgers played golf or the horses, including the general manager, and the Los Angeles Bums won the pennant. Since then, no one has bothered to inspect Frenchy Bavasi's boy for signs of softness.

—Al Stump

An AC Oil Filter protects your engine from wear... helps increase engine life



An AC Oil Filter helps increase engine life. As your engine oil flows through the AC Filter all harmful dirt is trapped . . . even dirt too small to be seen. These damaging particles do not get back into your engine.



AC-filtered oil lubricates and protects vital engine parts. The fine tolerances in your modern engine need this superfine protection. In addition, every 30 seconds* the oil is recycled to the AC Filter and cleaned again.

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There's an AC Oil Filter engineered to your car's specific filtering needs. Next time you change oil, change the filter too. Get maximum protection against engine wear . . . insist on an AC Oil Filter.

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Travel America with AC and ask your AC dealer about his "Flying Saucer" offer.

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GM

You get twice the "grip" on rain-slick roads with 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Wagoneer.

When the road turns slick and "skiddy", shift smoothly at any speed from 2-wheel to 4-wheel drive. That extra traction lets you hug slippery curves and hills with greater safety. And off where there are no roads, a 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Wagoneer can churn through mud, plow through snow, go places other wagons can't. New power, too: 250 hp V-8 or Hi-Torque 6 cylinder engines. Options? You name it: Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission; power steering, power brakes...the smoothness, comfort and response you'd expect in any fine wagon. Plus "picture window" visibility. Big cargo area. Your family will be safer, go more places, have more fun in a 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive.

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

For more than six years Dykes Simmons has been in a Mexican jail under sentence of death for a crime he says he didn't commit. Now strong new evidence seems to support his innocence—but the U. S. State Department continues to turn its back on this citizen who is facing a foreign firing squad

THE ABANDONED AMERICAN

BY JAMES PHELAN

"Where American citizens go, that flag goes with them to protect them."
—President Lyndon Johnson

■ For more than six years, an American citizen named Dykes A. Simmons has been confined to a sweltering, fly-plagued cell in the grim state prison on the outskirts of Monterrey, Mexico. Simmons, a 36-year-old Texan, was convicted in the mystery-shrouded murder of three members of a Mexican family on a lonely roadside on the night of October 12, 1959. He was sentenced to be shot by a firing squad, the only American ever sentenced to death in Mexico.

Since the day of his arrest, Simmons has insisted that he is innocent and many Mexicans consider his conviction a gross miscarriage of justice. Simmons has poured out hundreds of letters to American officials, pointing out major flaws in the case against him and appealing for help in reopening the investigation of the three murders. Hundreds of Americans who have learned about his case have written to their Congressmen and other Washington officials. These letters invariably are referred to the U.S. State Department, which has responsibility for protecting Americans abroad. The State Department, in turn, refers them to the American consulate at Monterrey, which now has nine huge volumes of correspondence on the Simmons case. The Monterrey consulate routinely assures everyone who inquires that it is watching the case with concern and vigilance.

For Simmons, the circling of all these letters back to the Monterrey consulate has the nightmare quality of a Hitchcock movie. He bitterly charges that the American consulate played a major role in putting him where he is today and that the State Department does not want his case reviewed because its own actions will not stand scrutiny.

Simmons makes four shocking accusations against the consular service

of the State Department: (1) it removed from Mexico another American who, according to two newspapermen and a Mexican chief of police, confessed the murders for which Simmons stands convicted; (2) it provided that American with a false alibi for the night of the murders; (3) it stood by without protest while Mexican officials denied Simmons due process of law; and (4) it withheld evidence in the consular files that could have helped Simmons clear himself in the murder trial.

In a long investigation of the Simmons case, this writer has uncovered new facts supporting each of Simmons' charges. The writer traveled 11,000 miles, interviewed witnesses, key figures and State Department officials in Washington, Mexico and Texas, consulted back issues of Mexican newspapers, and read the entire court record of the evidence submitted against Simmons. Much of the new information supporting Simmons' charges comes from two secret State Department reports and from confidential files of the American consular service. It was obtained despite efforts by State Department officials to keep it from public view.

These new facts cast grave doubt on the verdict in Simmons' trial. But beyond their impact on one obscure American, they spell out a story that is of concern to the millions of Americans who travel abroad each year. They go forth secure in the belief that their flag, in the words of Lyndon Johnson, goes with them to protect them. But like Simmons, they are entitled only to equal justice under the laws of the countries to which they travel. Their right to that alien justice—unfamiliar, bewildering, and often inadequate by American standards—is guarded only by the consular service of the U.S. State Department. That agency failed Simmons, damaged his efforts to clear himself of murder, muddied up the case irreparably and then abandoned him. And in the callous appraisal of a top consular official in Washington: "Things like this have happened before and no doubt will happen again."

Dykes Simmons was arrested October 15, 1959, three days after he had entered Mexico for the first time in his life. He had driven down alone from Fort Worth for a week's vacation. He was 29 years old, single, and employed as a crane operator for a pipe-threading company. He was a man poorly equipped to cope with the events that lay before him. He has a stubborn and contentious personality, a strong sense of pride and little skill at ingratiating himself with others. His personality difficulties had resulted in several sessions of psychiatric treatment. He also was burdened with a police record; it is one of the first facts about him that U.S. consular officials volunteer when discussing his case. In 1949 he was convicted of burglary and in 1955 of car theft, and he served time on both convictions. But in neither instance was he armed and he had no history of violence.

He entered Mexico in a 1954 two-toned Oldsmobile registered to his brother, William Carroll Simmons. D.A., as his family calls him, had assumed the payments on the car but had not changed the title. He stopped at the border checkpoint at Nuevo Laredo and came away from it with a Mexican tourist card made out to William Carroll Simmons. The court that convicted him cited this "entering Mexico under a false name" as circumstantial evidence of his guilt. Simmons says that the border guard warned him he would have trouble bringing out a car that was not in his name and volunteered to make the tourist card conform with the car registration for a dollar "tip." Two points support Simmons's explanation. He carried with him a full set of identification papers as D.A. Simmons, Jr., in his wallet and produced them when arrested. Further, it seems unlikely that he would use his own

While Simmons languishes in jail, the State Department has provided another American with a false alibi

brother's name if he was trying to conceal his identity.

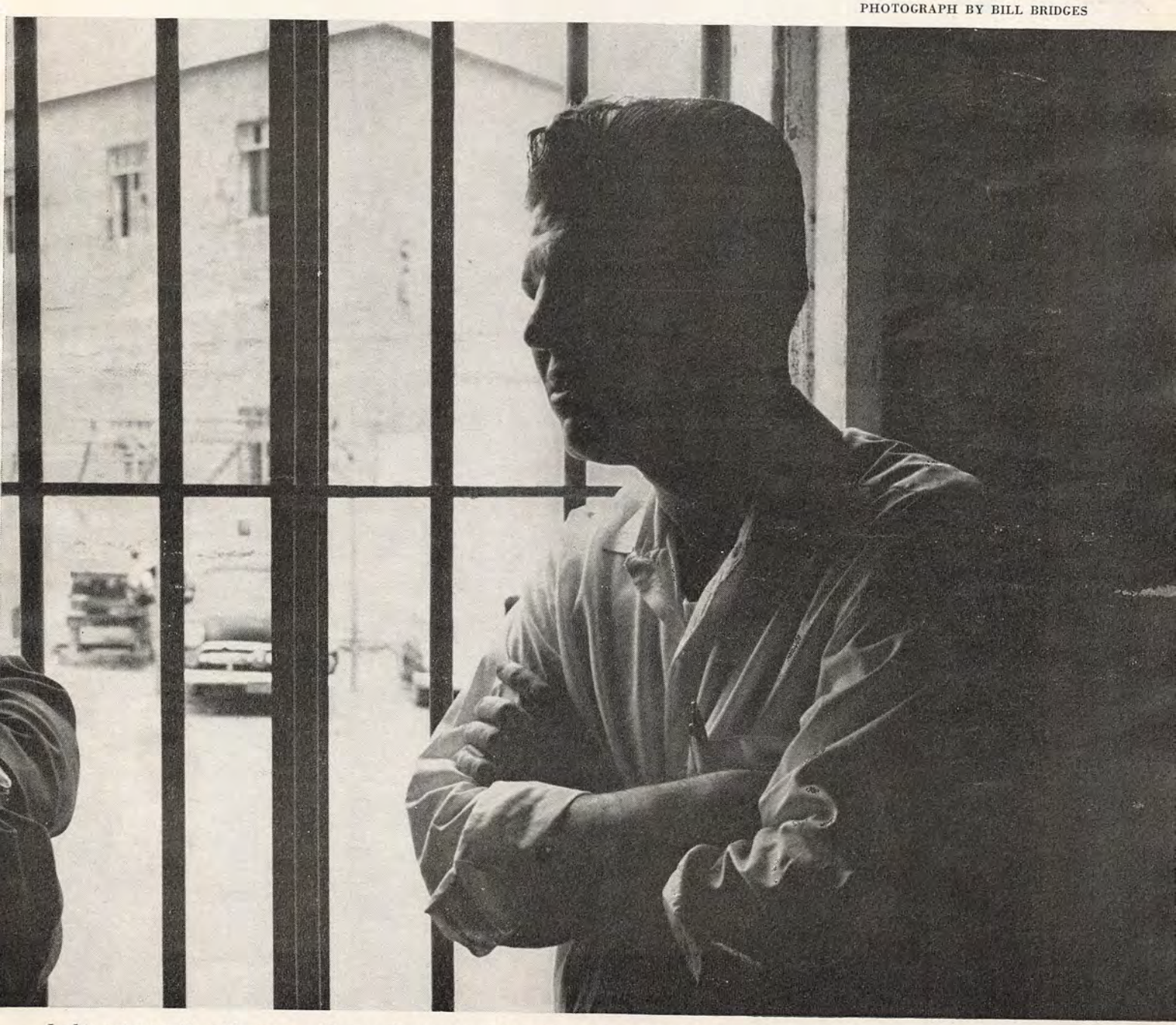
Simmons crossed the border at 8:45 p.m. Monday, October 12, 1959, a fact noted on his tourist card. The crossing time was the main strand of circumstance that shortly enmeshed him in trouble. Forty-five minutes earlier, four members of the Perez Villagomez family of Monterrey had preceded him over the border, bound south for Monterrey. Their car, a 1952 Ford convertible, was driven by Dr. Raul Villagomez, a dentist. With him were his two sisters, Martha, 21, and Hilda, 18, and his brother, Juan, 14.

At around 9 p.m., 57 miles south of the border on a deserted stretch of road, the Villagomez car broke down. The dentist pulled off onto the dirt shoulder and decided to go on alone for help, leaving his sisters and brother behind. He flagged a ride into nearby Sabinas Hidalgo. There he hired a tow truck and returned with the driver to the stalled car, arriving after an absence of about two hours.

He found a tragic scene. All three people in the car had been riddled with shots from a .22 calibre gun. Martha and Juan were dead and Hilda was badly wounded. The girls had not been violated sexually. Nothing had been stolen from the car except for a small wooden club. There was no apparent motive for the crime and none was ever established.

Hitching the tow truck to the stalled car, the driver pulled it into Sabinas Hidalgo. Hilda was transferred to an ambulance and rushed to a Monterrey hospital. The Villagomez car was [*Continued on page* 92]

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BRIDGES



In his prison cell at Monterrey, Mexico, Simmons, right, talks with author Phelan.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SHORE

"WE'RE TURNING INTO ANIMALS!"

Such was the cry of a sickened GI after his buddies had hacked off the enemy's head. It was a moment of horror in a horrible war

SOUTH VIET NAM

■ Whatever glamor war is supposed to have disappears in the jungle of Viet Nam. Here, instead, is the worst of war: disease and squalor, an elusive enemy who maims and kills and American soldiers who learn to retaliate in kind.

This is the seek-and-destroy war, where swarms of GI's have been detailed to flush out—often vainly—the pockets of Viet Cong lurking everywhere.

During one recent, typical mission, the springy branches, waxy green leaves and strangling jungle vines barred the faint trail every foot of the way, radiating the heat they had soaked up from the blistering Indochina sun. There were only two sounds: the high, steady whine of jungle locusts and the quiet clanking and crunching of a column of GI's loaded down with heavy gear. These were troops of the 101st Airborne Division, but there was nothing airborne about them here in the bowels of Viet Nam.

They were bunched close, one behind another, only five or six feet apart. To march any farther apart in this sinister green world is to get lost. You must follow the leader, even at high noon. And you must hack and claw your way, even when hundreds have gone before you, because the jungle has a way of resealing itself, like rubber. Branches thunk against camouflaged steel helmets, two-inch thorns rip through fatigue uniforms and into flesh and little red ants drift into the necks, sleeves and trouser legs of uniforms. The ants sting, and the pain is enough to put a man out of action.

A man can catch several kinds of malaria that don't respond to the usual Chloro Quine pills issued once a week to all American servicemen in Viet Nam. He can come down with a variety of digestive troubles, some of which cause a man to throw up blood or otherwise demobilize him.

He can break his leg by tripping over a vine and falling into a pit, or he can get infected with a variety of microbes and parasites that have a way of getting into cuts.

Or he can stumble into one of the deathtraps the Viet Cong has laid for him. They come in many forms. Some are 200-pound wooden blocks studded with dagger-sharp bamboo spikes, rigged high in the trees and set to fall on a trail when triggered by an unwary foot. Some are miniature crossbows with pulls up to 150 pounds and firing lethal bamboo darts at the twitch of a trip wire. Others are mines and explosive booby traps rigged in a thousand ingenious ways.

Only 30 miles south of here is Saigon where staff [*Continued on page* 74]

MANY FACES OF THE U.N.C.L.E. MAN

TV critics call him a wooden actor, but realistic politicians call him a winner. Friends call him an astrology nut, but soon his university is going to call him Ph.D. Contradictory? Not at all. After all, anything is possible if you are Napoleon Solo—and eat enough yogurt

TRUE'S WHO / ROBERT VAUGHN **BY BILL DAVIDSON**

■ On a television discussion show last summer, actress Inger Stevens asked actor Robert Vaughn, "When are you going to run for President, Bob?"

In today's Hollywood, such a question is meant seriously, the line of reasoning proceeding as follows:

(1) Vaughn has demonstrated his vital interest in politics, having rung doorbells as a precinct worker and made speeches for Democratic candidates; (2) Vaughn's TV series *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* (United Network Command for Law and Enforcement) has a National Nielsen rating of about 25 and he is popular with the masses; (3) George Murphy ran for U.S. Senator in California in 1964 and won; (4) Ronald Reagan is about to run for governor of California and is favored to win; (5) Murphy's old movies on TV never got more than a 16 rating; Reagan's long-running TV show, *General Electric Theater*, had a Nielsen of about 17 when it was cancelled in 1962; (6) So Vaughn's 25, compared with Murphy's 16 and Reagan's 17, should easily get Vaughn a shot at the Democratic nomination for President of the United States.

Vaughn, a handsome, [*Continued on page* 101]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN

...TO INTELLECTUAL WITH A PRYING MIND...

...THE REAL VAUGHN EMERGES IN VARIOUS MOODS.

At Tokyo's glittering automobile show Honda's winning Grand Prix car (top) was a symbol of Japan's emerging know-how.

WILD NEW WHEELS FROM JAPAN

Over the world's eastern horizon a motorized invasion is readying an attack on the U. S. market. The outriders are already here: one million Japanese motorcycles. Behind them will come the cars

Soichiro Honda: they call him Oyaji, *meaning father, because he started the motorcycle boom.*

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ Nippon. The word used to resound like a gong. Now, if you are a Western-world industrialist, it sounds more like an alarm. You sneak a glance over your shoulder and you find out what Satchel Paige meant when he said, "Don't never look back. Somebody might be gaining on you." Because somebody is: the little men who used to make paper kites and cricket cages have branched out. They've lost a big war and found a big world and they've sold all those transistors and all those cameras and they've learned that a *papier-maché* image can be changed—and how. Today they build half the oceangoing ships of the world—and soon it will be half the watches; and someday perhaps half the pharmaceuticals or three quarters of the television sets—or all of the pinball machines. You name it, and unless you say bosomy blondes, the Japanese will produce it.

Hmm, thinks a man in Detroit. Anything?

Anything.

Like they did the motorcycles?

Anything.

Like cars?

Yes, Like cars, too.

Fifteen hours of westward flying time separates the American who still regards a Japanese car as an oddity and the teeming automobile and/or motorcycle factories of Nagoya, Hammatsu and Yokohama. It is time enough for a reporter to review a few facts and begin to slip into the mood of the Orient.

As BOAC's big intercontinental jet whines westward through evening into night and across the international dateline into tomorrow, the world begins to

GINTHER
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メキシコGP

The assembly lines roll endlessly—and Japan's sun rises

There are no old factories in Japan. The USAF's B-29's saw to that.

take a new slant on its axis: a blend of East and West in a clublike no-man's land seven miles high. Over oceans and seas where the flags of the Rising Sun and the Union Jack once stalked each other in war, a striking Japanese stewardess wearing an elegant kimono passes oshibori towels, hot, moist and as refreshing as a caress. And a proper British steward pours Scotch over ice cubes in fine crystal. Tomorrow, Tokyo. But tonight, tilt back the seat and consider why you are here—why Japan's motorcar-and-cycle industry is suddenly worth a trip half way around the world to see.

First, Japan is now fourth in world motorcar production and first by a wide margin in motorcycles. More than two million automobiles and two million two wheelers were produced in 1965. A country which had no motor industry of its own until the 1930's is now making a determined challenge to outbuild and outsell both Britain and Germany.

In the motorcycle field, three companies—Honda, Suzuki and Yamaha—clearly dominate the field. In automobiles, a Big Two—Toyota and Nissan—have 65 percent of the business and are still growing.

More important than statistics, however, are the omens. Consider these from the final week of October, 1965:

At Mexico City, after patient trial and error, a Japanese Honda racing car wins the Mexican Grand Prix at record speed. In a sport dominated by British and Italian machinery developed and refined over two postwar decades—a sport in which America has not yet even ventured to compete—a unique Japanese car, like a young prodigy in horn-rimmed specs, arrived at its triumphant graduation day after only two years in school.

At Tokyo, in the final week of October, the 12th Annual Tokyo Automobile Show: three billion yen ($8 million) was spent on its sprawling acres of exhibits. More than two million Japanese swarmed hungrily around every wheel-toy in sight. As brash and bouncy as a county fair, the [*Continued on page* 74]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY CHARLES MOORE

FOUND: MARLIN!

(WHERE THEY DON'T BELONG)

It seems incredible that anyone could turn up an unsuspected big-game fishery off Florida's west coast. But one has been discovered, and it may well be a new mother lode of big billfish

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME

■ The clues, as in any good detective story, were interesting but seemed hardly significant at first.

In the summer of 1961, Capt. Buster Niquet, bottom fishing in 50 fathoms in the Gulf of Mexico southwest of Panama City, Florida, hooked a fish and quickly, he thought, lost it. As he reeled in, a white marlin erupted just aft of the boat, threw the hook and departed.

About a year later, Capt. Don Craig on the charter boat *Lady M* had taken a party of bottom fishermen into the Gulf some 50 miles south of Panama City Beach. While happily hauling in snappers, one fisherman pointed close to the stern. "Look at the big sailfish!"

Craig grabbed a spinning outfit and leaped aft. His arm was raised to cast—and stayed that way. Swimming lazily past the *Lady M* was no sailfish. "It was the biggest blue marlin I ever saw," Craig said later. "It took as long to pass as a freight train at a city crossing."

Still later in 1962, Roy Martin, who at one time or another has set 36 world game-fish records, was returning to Panama City Beach from a deep-sea trip on the *Captain Anderson*. Martin is a man who finds it nearly impossible to look at water without putting a line in it, so he tossed a big feathered jig over the side. Without warning a blue marlin hit it. The boat was going full speed in one direction and the marlin all out in the other. Before Martin's frantic cries could alert the captain, the marlin had stripped off all his line. Last seen, it was disappearing over the horizon still jumping. . . .

One cold night early in 1964 Roy Martin and a group of Panama City Beach boat captains were telling tall tales of this sort when a great light began to dawn on Martin, who takes his fishing so seriously he keeps minute records of time and tide, bait and location, on all kinds of fish from all available sources.

No one knew better than Martin that people don't go marlin fishing in the Gulf of Mexico—certainly not in that part of it bordering on the Florida west coast. If a man wanted to catch a marlin he went to the Bahamas or Acapulco.

True, there had been some rare marlin caught in the Gulf. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, doing experimental long-line fishing for tuna, had caught some over a number of years. But these had been taken on a line approximately 16 miles long, with 1,000 or more hooks set at a depth of from 10 to 30 fathoms and even deeper. Catching a marlin on this outfit might give proof there were some in the Gulf but it was not likely to excite the average sportsman into grabbing his rod and rushing off with a sense

The mysterious "Martin's Circle" area consistently produced marlin like the striped one above and the blue shown below.

of abounding confidence. And to make matters worse, most of the long-line marlin were taken fairly close to the 1,000-fathom curve, approximately 150 miles or more offshore in most places.

In other words, the occasional marlin caught by a sportsman in the Gulf was so rare as to be considered a freak. A few years before World War II, a blue marlin was taken off the mouth of the Rio Grande; it caused talk but turned out to be a loner. In the postwar years a few were taken over widely scattered areas in the Gulf. In the summer of 1962, a 400-pound blue was caught not far south of Destin, a fishing village about 50 miles west of Panama City, Florida. This one stirred up enough excitement to bring on the first concentrated marlin effort by fishermen along the north Florida coast. Four boats, keeping in radio contact and working more or less along the 100-fathom curve, hooked but lost two blue marlin in one day while boating six sailfish and jumping 14 others.

Despite this, nothing more was done in the area. Marlin fishing remained something that required foreign travel and big money. Then came the night in 1964 when Roy Martin and the boat captains were telling their tall tales and the hot gleam of discovery began to glow in Martin's eyes. He grabbed a chart, spread it on the table and drew a circle roughly 45 to 75 miles south and south-southwest of Panama City Beach. "This is where people keep seeing them," he said. "Almost every time a commercial boat or a research vessel goes in this area they see marlin."

Not many fishermen or guides along this north Florida coast had any experience with white or blue marlin (all-tackle records are 161 and 814 pounds respectively, by the way). They didn't have the tackle to handle them; they didn't know the proper baits and the best methods of fishing. But Martin lit a fire of enthusiasm under captains Don Craig, Joe and Danny Knowles. They waited until the weather warmed; then the first week of June the three boats headed south from Panama City Beach.

In a day and a half of fishing they boated one white marlin, three sailfish, 36 dolphin, 50 blackfin tuna, 65 arctic bonito, five wahoo and 12 big sharks. They hooked and lost two white and two blue marlin, six sailfish and an assortment of fish unknown.

This was truly an exceptional amount of fishing action. The anglers felt like prospectors who have stumbled on the mother lode.

In August, Roy Martin telephoned me to talk about the newly discovered waters where the billfish play. "Since that first trip," he said, "we have made 12 more trips, [*Continued on page* 66]

A little boy was dead and his murderer taunted all of France with boastful letters and sinister telephone calls. The trick was to catch him before he killed again

THE CASE OF

THE FLAP-MOUTH KILLER

■ Jean-Luc Taron was as nice and as mischievous as a boy of 11 is expected to be. His smile was cherubic. His hair was too long, and his face had the pallor customary to French boys whose evenings are spent cramming over books. This evening he was tired of his homework.

It was a summery night in Paris, in May, 1964, and little Luc was in the mood for laughter, not for conjugating verbs. He rose and stretched. His mother's purse was on the table, and he peered inside, finding 15 francs—$3. Breaking into a dimpled grin, he pocketed the money, took his French Bugs Bunny comic book and ran out into the Rue de Naples. His destination was *Le Drugstore*, the celebrated American-model ice cream emporium near the Arc de Triomphe.

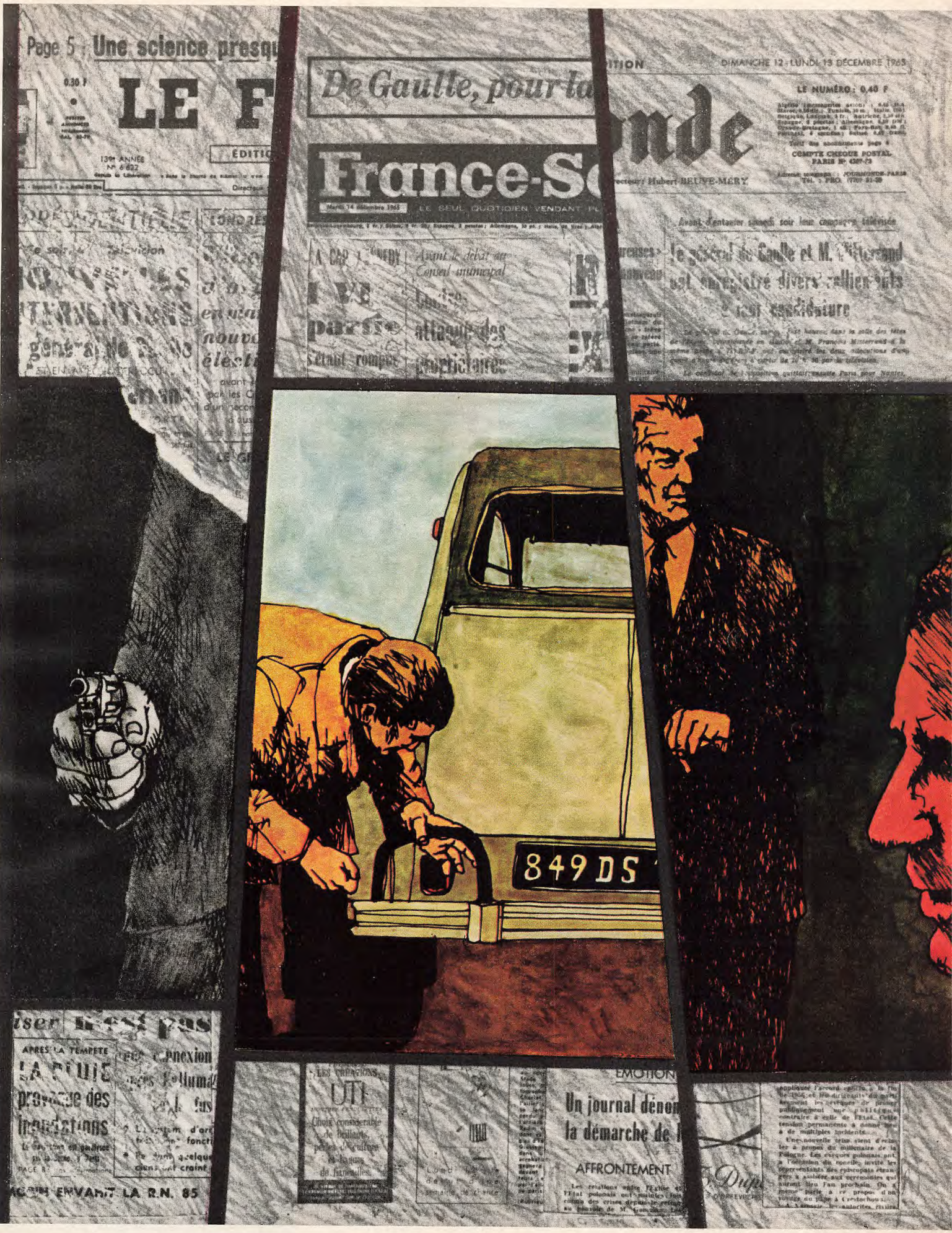
Luc was the kind of round, cheerful sprite that parents stop to smile at. As he trotted through the streets, a man detached himself from the anonymous crowd and followed him.

"Come with me, little boy," said the man. "Come in my car and we will explore the woods."

"But it may get dark," said Luc. [*Continued on page* 111]

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT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AFFRONTEMENT

PAPER-BAG BOMBARDIERS

Bomb thrown (it can be seen at wing's edge), bombardier holds tight.

Dave Mudgett, coordinator of the meet, aims and fires. He missed.

■ Dropping bombs is serious business in a place like Viet Nam. But during the annual air meet in Morrisville, Vermont, sports-minded aviators turn bombing into a skylarking game of skill. Last year a dozen teams entered, flying a variety of planes from old Ercoupes to speedy new Cessnas. The rules call for the pilot to guide the plane over a 25-foot wide "X"-shaped target while the bombardier throws a paper bag filled with one pound of lime. Each crew gets two bombing runs at a minimum altitude of 50 feet. Throwing the bomb presents problems akin to tossing an apple core from a moving car into, say, an open manhole. From a bouncy little aircraft it takes the arm of a Sandy Koufax to hit a target on the ground. Daredevil acrobatics are often required to heave the bomb over low-slung wings and around wing struts. Many of the bomb chuckers don't even come close; one of the bag-bombs almost clobbered TRUE's photographer. The first-prize winners were better bombers. They scored two direct hits. The contest caused so much happy talk that aviators from all over are bombarding Morrisville for information on how to start their own miniature blitz.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MARTIN IGER

The plane swerves quickly and the bomb's away—almost the bombardier too.

Southpaw sidearms his bomb over wing strut.

A bull's-eye burst on target leaves the incoming planes a tough drop to equal.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

MAN AGAINST THE CRUEL SEA

Adrift without food or fuel, the courageous Hawaiian pitted his will to survive against overwhelming odds

BY BOB KRAUS

■ The weather-beaten motor launch wallowed uneasily in the Pacific swells as Kailapa Kanehaku worked with haste to clear the fuel line. His engine dead and being without an anchor, he was drifting rapidly to sea. He gave the wrench a final turn and quickly cranked the ancient engine. It coughed in protest, then began to chug reluctantly.

His face tight with worry, the Hawaiian turned his boat's scarred bow toward the coastline almost a mile away. How long would the gasoline hold out? The engine died before he had regained half the distance. One glance into the battered fuel tank told him it was empty. Immediately the boat lost headway and began to drift toward the open ocean.

Though he didn't know it, the aging man in the rickety, 20-foot launch was beginning an epic struggle for survival. Yet on that morning of October 22, 1919, Kanehaku did not seem a likely prospect for such an adventure. At 54 his children were grown and his close-cropped hair had already turned white. In his remote village of Kawaihae on the northwest coast of Hawaii, largest and southernmost of the Hawaiian Islands, his talents were not considered unusual. He could carve an outrigger canoe, weave a net, cultivate taro, thatch a house, distill whisky out of ti root and cook a pig to perfection in an underground oven. He also knew the stars and the ocean currents and the patterns of the waves. He was familiar with the habits of a dozen kinds of sea birds and at least 100 different species of fish. But he knew very little about engines.

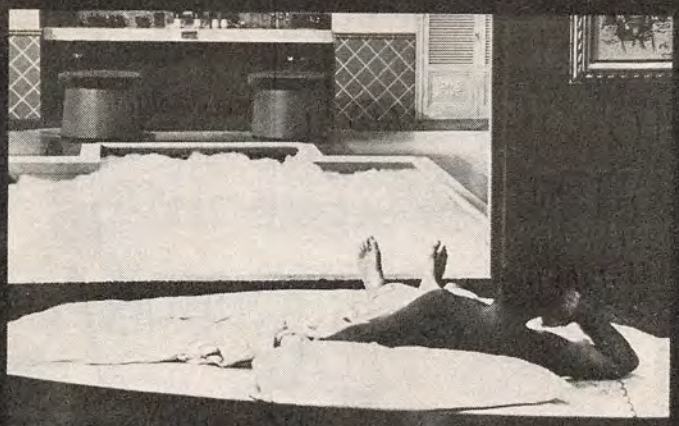
"There are young men who understand such things," his wife had said that morning. "Tell Oliver Laau that he should try to get someone else to run his motorboat."

Kanehaku had answered stubbornly, "There is not time, woman. The mail must reach Mahukona before the steamer sails to Honolulu. Oliver is sick and he is my friend. I will run his boat." He only had to take the mail, plus one passenger, a dozen miles up the coast. It [*Continued on page* 116]

A Bedful of Bonded Beauties

■ As everybody knows by now, the life of a secret agent is rough, tough and grueling; consequently, it behooves a conscientious agent to spend as much time as possible in bed, getting a well-earned rest while waiting for the next assignment. Above, Dean Martin (playing Matt Helm in *The Silencers*, a new Columbia movie based on Donald Hamilton's best-selling paperback series) is seen recuperating on his big round bed—an important prop in the film. This kind of therapy would probably horrify Freud and Blue Cross, but it does wonders for Matt. When he gets back on his feet, he'll save the world from atomic war. But right now, relaxation is what he needs. When he's not outwitting enemy agents, he works as a photographer. The girls above are models. He's given a lot of them the sack, but they keep coming back, especially in his sleep—with a bed like this, he's bound to have pleasant dreams. The bed rotates 360 degrees, so he doesn't have to roll over to answer the phone, and it trundles him across the room to his bath. And that's another story....

In his new secret-agent romp,* The Silencers, *Dean Martin rolls from the damndest bed Hollywood ever created into the office pool



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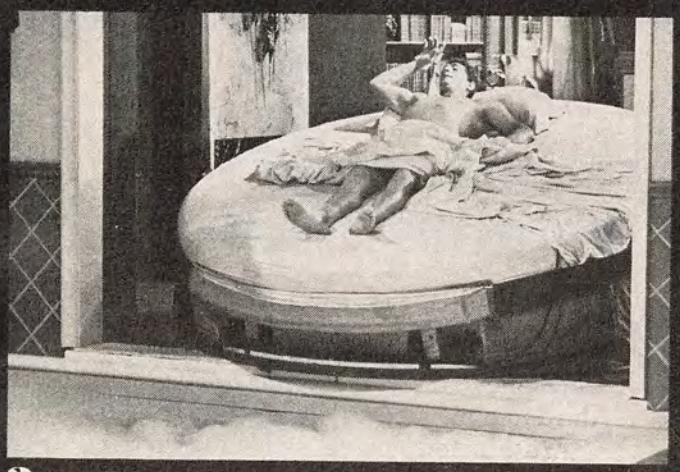

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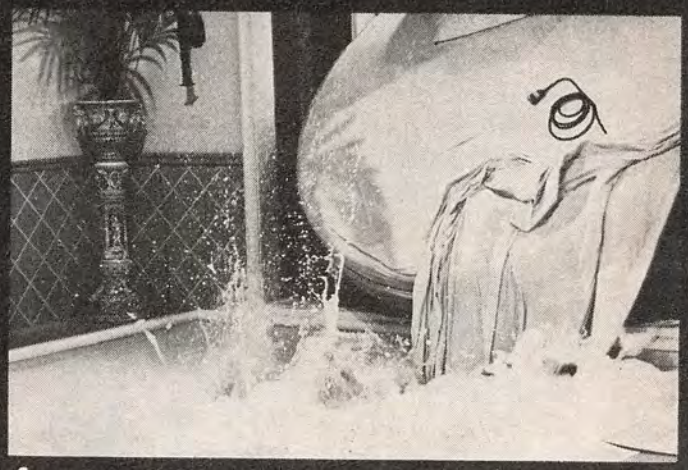

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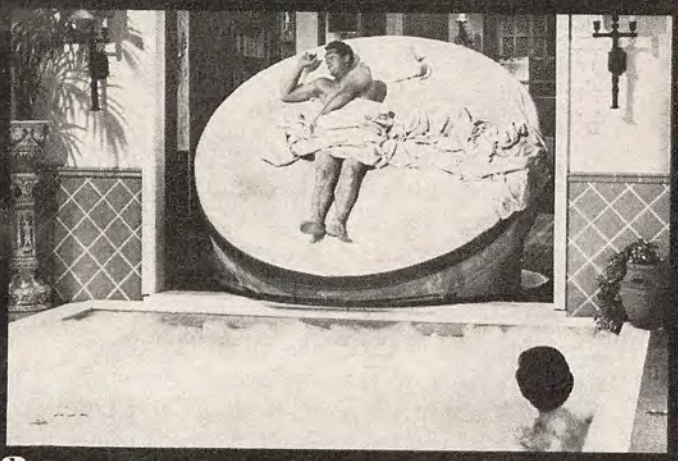

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After a good night's sleep (with three delectable dreams), Matt wakes, pushes a button and starts the bed rolling; it tilts as it goes. As the bed hits the doorway, he holds his nose and slides into the pink, bubbly depths. His secretary, Lovey Kravezit, is ready for work. One thing about Matt, he's a clean-livin' boy.

6

Excerpted from *The Masculine Mystique*, copyright © 1966, by Robert Lipsyte. To be published by New American Library.

THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE

BY ROBERT LIPSYTE

■ *For the past 10 years I have dedicated body and soul to the greatest problem facing the American male today—the crippling system of abject peonage whereby the man busts his back, bone by bone, day by day, merely because women have convinced him it is the only way. This is the masculine mystique. From coast to coast I have interviewed, in depth, approximately 9,873 men in preparing a brilliant, unsubsidized survey of the situation, an excerpt of which follows.*

Why have so many American men suffered so long in silence under so oppressive and restrictive a system as the masculine mystique?

"Guilt," says Jimmy Washington, a well-known Broadway character. "Pure, untrammeled, Freudian guilt."

Speaking below the forced chatter of Lindy's, disconsolately picking at a plate of blintzes a surly waiter had brought by mistake, the lean and haggard Washington told his story—a story that is symbolic of the cruel demands which have been imposed by the masculine mystique.

Bradd had to climb mountains—to get away from Andrea.

"I had three girls, just mollies, you understand, but good girls, and I treated them right, bailed them out, got them new nylons when they needed them and kept them in the sturdiest street-walking shoes money could buy. Well, there was a change of precinct captain, and we had to lay low for awhile. My three girls had nothing to do but hang around the apartment and read."

Washington stabbed bitterly at one of the blintzes, and raspberry spattered his white-on-white shirt. He ignored it.

"First, the women's magazines with all those articles on the happy housewife. Then some books on sexual equality. And then that thing on the feminine mystique. By the time the precinct was cool again, one of the girls set up her own place, another ran off with a used-car salesman, and the third told me to marry her."

Washington got up suddenly, looking at his wristwatch. "Well, I better get back to work, find me a mark, some convention type never heard of the Murphy Game. Yeah, yeah, I married her. What could I do? All my life I hear the man is the hunter, the woman sits home and chews the hide. Guilt, that's what it is."

The masculine mystique appears to have begun, one world-famous historian told me, during the seasonable winter of 1777-78, in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. General Washington (no relation) and his troops, in bivouac, were not the miserable, wretched, cold and hungry rebels that current history texts describe. They were quite content, much to the surprise of Baron von Belfried, Assistant Surgeon-General and chief psychiatrist of the Continental Army. In an unpublished manuscript (military censors confiscated it), Baron von Belfried wrote: "To my much surprise, attendance at the 7:15 a.m. sick call decreased with markedness when General Washington ordered that all men suffering from frostbite, and diseases of a chronic nature, be separated from the service and invalided home. I had argued with the general that such an order would constitute an open invitation to malingerers. He merely smiled enigmatically, and said: 'Prithee, Herr Belfried, look after the nuts and leave the bolters to me."

In the diary of a Continental Army private,

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL MURPHY

Research reveals the general's men preferred war's frostbite to home's warmth.

Will women forever get away with the greatest con job in history? Must the male forever be the hunter while the female sits down and chews the hide? The truth comes out in this long overdue rebuttal to the feminine myth

Thomas M. Rogers of the 103rd Ohio Rifles, the wisdom behind the general's order is apparent. Rogers writes: "Egad this toe is cruelly hurtful, but I dare not let on. I would as leif stay on in this snow-dappled vale with my jolly comrades than return to hearth and home and Mary's endless orders to candle the eggs and milk the cow

Overfeed drove Sugar Milton happily to the loony bin.

and plant the beans and bring home the bacon. My jolly comrades feel the same, and we have spoken of it often around the toasty campfires, drinking our rum and enjoying the presence of Ladies from the town."

But Martha Washington, on one of her unannounced visits to Valley Forge, perceived the situation and brought pressure on George, forcing him to send many men home. A friendly press corps reported the exodus as "mass desertions." In a recently opened letter General Washington sent to a friend, Benedict Arnold, General Washington admitted that he was compelled by "guilt, pure, untrammeled Freudian guilt."

Thus the die was cast. Intrinsic in the "very seed from which this nation sprouted" was the primary axiom of the masculine mystique: It is a man's inalienable responsibility to keep a woman warm with fur, full with food, large with child and free from the demands of contributive endeavor.

But it hasn't been all that simple. In no area of American life is there more disagreement or less discord than in the interpretation of male-female interaction. This was emphasized on the April 2, 1964, broadcast of the morning radio show, *Wake Up With Dick and Jane!* (which was subsequently discontinued when the FCC learned that Dick and Jane were not married). The topic that morning was, "Does the American Male Give as Good as He Gets?" The distinguished and expert panel around the breakfast table included:

Miss Virginia Snow, the lovely, 27-year-old author of *Sex and the Neophyte,* and the syndicated column of the same name; Dr. Ernst Organ, psychiatrist and author of *Sex is a Three-Letter Word;* Dr. Millicent Murd, eminent anthropologist-sociologist whose most recent work

"Most women claim to be too intelligent for light housekeeping and too light for heavy thinking"

is *Taboo in the Bronx;* Serge Alabaster, international playboy; Howie Haggard, the 38-year-old so-called "Captain of the Phallis Guard," and publisher of *Downboy, The Magazine with the Old Proverbials;* and Mrs. Bitsy Frigid, mother of nine, a working marriage counselor and author of *Femaleness Is For* Women.

A partial and expurgated transcript of the broadcast follows:

DICK: As you were saying, Doctor Organ, you yourself have had 12 major affairs and countless minor ones and . . .

ALABASTER: A real man never talks about it.

DICK: . . . and you have come to the conclusion that sex is merely something that men and women do. Is that right?

DOCTOR ORGAN: Yes and no. As I pointed out in an earlier work, *Making Her Come Alive*, a man has a great responsibility in this area. Wars

Old West died when ladies stepped into an honest fight.

are won on the beds of Groton, so to speak, and sex is a microcosm of the real world.

HAGGARD: You said it, Doc. When the Great Scorekeeper comes to write against your name, it's not how many times you went to bat, but how many times you . . .

DOCTOR MURD: How ridiculous. I remember one tribal elder, a candy-store owner on Fordham Road in the Bronx, who forced his wife to work side by side with him in the production of a local drink called egg creams. When he eventually disposed of his candy store, he was able to get an additional $18,000 for his wife. This kind of enforced . . .

MRS. FRIGID: How horrible, Doctor Murd. He actually kept her in bondage?

HAGGARD: I know that candy store, right across from a junior high school that's smack in the middle of our establishment chart.

MRS. FRIGID: What kind of meaningful fulfillment can there be for a woman working in a candy store? A woman's place is in the home.

DICK: Well put, Bitsy. Now, Miss Snow, you've said that . . . where's Miss Snow . . . hey, where's Alabaster?

Of the six panelists, Doctor Murd is by far the most acclaimed in academic circles. Her "come-as-you-think-you-should-be" parties on the Berkeley campus were so well-covered by *Life* magazine (it was the last party *Life* went to) as to warrant no further attention here. Her line, "Man is the hunter, the woman sits home and chews the hide," is expected to appear in the next edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.* But her involvement in the culture of the Nantucket Islanders, for which studies she won the Pulitzer Prize, is not as well known. Through clever use of the masculine mystique's built-in guilt motif, she forced 13 village elders to bring her food, build her house, take her notes and type her manuscript.

Recently, Doctor Murd's name came up during a depth interview I was conducting with one of the 532 Columbia alumni I surveyed for this study. The interviewee, a successful Wall Street broker, burst into tears.

"That savage," he sobbed. His story had a familiar ring.

After three lovely children and a Betty Crocker Home-Maker Award, the broker's wife, a 37-year-old Radcliffe graduate, happened to pick up, at a PTA meeting, Betty Friedan's excellent work, *The Feminine Mystique.* Overnight she became bored with her modern kitchen, the new car in which she took the children to scout meetings, and the pile carpet in her sunken conversation pit. The broker came home one day to find the maid's Hoover vacuum cleaner smashed and the strings snapped in the younger daughter's piano. His wife was feeding *The Settlement Cookbook* into the barbecue, a page at a time, and screaming: "Is this what I went to college for? Is this what I took graduate seminars in anthropology for? Is this

what I gave myself to bearded philosophy instructors for?"

"No," thundered the broker, overjoyed. "A woman is meant to fulfill herself in the real world, hustling for a buck, elbowing in the market place, using her God-given skills and talents as a *person*. A woman is first a human being."

The broker's wife was momentarily taken

America's women will contribute Mop Art to culture.

aback, but before she could retrieve the cookbook pages, her husband outlined his plan. She would acquaint herself with the new developments in anthropology in preparation for a professional career. Meanwhile, he would fly around the country to settle his affairs, sell his partnership and prepare to stay at home, take care of the house and bring up the children. Before the spell could be broken, he brought his wife 11 of Dr. Millicent Murd's latest subculture studies and took off.

When he returned two weeks later, his wife was picking lint off the pile carpet with Scotch Tape. In answer to his unspoken question, she purred:

"Man is the hunter, the woman sits home and chews the hide."

"Not necessarily," he said, as casually as he could. "A woman can't allow herself to be trapped in a wall-to-wall concentration camp, her vital fluids going dry in a desert of banality. . . ."

"That's crap," snapped his wife. "From Forest Hills to Forest Lawn, growing up in New Canaan or coming of age in Las Vegas, the man's role has always been to supply the necessities of life and the woman's role is to sit home and cope."

Since his business was gone, she then suggested he get a night job, driving a taxi, which he did.

If the masculine mystique were merely a condition of quiet desperation, acted out by anonymous little men who never get their pictures in the papers, we might be able to shrug the whole thing off as just another blatant injustice. But when our national heroes and villains are as vulnerable to the mystique as ordinary mortals, the situation becomes as large as life itself.

Who, for example, could ever forget Bradd Havameyer, the first American to climb the Matterhorn. "Why did you climb it?" asked an exulting press, and they all dutifully reported that Bradd's answer was: "Just because it was there."

Recently I found Bradd Havameyer. He had changed his name to Bradd Smith and grown a beard. When I asked him why he had climbed the Matterhorn, the truth finally came out.

"Just because it was there," he said, slowly, "and my wife was here."

But of all our national heroes Howard Milton Sugarman is the most classic—and pathetic—example of the mystique at work. Born and raised in Brooklyn, Howard Milton might have served as a model for the 97-pound weakling. Girls ignored him (which he realized was to his advantage). Bullies kicked sand in his face (which he rather enjoyed). His boss passed him over for promotion (giving him a good excuse to go on unemployment, stay home and watch daytime serials). Then, while his television set was being repaired, he met and married Eloise Drune, a Manhattan secretary who was tired of her job and dreamed of staying home and watching daytime serials.

Mrs. Bitsy Frigid recounts the early months of that marriage thusly in her best seller: "With infinite care and tact, Eloise constantly reminded Howard Milton how skinny and ungainly he was, how sitting listlessly around the house was women's work, and how, if he was any kind of a man, he would get out of there and fight the world for her."

To Mrs. Frigid's credit, this is all true. But she purposely omits such documented facts as these: Howard Milton always had a good, hot meal on the table when Eloise came home from work; he kept the apartment spotlessly clean and the clothes whiter-than-white, he never exceeded his weekly house allowance, and *he still had seven-and-a-half uninterrupted hours a day to watch his programs.*

Finally, however, driven by burgeoning guilt—pure and untrammeled—Howard Milton gained 14 pounds, skipped rope during the commercials and read all of Nat Fleischer's books on boxing. One night, while Eloise was working late at the office, he won the flyweight championship of the world, under the *nom de guerre,* Sugar Milton. He retired undefeated the next morning.

But Eloise, having [*Continued on page* 122]

HOWARD HUGHES: A Lifetime On the Lam

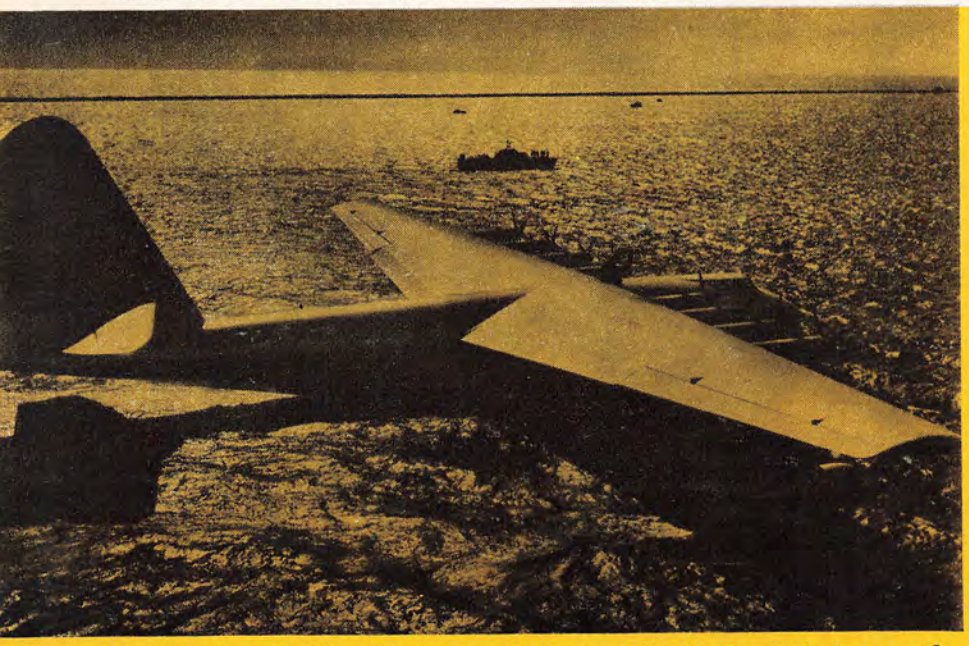
BY JOHN KEATS

■ *Perhaps Eddie the barber said all that anyone can really say about Howard Hughes. Eddie has left him now, and he said, "Looking back, I have no complaints. It was unusual, sure, but Hughes was always a courteous, polite, well-paying customer and more than that, a good friend. I know he has his problems; don't we all. He just operates a little different from the rest of us. Who's to say who's wrong?"*

I sonny His family called him Sonny or Junior. To the rest of Houston he was Young Howard or Little Howard. He was six feet three inches tall, but he would never be Big Howard. Big Howard was his father, who was now dead.

Not yet 19, the boy came into the courtroom carrying himself with that slight stoop that so often is the

Condensed from *Howard Hughes* by John Keats. To be published by Random House, Inc. © Copyright, 1966, by Random House, Inc.



After five years building this immense flying boat, Hughes has let it fly one mile.

Hughes is thought to have wed actress Jean Peters in 1957.

He produced famous motion pictures, squired glamorous women, built up a major airline from nothing and, as a pilot himself, was as celebrated as Lindbergh. Yet, through it all, his quirk for privacy was as notable as his feats. Now, at 60, he is a legend and, although still puzzling and withdrawn, he is easily one of the most fascinating figures of our time

N.Y. Mayor La Guardia leads city in 1938 tribute to globe-girdling flier.

attempted apology of the excessively tall, or which in his case might have represented an adolescent fear of being conspicuous. To many people he seemed somewhat hard of hearing and terribly shy. He had attended seven schools and was the distinguished graduate of none. He was trained for no trade. He liked to tinker with mechanical contraptions, to drive fast cars, fly airplanes and had spoken of wanting to play the saxophone in a jazz band. One of his father's business associates knew the boy as "this thing, a sort of nocturnal varmint type, six feet tall and a hundred and four pounds, sitting up in bed in a hotel room, playing the saxophone. No tune, just blowing."

Sonny seldom smiled; the melancholy cast of his features was enhanced by his somber clothes. Despite his fidgeting, there seemed an old-world courtliness about him, a sort of understated politeness perfectly matched to his soft Texas drawl. All he wanted, he told the judge this day in 1924, was something he was going to get anyway. He just wanted it three years early. Judge Montieth said he would take the matter under advisement until he could learn what there was to be known about the spindly orphan who wanted to be called a man.

The evidence was sketchy; not all of it favorable. But beneath the shyness and apparent apathy, there was a streak of stubbornness and a smoldering spirit of revolt. Sonny's one close friend, Dudley Sharp, had this to say: "He seemed to have an absolute mania for proving himself. He didn't want to stay in Houston in his father's shadow. I think he even disliked bearing his father's name. He wanted to get out and find some-

Taken in 1947, this is one of last portraits of Hughes. He grew mustache to cover plane crash scars.

thing he wanted to do. He didn't know exactly what, but nothing was going to stop him."

Big Howard's will left half the estate to his wife; one-fourth to Sonny; and the balance to Big Howard's father, mother and brother. But the wife had died before her husband, and her half went to the son. And since Big Howard had owned all the tool company's stock, Sonny now held three-quarters of it.

The assets of the Hughes Tool Company were listed in the appraisal as being worth $750,000, but the company could not have been purchased for 10 times that amount if its stock had been offered for sale. Rumor estimated the company's real worth as anywhere between $17,000,000 and $80,000,000.

Sonny apparently was not satisfied with his share. Perhaps he remembered his father saying so often, "Never do business with partners." In any case, Sonny immediately suggested that his grandparents and his uncle sell him their one-fourth share of the tool company stock.

The aunts and uncles and the grandparents wanted him to reconsider about going to college. Wouldn't he, or didn't he feel a need to go to school to learn how to handle his future responsibilities?

Apparently, Sonny didn't.

He had learned of a seldom-used provision in the Texas law. It seemed that if a minor could convince the court that he was mentally an adult and capable of handling his affairs, the court had authority to declare him a legally responsible adult.

So it was that Sonny and his lawyers now appeared before Judge Montieth, who began by asking the boy a series of questions about the Hughes Tool Company. It turned out that Sonny knew the company's financial standing, the extent of its obligations, the roles of its key personnel, its plans for the future. Against the boy were ranged his youth, his lack of experience in any business and the wishes of his relatives. In his favor there was the fact that he had legal counsel, had a demonstrable interest in and ability at the operation and design of things mechanical. Houston businessmen said first of all the company was so good it could run itself anyway, and besides, they said, Sonny was a right good golfer.

He took out many girls– and even spoke to some of them

JEAN HARLOW: *His first find, he put her in* Hell's Angels.

GINGER ROGERS: *She was frequent companion during the '30's.*

AVA GARDNER: *His guards helped make a fiery romance sputter.*

There was also a quality of decision about the boy that was impressive in itself. After due deliberation the judge declared that Sonny was legally a man.

Sonny quickly moved to buy his relatives' interest in the Hughes Tool Company. The sums he paid have never been disclosed, but in later years there was a feeling in the family that they should have held out for more. The important fact was that Howard Robard Hughes, at the age of 18, closed his fist around one of the most profitable businesses in the United States. He had all the freedom that a man could ask. It was time for him to stop being Sonny. But who would he be and what would he do?

One of his first acts was to visit the tool company. Despite his tender years, his awkward nervousness, his look of abstracted melancholy and his somewhat lonesome life, the youth was a rare judge of people. He was not at all shy about hiring and firing men thrice his age. To be sure it was his company, but this activity bespoke something more than sheer whim, for his choices proved excellent. At this stage of his life the boy capitalist not only had the knack of sensing the right man for the job, but he had the wit to stand back and give that man room to work.

Of all his appointments none was more fortuitous than his engaging a tough, brilliant accountant named Noah Dietrich. In all that was to follow, it was said the work was "80 percent Noah Dietrich's genius and 20 percent Howard Hughes' gambling blood," but however this may be, Young Howard found precisely the man to entrust with the day-to-day operation of his affairs. Their relationship was to continue for more than 30 years.

The already prosperous company leaped ahead under its new owner, but young Howard's interest in it soon diminished to a narrow concern for the profits it produced. Money had meaning to him only if it was being spent for something; otherwise, a pile of banknotes might as well be a heap of wastepaper.

The young man's attention turned outward. The next year he took two steps in the direction of full manhood. He married, and he moved to California to begin a career of his own.

His bride was Ella Rice, a [*Continued on page* 127]

IDA LUPINO: *A younger Hughes often dated her.*

JANE RUSSELL: *She startled moviegoers in his* Outlaw.

Bill Ruger made his reputation by reviving a passé revolver with a modern model. Now he's betting on a new single-shot sporting rifle to startle the gun world and increase his fortune

THE MAVERICK GUNMAKER AND HIS GREATEST GAMBLE

■ Last fall I had a chance to use a rifle which probably took more courage to produce than any other contemporary firearm. It was only a prototype, but my brief experience with this preliminary model was enough to tell me that William B. Ruger, a six-foot-three Connecticut arms-maker, is about ready to make a modern sporting firearm of a type that has been considered obsolete in America for 46 years. Furthermore, he is putting a price tag of about $280 on it, which is roughly what the largest gun companies charge for their custom-grade rifles.

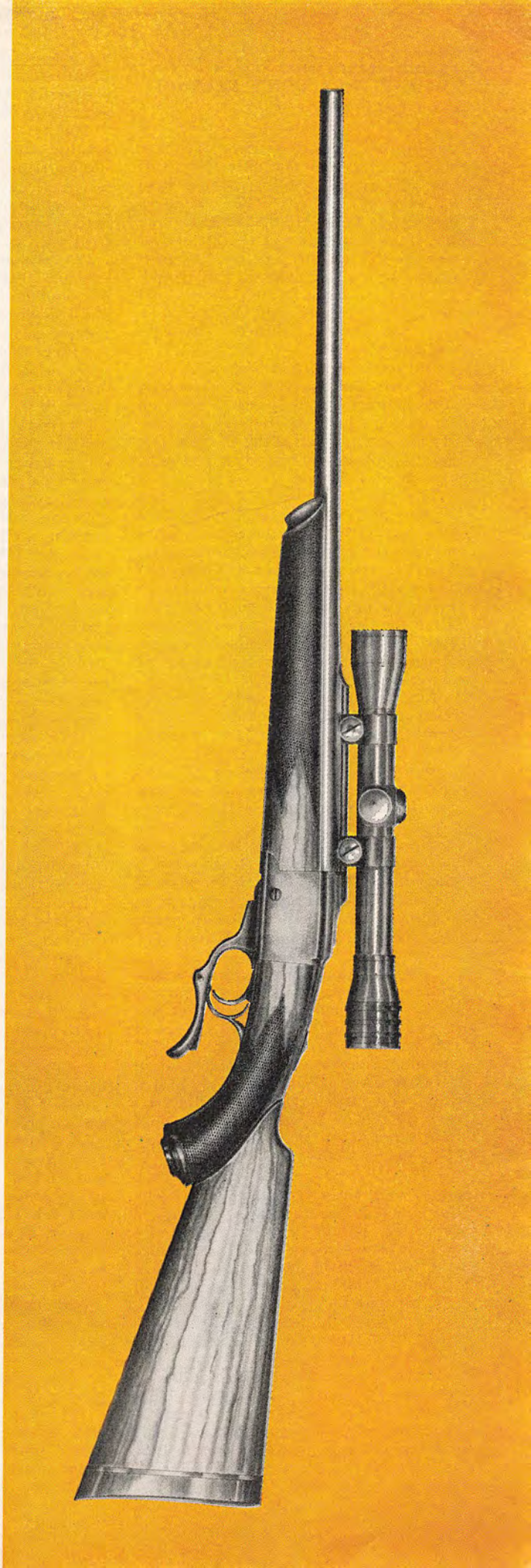
What is so courageous about that? you wonder. Just this: While everyone else is making repeating rifles, Ruger's new piece is a single shot! Furthermore, it is the most ambitious single shot ever produced, since it will come in all popular calibers from .222, suitable for varmint shooting, to .458 Winchester Magnum, an extremely powerful cartridge that in recent years has found wide acceptance in Africa for elephants and other dangerous game.

How did such a rifle come about? First, you should know something about the man behind it—a man who has the guts to take a chance—something he has been doing since he began making pistols in a barn back in 1949 with a borrowed $10,000.

I met Bill Ruger for the first time a little over a year ago. I had gone up to the Sturm, Ruger plant at Southport, Connecticut, and expected to meet a high-pressure, intense, nervous, impatient sort of guy. The nine pistol and revolver models, plus two carbines, he's designed and manufactured during the past 16 years represent a hell of a lot of thinking and a hell of a lot of work. This realization, I suppose, was responsible for my preconceived idea.

I was pleasantly surprised. Bill Ruger turned out to be a big man, not fat, who looked as though he could wade through snow all day and then carry his buck five miles back to camp in the evening. He had blue eyes, a sandy moustache and brown hair that apparently hadn't been combed for three or four days. And he was utterly relaxed. We sat down in his office and talked about guns. I couldn't keep my eyes off the collection of firearms, neatly racked in glass cases along the walls. Before long, he was showing them to me proudly, one at a time.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



Obviously, Bill Ruger was a typical gun nut—a name, by no means derogatory, given men who are fascinated by firearms. The only difference between him and most of us was that he has had the fever worse. From the age of 21, he fiddled with guns, shot guns, studied guns, designed guns and made guns. His boyhood was spent in Brooklyn, a sorry place for a boy who liked to shoot, but by the time he was 16 he had borrowed and read every book on guns in the New York Public Library. Before he was 21, he had designed a gas-operated semiautomatic rifle and made a working model. When he applied for a patent he discovered that somebody had beaten him to the idea.

He worked in machine-gun design for Army Ordnance at the Springfield Armory, but quit when he discovered he was under civil service and advancement depended on the rules rather than the quality of what he produced. Working independently on a design for a light machine gun to meet specifications outlined by Army Ordnance led to a contract with the Auto Ordnance Corporation, at that time making the Thompson submachine gun for the armed forces.

By the time Ruger left Auto Ordnance after World War II, he knew a lot about the design of firearms and the machine processes by which they are made. But he couldn't get a job in which he could use this ability and he didn't have the money to set up his own business. Then he got a break—he met the late Alex Sturm who put up most of the modest capital to start manufacturing Ruger's first gun, a semiautomatic .22 pistol, in an old barn in Southport. Using his own design that was both sound and adapted to economy in manufacture, he put his pistol on the market in 1949 at a price well below the established competitive makes. It became an immediate success. A target model that followed shortly afterward soon became popular among those most-critical of shooters, the target men, and has since won its share of matches.

Ruger had now established his reputation as a gun designer and manufacturer. His next firearm was to earn him a reputation in a completely different field—that of anticipating the often fickle public taste.

In 1940, after 67 years of manufacturing the world's most famous handgun, Colt quit making their single-action revolver because it [*Continued on page* 86]

FOUND: MARLIN! (WHERE THEY DON'T BELONG)

[*Continued from page* 47]

usually one boat at a time. We have hooked at least one marlin on every trip and seen others. The biggest boated so far went 431 pounds. The trouble is, this whole thing is still experimental. We aren't sure how big the area is, or why the fish are there, or the best baits to use. We lost a lot more than we should.

"So we are going out next week to do research. There are some marine biologists from Texas A.&M. here. I thought you might——"

"I'll be there," I told him.

We left Panama City Beach shortly after midnight. I was with Martin on Don Craig's *Lady M*. Behind us, carrying the scientists, came the *Captain Joe*. Before leaving they had explained some of their ideas for me.

The North Equatorial Current, one of the great currents of the Atlantic, flows westward above the equator until it strikes the barrier of South and Central America. Here it bends north, then east and finally south again, eventually to sweep around the southern tip of Florida as the Gulf Stream. It does not, however, do this in one great smooth sweep, as has been shown by recent studies of currents within the Gulf.

Running north and south along the floor of the Gulf is a gigantic valley, its depths ranging from over 1,000 to almost 2,000 fathoms. Near its northern end (around 29° N and between 87° and 88° W) it contracts into a narrow deep trench shown on charts as the De Soto Canyon. This canyon then slants northeastward, bringing extremely deep water farther north than at any other point in the Gulf. At the same time the floor of the canyon is rising steeply, coming from depths of more than 1,000 fathoms to less than 100 within a relatively few miles.

It is now known that a strong Yucatan current flows up this canyon. When it strikes the steeply sloping wall at the north end it begins to surface. Part of it then makes a tremendous eddy, swirling along the north Florida beaches from Panama City to Pensacola. In this area are found varieties of tropical fish common to the Yucatan coast *but not ordinarily found elsewhere in the northern part of the Gulf.*

It was the theory of one of the biologists that the marlin might come north with this Yucatan current and surface with it at the head of the canyon. If so, the fish might be more plentiful there than in "Martin's Circle" northeast of the canyon's end.

We started fishing, shortly after daylight, in 70 fathoms of water and moving toward the canyon.

On one outrigger we had a mullet, on the other a bonito. On the two center lines were long strips of bonito skin. Fishing this way was as much prospecting as anything. Everyone who was not trolling a line stayed on the flying bridge, searching the rolling swells for the sight of a great fin, or of a log that might not be a log but a marlin loafing on the surface. Both boats, a mile or two apart, continued south. The line on the fathometer went down and down.

The first action came suddenly. A dolphin, traveling fast and close to the surface, struck one of the strip baits, got off, and then smashed into the other strip bait on Roy's line. It fought valiantly and measured 5 feet 2 inches, a good-sized one.

We continued south. On the *Captain Joe* they boated a sailfish, hooked and lost another. We took another dolphin and two sharks that went well over 100 pounds each, but otherwise the fishing was slow. At 400 fathoms we tried fishing deep, using heavy leads to get the lines down and trying different kinds of bait. But with the boat in motion it is doubtful if even the heaviest leads got the bait down to the 100 to 180-foot depth where the long lines of the Fish and Wildlife Service had caught marlin. If there were any at our depth we did not catch them although we continued well down the canyon.

In the late afternoon we changed course, heading for Martin's Circle, the area which had proved most productive in the past. But it was dark when we reached it. Craig watched his fathometer. Suddenly it indicated the shallow area of one of the underwater cliffs—the snapper-fishing "lumps"—common in this area. We dropped anchor and the *Captain Joe* anchored close by.

After supper we bottom fished for awhile, using electric reels and bringing up snappers and groupers that went up to 40 pounds. Sometimes on an empty hook there would be a cluster of seaweed and in this we found weird varieties of starfish. Once there was a tiny, brightly colored tropical fish not even the scientists could name offhand.

Next morning, tossing scraps of breakfast food over the side, I noticed the water was swarming with small sharks up to three feet long. Several of us put overripe minnows on spinning tackle and were still battling sharks when Don ordered the anchor up.

Once more the marlin hunt was on. But Hastings hooked and lost a sail. I caught a big bull dolphin, then climbed happily to the flying bridge to rest. Roy Martin was tending an outrigger towing a large bonito for bait (it is Roy's contention that a big fish wants a big dinner). Presently somebody yelled, "Fish!" and pointed and I saw the fin. I thought it was a shark. Then for an instant a great bill lifted above the water. The fin cut closer to the bait. The line snapped from the outrigger and every person on the boat was braced as if he held the rod.

Nothing happened. Martin began to swear and released the drag on his reel. It was no use. We did not see the marlin again.

A few minutes later the radio told us the *Captain Joe* had on a blue marlin.

We turned toward them, hoping to get close enough for a picture, but the blue didn't jump and as we circled warily, a second marlin joined us.

This time nobody saw it approach. The line Roy was holding snapped from the outrigger. An instant later the rod bent violently—and went straight again. Roy released his drag, waited, felt the fish, still waited, threw the drag and struck.

Behind us there was a great swirl of water. A white marlin rose high above it, crashed back, sounded and ran. A rain squall came down like a dropped curtain. In the downpour Roy's line became invisible before it entered the water.

The fight went on. Sometimes when the rain slackened we could see the *Captain Joe*, ghostlike through the grayness, fighting its blue marlin.

The squall passed and the sun blazed down. Abruptly the fight went out of the fish. It was a 90-pound white marlin, foul-hooked through the back. Probably that was why it had made only the one jump.

At almost the same time a 256-pound, 10-foot 4-inch blue was being brought over the side of the *Captain Joe*.

It was noon now and time to head for shore.

I did not get back to Panama City that summer, but now and then I heard from Roy. Martin's Circle continued to be more productive of billfish—as the marlins, sailfish and swordfish are familiarly called—than any other area, though why this should be, not even the scientists could say. Scientists do not like to be quoted exactly when they have no precise answer. But they were sure that marlin, like any other fish, follow the call of the belly. And it is well known that a great upwelling of water such as that at the head of the De Soto Canyon tends to increase the concentration of nutrients in the water. The plankton feed on the nutrients. Small fish feed on the plankton. Larger fish feed on the small fish. And marlin feed on the larger fish.

But why at Martin's Circle, 60 miles or more east of the canyon's head? Offshore fishing legends tend to cluster around the somewhat mystical 100 and 1,000-fathom curves; but there is no such well-founded figure crossing this area. Instead, depths vary from about 30 to 90 fathoms.

So why?

Well, there is this tremendous eddy swirling east and north from the canyon's head. Certainly it carries the nutrients, the drifting plankton with it. Perhaps at this point, for some reason not fully understood, they concentrate at a desirable depth. For even if the marlin should eventually prove to be in large numbers near the canyon's head, *they will be no good to the sports fisherman if they are at depths he cannot reach with rod and reel.*

Two other possible factors were mentioned by the scientists. One was temperature. Water does not always simply get colder as it gets deeper. Currents may carry layers of temperature. It may be that the marlin, or the fish on which they feed, find the temperature at some particular depth in this area more comfortable than in neighboring waters.

Then there is the matter of Mississippi mud. Recent studies of currents within the Gulf have shown that layers of muddy water extend 100 miles or more, in varying depths and directions, from the

[*Continued on page* 72]

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■ From ocean to ocean and out across countless lakes and inland waterways, the exciting rush of power boats cuts through the tranquil silence of spring and roars on into summer. It's the high season for outboards, and this year their sounds are happier and healthier than ever before.

The phenomenal boat-business boom that has been sweeping this country promises to top even last year's astonishing crest which saw 7,865,000 recreational boats in use, more than six million of them outboards. Besides, a total of 5,400 mooring havens—from lush Marina City in Chicago to boat basins everywhere—did stern-to-bow business. Offshore, favorite gathering spots along the Eastern Seaboard became so congested that passengers could jump from deck to deck, visiting neighbors; all the while some industrious dinghy owner did a flourishing business hawking Eskimo

fair-weather gear for a sleek fleet

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Right. Care and maintenance are as big a part of boating as the fun in the sun. Getting boat in shape in this New England boatyard, young man at top wears Canton Mills' rugged Salty Dog skirt-jacket in Scrubdemin by Fox Knapp, $8.95. He also wears "Male Scrubbed Lean Jeans" by the H-K Corporation, $4.95, and Newport boating sneakers by Red Ball, about $5. His pal has on a Windsor boat jacket by Channel Ltd., $19.95; horizontal-stripe boatneck pullover by Puritan, $4; white Contact slacks by Miller, $7.95, and B. F. Goodrich yacht shoes, $9. Boat is an 18-foot aluminum-constructed Holiday model with deep-V hull and two sleeper seats. It's made by Starcraft, $1,295. Motor is an electric-starting Merc 1100—110 hp. by Mercury, $1,307.

Left. With 270 miles of palm-lined inland waterways, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, provides the perfect setting for the new, sophisticated look in boating. The Patch Madder sports jacket, foreground, in four-inch block-plaid Mooresville cotton is by H.I.S., about $25. Worn with it, Tony Lema slacks in Burlington wash-and-wear fabric by Palm Beach, $12.95. White yacht shoes are by B. F. Goodrich, $9. The man at the stern wears a double-breasted blue blazer and coordinated slacks by Pincus Bros. Maxwell, $60. The boat is Glastron's 20-foot Sportsman model with Aqua-lift hull and back-to-back sleeper seats. Price: $1,999. Evinrude's 100-S Starflight motor with electric starting and shift, $1,275. (All boat and motor prices are F.O.B.)

Pies and hot dogs to fleets of salty sea dogs. All in all, business in '65 tallied more than two and a half-billion dollars in the sale of new and used boats, motors, accessories, spare parts, paints, fuel and everything else it takes to get the nation's pleasure armada out to sea in comfort, style and safety.

Pleasure boating got off to a big start again last January when the 56th National Boat Show sailed into New York City's Coliseum for a nine-day cruise. A record total of $46.6 million in orders for boats, engines and marine accessories was rung up (and a record 147 fathers were separated from wide-eyed sons.) Subsequent boat shows in Boston, Los Angeles and Miami reported similar peaks.

The sales figures speak for themselves. Boating has become a part of modern leisure living and it's no longer restricted to a privileged few. A boat can now be every *[Continued on page 72]*

High-powered lines of boats and motors, plus swinging togs for sea and shore, give new zip to old salts

Left. Proud new boat owners take a brief and playful pause on the road to exciting water wonderlands. Skipper-to-be wears a horizontal-striped boat-neck fisherman pullover by Catalina, $5, and Koratron processed slacks of Dacron and cotton by the Wright Manufacturing Co., $7. Boat is a 15'5" Lone Star Mustang by Chrysler and sells for $945. It has a Quad-Chine hull designed for high-speed capacity. Trailer, a Lone Star Roadmaster, $299, and 75-hp. motor with electric starter and choke, $995, are also by Chrysler.

Right. And here's where the action is. The man in control of things wears surfer-styled Ala Moana trunks by Catalina. Price: $7. Boat is a uniquely-styled Runabout by Traveler, $1,440. Johnson's 80-hp. motor is available in Electromatic model (electric starting and shift), $1,095, and electric starting with standard shift, $975.

Local retail availability of all products shown on these pages (specify which items) may be obtained by writing: Men's Wear Editor, TRUE *Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.*

Johnson

[*Continued from page* 70]
man's ace in the hole, a chance to cut loose and cut away. And from a fashion point of view, boating affords an opportunity to break with conformity. The man with a boat under him dresses with more color and dash.

Getting down to brass buttons, if you want to be "in" with the outboard set, here's what's available in craft and power, with some approximate costs:

• Outboard runabouts, because of their versatility, are probably the biggest sellers in the small boat category. They range in size from 12 to 20 feet and cost anywhere from $150 to $2,500. Runabouts are built of wood, plywood, fiber glass or aluminum, and are available with or without permanent or canvas tops. They have no bunks, galleys or johns.

• Outboard cruisers, also highly popular, run from 18 to 28 feet and are available from $600 to $6,000. They come in all types of material and construction. They contain bunks, galleys and toilets for overnight cruising, and travel from 20 to 40 miles per hour, depending on size and power. These cruisers are ideal family boats.

The trend for small power boats in general is toward fiber glass hulls. It has, for example, largely replaced wood as a material in small Navy craft, a shift which came about, according to the Bureau of Ships Design Division, because of glass fiber's durability, ease of repair and low maintenance costs.

• Boat kits, for budget watchers as well as for people who love to build things themselves, can knock as much as 60 percent off the cost of a new boat. There is a kit available for almost any type of boat, up to about 40 feet, offering a wide range of construction material. Prices: 8-foot pram, $40 to $75; 15-foot runabout, $200 to $600; cruisers, 18-foot and up, start at about $600.

•The price of the outboard motors which furnish the power depends, of course, on the size and oomph desired. Engines run from about $170 for a small 3 hp. model to around $1,300 for the most powerful. The big news in engines this year is stepped-up power in the larger models, plus fuel economy and increased portability in the smaller ones. Mercury's biggest engine delivers 110 hp. Evinrude and Johnson motors are available at 100 hp. The top Chrysler is 105.

Outboard motors are also becoming quieter. One day they'll eventually do little more than whisper. Efforts to reduce noise and vibration, as a spokesman for the Outboard Marine Corporation puts it, dates back to World War II when that company was developing outboard motors for the Army.

After World War II ended, OMC and other firms continued to work on reduction of sound and vibration for civilian application because noise has two bad effects. It disturbs occupants of the boat, and it disturbs bystanders and residents on shore, especially on small bodies of water with a high outboard boat traffic. To make the motor's growl increasingly a purr, a rubber mounting system was developed. It prevents the hull of a boat from acting like the body of a Beatle's guitar in amplifying sound. Insulated motor covers have also done much to snuff out noise.

In addition to the initial cash outlay for boat and motor, the prospective skipper should tack on about 20 percent for required safety equipment and accessories when figuring costs. Annual outlay for maintaining a boat depends entirely on the extent of its use and the condition in which the owner wants to keep it. Fuel, storage, insurance, overhaul and the replacement of worn-out parts and equipment are the heaviest expenses in this area. Many boat owners do their own maintenance, a dollar-saving talent which is also fun.

On the whole, owning and operating a boat is no more expensive than owning and operating a car. With prices today for everyone's pocketbook, key industry leaders dream of a boat in every dock and a dock next to every garage. And with the sport growing as it has, the dream could soon come true. Since the beginning of time, man has always been fascinated by water—any body of water—because to move across it is an endless challenge, an adventure, a form of subtle conquest. Trains and planes and cars stagger man's imagination with their constant changes and developments, but a boat somehow seems eternal. It's man's link to the past in his relentless charge toward the future. **—Ron Butler**

[*Continued from page* 66]
mouth of the Mississippi River. These may or may not tend to herd the food fish, or the marlin themselves, into certain areas.

One thing, however, was certain: approximately nine out of every 10 boats that worked Martin's Circle that summer hooked billfish. On one trip Don Craig, trolling five lines, suddenly had a billfish behind *every line*—three sailfish and two marlin—all striking at the same time. In the resulting chaos three were hooked; a blue marlin broke the line; one sail and one white marlin were landed.

In September, hurricanes fouled the fishing for several weeks. In October, the white marlin thinned out, but the big blues seemed to have increased. The dolphin were plentiful and big. Then the weather went bad again and the temperature of the water dropped. The last blue was caught on November 5th.

Now the question was: Could this amazing fishing have been a one-summer thing? Nobody believed that was possible. If not, how early did the billfish arrive in the spring?

"We are going to make our first trip on May 19 and 20," Roy wrote me last year. "Come along and bring a friend."

I took John D. MacDonald, the novelist and an ardent fisherman. Martin had slipped a disk two days before and was taped from hips to armpits. We had to lower him aboard like a 200-pound block of ice.

Once more we left at midnight and were fishing at dawn. There were dolphin everywhere though most of them were quite small.

At 8:25 a big blue marlin arrived.

No one saw it at first. When the line on the port outrigger snapped from its clip, no one was in that chair. Russell Stewart, just back on his summer job as mate of the *Lady M*, grabbed the rod. "Here," he said to me. "Take it."

The fish came out of the water, looking like a submarine with a depth charge going off underneath it.

Russell was staggering around the deck like a drunken sailor in a storm. "Here," he offered again.

"Man," I said, "you got him, you keep him!"

The excitement of catching a huge billfish is not limited to the man holding the rod; it is a group experience.

We got Russell in the big fighting chair. The blue ran. Two hundred yards away it surfaced, lashed the water with its tail and ran again. Twice more it jumped. The day was hot and got hotter. Not once did the fish dog it and neither did Russell. Once he had the fish within 50 feet of the boat when it turned and ran with such speed, Don had to slam the boat in reverse and follow.

Thirty minutes passed. An hour. Once more the big blue was near the surface and not more than 60 feet away. Somewhere in the battle it had broken its bill and was bleeding.

Sharks appeared but didn't attack. Eventually the fish was landed. Even with a good part of the bill gone, this particular marlin measured an even 9 feet and weighed 230 pounds.

After that, most of the rest of the trip was anticlimactic. We caught dolphin and sharks but no more marlin.

It was 11 o'clock on the following morning, almost time to reel in and start home, when the second blue arrived. It was a foot, maybe two feet *wider* than the 230-pounder we had aboard. The line snapped free of the outrigger.

I was the only person close by and grabbed the rod. In great excitement I got in the fighting chair and dropped the rod butt in the gimbal socket. I could feel the fish now, not hard, just steady with the line moving faster. "He's got it!" I yelled.

Over my head Don said, "Put the reel in gear."

I put it in gear. It was as if I had hooked a brick wall from a moving boat. I reared back on the rod and struck. Something gave. I struck again. Quite gently, the hook came free.

"You hit too soon," Don said.

I just sat there. I felt too weak to get up. Quite honestly, I don't know if it was from disappointment or relief.

"He would have gone 600 pounds," Roy Martin said mournfully. "He would have been the biggest yet caught in these waters."

Even so, we had proved a point. From May through November, lusty, eager billfish gather at Martin's Circle. We're not sure how long they've been doing this in undisturbed solitude but their rendezvous is a secret no longer.

—Wyatt Blassingame

When all the doing is done for the day
let The Sure One do something for you.
(Make you a better drink)

Say Seagram's and be Sure

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C., BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

"WE'RE TURNING INTO ANIMALS!"

[*Continued from page* 39]

officers in air-conditioned offices plot casualty ratios, luscious girls beckon the passerby into the countless bars, businessmen play golf at the city links and generals ogle the girls at the indolent Cercle Sportif swimming pool.

But few of the boys from the 101st get to Saigon, except for occasional time off, or as casualties. The Division arrived in Viet Nam last summer. Its initial chore was to open Route 19 around An Khe in the Central Highlands. Then, together with men of the First Infantry Division and some South Vietnamese regulars, it was assigned to these search-and-destroy operations in the Highlands and in the country's hellish jungles.

For a good many of the 101st's troopers there is only the drudgery and danger of the jungle the whole time they are here—trudging for miles each day, fighting at unexpected times, cooking C rations over slabs of C-4 (which is a high explosive only if you put a detonator in it), and sleeping with the rain sluicing over them, turning skin wrinkled and white.

The jungle changes men. Tempers run thin and men learn to hate as they have never hated before in their lives. Take Lt. Col. Henry Emerson for example. Emerson is commander of the 2nd Battalion, 502nd Airborne. He offered a case of Scotch to the first one of his men to kill a Viet Cong with a hatchet, and every GI was trying for the booze, enlisted men and officers alike. There were Pfc's from the back country of West Virginia who strapped hatchets to their belts and there was even Capt. Thomas Taylor, commander of Bravo Company and the son of the former Army Chief of Staff and U.S. Ambassador to Viet Nam, Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor. They all packed hatchets, and it was called the "Hatchet Battalion."

Special "hatchet teams"—commandos with blackened faces and nerves of ice—would often run small patrols deep in enemy territory, sometimes encountering swarms of VC and then having to fight their way out against impossible odds.

One day the column crunched along and a jungle bird warbled a little way off. There was a flicker of movement, and suddenly it was there on the trail—an ugly black grenade with a wisp of smoke shooting from its wooden handle. It was there for only a split second. Chinese-type potato-masher grenades have short fuses. When it went off, four Amerians were hurt, one of them screaming in agony.

The crash of the explosion left GI's stunned, momentarily, but then some began firing and others charged into the thick of the jungle, intent on getting the Viet Cong who had thrown the grenade. He got only a few hundred feet away before a GI found him, wounded, and won himself a case of Scotch with four or five swift strokes of his hatchet.

The GI came out, his face an expressionless mask. He held up the severed head by the hair. Some of his buddies took turns hefting the grisly trophy. Then it was paraded around the clearing where the four wounded GI's had been taken.

They buried the thing in the jungle, but one sweating trooper who saw the beheading almost threw up. "Thank God, I have only 49 days left in this sinkhole," he screamed. "We're turning into animals!"

Beheading the enemy in Viet Nam is normal, only now Americans were doing it, and in this case to a wounded foe. "I hope there is no misunderstanding about this," the CO remarked. "That VC threw a grenade at my men and he was killed in battle."

But some newsmen had seen it all and there were quiet repercussions. This wasn't the chivalrous kind of combat Americans are supposed to favor. The Scotch offer was discontinued and fears that publicity about the incident would cause a stink led to dropping the "Hatchet Battalion" label. Theoretically, beheadings are left again to the enemy. Revenge and hatred, though, remain basic emotions in the exhausting, horrible conditions of the jungle, and beheadings continue on both sides. Many men continue to carry their quartermaster-issue hatchets as weapons as well as for jungle clearing. By midwinter, the 101st had suffered more than 400 casualties, including 66 killed. Some of those who still live consider themselves executioners.

—Malcolm W. Browne

WILD NEW WHEELS FROM JAPAN

[*Continued from page* 44]

exhibit was larger in terms of area and numbers of vehicles exhibited than any other auto show in the world.

Also in October's final week, the Nissan Motor Co.—remember the name—announced the construction of two new 12,000-ton trans-Pacific freight vessels to carry the flag of Japan and 1,200 Datsun cars a trip to Western Hemisphere ports. (They will carry American grains on return trips.) In world auto trade only giant Volkswagen has developed such exclusive transport for its products. And in the same week, a Japanese name appeared for the first time among the top 20 cars sold in the U.S.: Datsun in 19th position, a little ahead of Studebaker, a little behind Opel.

But perhaps the most convincing omen of Japan's intent and ability to become a world transport power is something which Americans see for themselves every day—a happy, lusty invasion of Japanese motorcycles that grows by tens of thousands each month with no end of the boom in sight.

The story may as well begin here—with the man whose name has become as interchangeable with motorcycles as Frigidaire with refrigerators.

The name is Honda. Accent on the first syllable. First name, Soichiro. Sixty years old. Five feet four. Married, father of three children—and father of something else: the most phenomenal automotive company in Japan. From an initial investment of $2,777 and a production of 12,000 motor bikes in 1948, Honda Motor Company is now turning out 1,370,000 two-wheelers a year—one every 12 seconds—with a retail value of $265 million, of which $75 million comes from U.S. buyers. Honda makes one third of all the motorcycles in the world and two-thirds of those in Japan. But more important—as most Americans are now discovering—Honda has created something infinitely more subtle and complex than a piece of machinery; it has created a new market for a new kind of product.

Motorcycles, loud, dangerous and somehow mean looking, have been around since Gottlieb Daimler built the first one in Germany in 1885. As low-cost, one-man transportation they filled the gap between bicycles and motorcars. Then, as small, low-cost cars like the VW conquered ever wider post-World War II markets, motorcycles increasingly fell into disuse—and disrepute. Paradoxically, they came to symbolize (1) the law, in the form of the helmeted, jackbooted traffic cop, and (2) lawlessness, in the form of rowdy, leather-jacketed gangs. In the view of most Americans, it was a case of a curse on both your houses, motorcycles aren't for me. As a result, while manufacturers of skis, skateboards, sports cars and outboards gorged on the U.S. leisure market, old-line motorcycle firms were going into bankruptcy.

Soichiro Honda came out of the ashes, not only of the motorcycle business, but of his homeland's World War II defeat.

He was born, the son of a blacksmith, near the seacoast town of Hamamatsu, 160 miles southwest of Tokyo. Young Soichiro is supposed to have first smelled gasoline at the age of six when an old Ford went off the road near his home and spilled fuel into a ditch. Or was it the smell of the diesel engine at the rice milling plant? Or was it when an American stunt flier named Art Smith put on an exhibition about 10 miles from Hamamatsu and eight-year-old Honda stole money from his father to go see his first airplane? No matter; perhaps it was all of these things. He was a fun loving, mechanically-minded kid—and he still is.

When he was 16 and finished with school, he went to Tokyo to work in a garage. It was here that he first drove a car, first rode a motorcycle and first worked on racing machinery. The whole setup pleased him enormously—and he, in turn, pleased his employers. Soichiro was just a teen-ager, but he had a way with tools.

After six years of apprenticeship, the young mechanic returned to his home town of Hamamatsu to set up his own garage. He continued to tinker with racing machines, building some "specials" and entering them in events as far away as Tokyo. He apparently had a way with an engine for he set a couple of Japanese speed records before he flipped one of his Ford-powered creations end-for-end three times and decided to give up racing before he killed himself.

Next, in 1938, came his piston ring business. Honda was married now and looking for a way to make some real

What did you buy a Chevelle Malibu Wagon for?

"FISHING TRIPS."

"THE LOW COST COMPARED TO MOST OTHERS."

"THAT BODY BY FISHER THAT HOLDS UP SO WELL."

"THE LONG LOAD FLOOR."

"THE FULL COIL SUSPENSION."

"THE FLUSH-AND-DRY ROCKER PANELS."

"THE TURBO-FIRE V8."

"AND BESIDES, MY WIFE LET ME."

"SHOPPING TRIPS."

"THE EXPENSIVE LOOKING CARPETING."

"THE WASHABLE INTERIOR."

"THE SOFT SEATS."

"THE WAY IT HANDLES."

"THAT NICE ELECTRIC CLOCK AND GLOVE BOX LIGHT."

"THE MAGIC-MIRROR FINISH."

"AND BESIDES, MY HUSBAND LET ME."

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money. It might have been possible except that he didn't know enough about metallurgy to turn out a good product. He had a small factory and 50 employees but no customers because most Honda rings couldn't be slipped onto a piston crown without breaking. Honda was just about bankrupt when he finally turned to a high-school science teacher for help.

"You don't have enough silicones in your iron," the teacher told him.

"What are those?" asked Honda.

When he found out how little he really knew about metals and casting he decided to sit in on some high-school classes at night. Nine months later his little factory was turning out a commercially acceptable product. Nor did he want for customers, for in a little less than a year Japan deposited its devastating Sunday morning surprise on Pearl Harbor and Nippon's war machine needed all the piston rings anyone could produce.

As World War II drew to a close, Honda's small factory in Hamamatsu was knocked flat by an American raid. It didn't matter. Honda, 35, was tired of piston rings. He sold what was left of his business and turned free-lance inventor. He tried his hand at making salt out of sea water, then attempted to perfect a rotary type of weaving machine. He was, in the shattered economy of a defeated country, questing after something that would turn a quick yen—like, say, a fling in the war surplus business.

Honda knew that the population of food-short Tokyo desperately needed some form of transportation to get out into the country to buy rice from farmers. It was too far to walk and there were no cars. But what if a small one-cylinder gasoline engine were mounted on an ordinary bicycle to propel the front wheel? Honda just happened to know about a surplus lot of small one-cylinder engines that had powered Japanese army communications equipment. Using every penny of his savings he bought the lot of them and began building motorized bicycles—and they sold as fast as he could assemble them. In fact, success almost put Honda out of business because the supply of surplus engines was not unlimited and soon there were no more to buy. With demand for the motorbikes still running strong, Honda saw that he would have to design and build his own. He did, and a year later, in September, 1948, he set up the Honda Motor Company.

It was by no means the country's first motorcycle company or the only one. But in the chaotic economy of postwar Japan it was one of a few destined to survive.

Between 1948 and 1952 Honda produced five new models of motorcycles and with the help of a sales wizard named Takeo Fujisawa became the biggest motorcycle company in Japan. But this wasn't enough. Honda already had his eye on world markets, and he was aware of the shortcomings of his production methods. To build better motorcycles—machines which could compete with the best built anywhere in the world—he knew he needed better machine tools than he could buy in Japan at that time.

"Where the best Japanese machine takes 10 minutes to cut one gear, there are foreign machines which can cut a gear in 10 seconds," said Honda—and although his company had assets of only $166,000 in 1952, he came to the U.S. and placed orders for over a million dollars in new tools.

"Are you the quack that cured my wife's laryngitis?"

Paying for the tools became a day-to-day scramble. Honda's workers gave up holidays to keep production high, and Honda's personal energies and Fujisawa's shrewd financial juggling somehow averted disaster.

Ever since his own racing days, Honda had enjoyed the excitement of motor sports. Now that he was a manufacturer of two-wheel vehicles he decided he should show the world just how good they were. But, impatient and impetuous as always, Honda announced that his motorcycles would challenge the world's best at the world's premier event—the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy races. First, however, he would go have a look at the competition.

In June of 1954, the little man from Japan arrived at the small island in the Irish Sea in the midst of all the carnival excitement of race week. He was there only a few hours when his dreams of victorious Honda motorcycles were shattered by the roaring crescendo of better machinery. Whereas a 250cc. Honda machine was developing 13 horsepower in 1954, the same size European engines were putting out 36 horsepower. Honda was stunned. He had made brave and bold announcements to cheer his countrymen, but his chances of success were zero. Chastened, he went home to Japan and back to the drawing board.

It was a case of the piston ring business all over again: great ambitions but not enough technical sophistication. But the experience forged another link in the chain of Honda's growth. He would come back to the Isle of Man one day and then it would be a different story.

Meantime, in the home market, Honda continued to lead the field and in 1958 introduced a revolutionary new motorcycle that would not only keep the company first at home, but also make it first in the world. The 50cc. Super Cub was the first motorcycle designed *not* for motorcyclists, not for the daring young men in leather jackets, but for the man in the street—even for his wife and kids. It was light in weight, easy to ride and low in price. It would go 50 mph. in safety and its tiny one-cylinder engine delivered a fantastic 200 miles on a gallon of fuel.

Introduction day was August 1, 1958. In many ways, it would be the most important day in Honda's life and in the history of the motorcycle business. It was the day the general public would demonstrate that it was just as ready to buy a motorcycle as any other product as long as the design and the price were right. Before Honda's showrooms would close for the night, salesmen had taken in $140,000 in cash sales of Super Cubs.

In the following year Honda sold 167,443 Super Cubs and his company's gross income jumped from $39 million to $72 million. Now he had the means to enter the world markets.

The 50cc. Honda Cub came to the U.S. in 1959 and 500 were bought by a new breed of motorcycle customer. In 1960, the figure was 2,500—and two years later it was 50,000. In 1965, Honda sales of motorcycles of all sizes were nearly 300,000 units in this country.

All of which, in a sense, is prologue. Although Soichiro Honda's personal suc-

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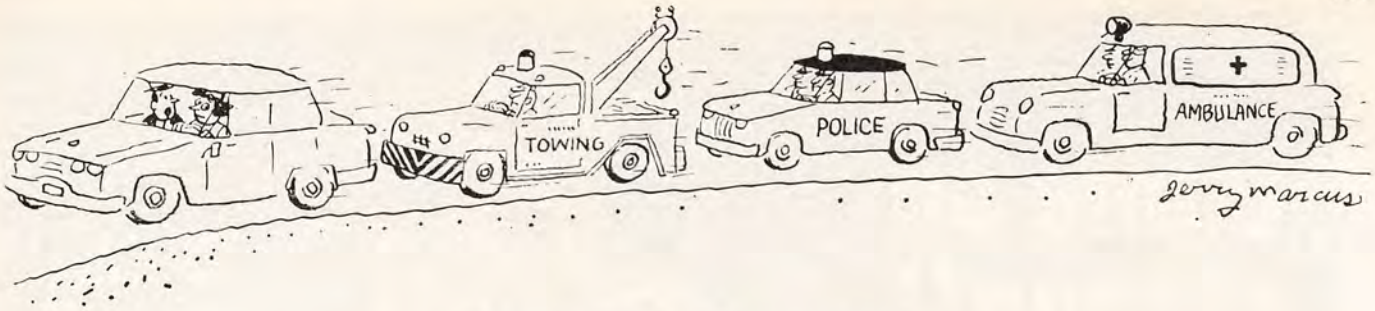

"Relax, it's probably just a coincidence."

cess story is the most talked about in Japan and his motorcycles have so dominated world markets in the last seven years that *any* lightweight bike may be referred to as a "honda," he has not been without lively competition from the other firms which make two-wheelers.

Honda went back to the Isle of Man to sweep international honors in motorcycle racing beginning in 1959, and spends $600,000 a year developing his racing engines, but other smaller Japanese companies have lately earned their share of checkered flags. And although Honda has recently branched out into the manufacture of light trucks, sports cars and farm implements, he is regarded as a mere automotive gadfly by older and larger manufacturers of commercial vehicles and passenger cars in Japan. They refer to him as *"après guerre"*—i.e., a postwar flash.

On one point, however, Honda's competitors—and even his sometime detractors—are in agreement: he has brought acceptance and respect for Japanese motor vehicle engineering in world markets and this has had a rub-off benefit for all.

There is, for example, the oft-told tale of the British motorcycle firm which, following Honda victories at the Isle of Man, bought one of the freakishly fast Japanese machines for test. What they discovered was as stunning as the defeat they had just suffered on the track.

"When we stripped the machine down," explained the English works director, "it was, frankly, so good it frightened us. It was made like a watch and it wasn't a copy of anything."

Thus, if, as now appears likely, the Japanese become a world automotive power it will, in no small way be due to the pioneering of this blacksmith's son from Hamamatsu.

This town of Honda's birth is, even today, still the motorcycle capital of Japan. The name means: Hama (seaside) ; matsu (pine trees) . The region is famous for oranges, tea and giant eels which are cultivated in nearby Lake Hamano. Like many provincial Japanese cities, it is a place of woodblock print beauty and industrial ugliness—flat, gray and smoky by day, yet at night transformed into a theatrical spectacular by the lurid glare of neon. Bars, coffee houses, theaters and Pachinko parlors line its labyrinth of side streets. And on those streets, the snarl, purr and roar of motorcycles—all sizes, all brands—is everywhere. In addition to one of Honda's five factories located here, two important competitors also make the place their headquarters. One of these is Nippon Gakki, better known as Yamaha.

There is no Mr. Yamaha any more, yet the company which this reed organ designer founded in 1897 is now one of the largest and most diversified in Japan. Americans know Yamaha motorcycles; Asians also know Yamaha musical instruments, Yamaha boats and outboard motors, Yamaha skis and archery bows and most of all, Yamaha pianos, the largest selling in the world.

When an American visits Yamaha (or indeed any other Japanese company) the occasion is as ceremonial as an exchange of diplomatic credentials, as formal as a minuet. Outside the main entrance the visitor's name will be displayed (albeit sometimes misspelled) in block letters on a welcome sign. The U.S. and Japanese flags fly side by side in honor of the day and the guest from America is ushered to the room called Reception: a couch and four overstuffed chairs, each crisp in white slip covers, surrounding a long, low table. There is an inevitable cigarette box (Peace cigarettes are a favorite offering), a gas lighter and a flutter of shy Japanese girls bringing scented oshi bori towels to soothe the traveler's brow. These are soon followed by tea: hot, unsweetened, fragrant and nearly tasteless.

Yamaha came into the motorcycle business only 10 years ago, and to the U.S. in 1959. In addition to its consumer product divisions, the company has a "technical devices division" left over from World War II. It had produced propellers for the Japanese air force. In 1955, this group, taking note of Soichiro Honda's accomplishments, set out to design a motorcycle. The result was a unique two-cycle-engine machine with an automatic oil feeding pump which eliminated the need to mix oil and gas. Eventually Yamaha developed a full line of twelve models (from 55cc. to 305cc., approximately the same as the Honda line) and set out to compete. Today Yamaha is number three in the business, both at home and in the U.S. market. Interestingly enough, the motorcycle division is already the company's most profitable and, perhaps more important, its biggest dollar earner. In 1965 Yamaha produced 25,000 two-wheelers of all sizes each month.

"In 1966 we will double that figure." Smile.

And where will most of them go?

"To your country, we think." Smile again.

And who do you think are buying all these motorcycles in the U.S.?

"The young people. The nicest people."

It recalled the most persuasive line of advertising copy that Honda uses: *You meet the nicest people on a Honda.*

"Yes. We owe Mr. Honda very much. He made this business for all of us."

And what is the difference between his product and Yamaha?

"Honda is a technician. We put our emphasis on quality." Polite smile.

Indeed, quality is a word and a way which the Japanese have learned. Quality—like Nikon, like Sony, like Seiko. And like Yamaha pianos made from Kyushu maple, Tohaku beech and Sitka spruce. The impression is clear: Japan once made the mistake of becoming a dime store to the world, but never again.

After Reception and tea—"You will see our factory now"—the visitor goes to see the Japanese blend of automation and loving care: giant machines from Germany, the U.S. and Sweden turning out parts by the thousands per hour, and the small, quick hands of Japanese men and girls putting each part with the next until, at the end, a young man in coveralls and boots leaps on a finished motorcycle and roars off like a happy teen-ager to the final testing.

Across the town from Yamaha a visitor to Hamamatsu can find the Suzuki works and the new Suzuki administration building. On the sixth floor, in an office which could as well be on Madison Avenue, is Mr. Shunzo Suzuki himself. Suzuki Motor Company is second only to Honda in motorcycle production in Japan and like Honda has lately branched out into small motor cars and a two-cycle, 5½-horsepower outboard for fishermen. The firm is an old one, founded in 1909 by Michio

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the wilderness start

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New fun one from **Ford**

Suzuki, the father of the current president. The first product was textile looms; machinery of this type continued to be the company's business until 1952. Then, like Yamaha, Suzuki took a long, shrewd look at Honda's success with motorcycles and decided to get into the two-wheeler act. Although Suzuki was four years ahead of Yamaha in this move, the company was slower to expand its export business and didn't establish itself in the U.S. until 1963, almost four years after Yamaha. Today, exports are about 20 percent of Suzuki's business and half of these come to the U.S.

Shunzo Suzuki is about 50. He smiles easily, seems to enjoy talking with visitors from America and is an unbounded optimist about where the motorcycle business is going.

"There are four and a half million motorcycles a year sold in the world and half of these are Japanese," he says. "But now we are selling these to altogether different customers, many of them very young. As they grow older they will still like motorcycles and buy bigger and more costly machines."

Did Honda have anything to do with all this?

"Oh, of course. He made a market which might never have existed otherwise. He did it. We owe him a great deal."

Suzuki's motorcycles span about the same range of models as Honda and Yamaha: 50 to 250cc. They are, like Yamaha, two-cycle machines (and like Yamaha they avoid the necessity of premixing oil and gas by fitting a pump which distributes lubricant to vital parts directly and in proportion to engine speed). In world competition, Suzuki machines have fared well, winning most often in the 50-125cc. categories.

Now that Suzuki is manufacturing a compact 800cc. two-door sedan and a 360cc. pickup truck (as Honda does) will the company go on into automobile racing (as Honda has)? Shunzo Suzuki thinks maybe.

"But not in Formula I against Ferrari or Lotus or those. Perhaps we would try GT events such as Le Mans or the Monte Carlo Rally sometime."

Do most Japanese agree that racing is important in the development and sales of motor vehicles? Suzuki says, "Yes, in sales it is important. But in engineering maybe not. We have our own 6½-kilometer test course and we can learn much more about our products there without racing."

What about competitive products? Does Suzuki test them on the course too? (This question seems a difficult one for any Japanese manufacturer to field. Yamaha said they never made any tests on Honda or Suzuki or even European motorcycles. "We do not need to test, because we know our product is best.") Suzuki said, yes, long ago they did some testing of competitors' machines but no more. "We are only interested in improving our own product."

When asked if testing other cars or motorcycles might not result in product improvements, most Japanese seem to fear that a yes answer will be an admission of copying and all would rather leave the impression that their designs and engineering are entirely original. The fact is, put side by side, size by size, all Japanese motorcycles look pretty much alike to the unpracticed eye. The further fact is that each company has its own way of doing things and, under the skin, each machine can claim its own unique integrity.

All other values aside, however, the man who truly has his own way of doing things is the father of the boom himself, Soichiro Honda. "Pop" Honda, Boss man of the Thundering Herd (as he is known in Japan), is an individualist from his baseball cap to his shoes, a real swinging industrialist who, after 60 years, has become a Number One person; who can, at long last, after failure and frustration, do the things he loves and let others count the money he makes. (Honda's profit in 1965: in excess of $12 million.) He's Happy Honda—his gold toothed smile says so at every excuse and when he laughs, which is often, it is no polite businessman's chuckle, but the head back, mouth open roar of a man who loves a good story, who enjoys a good drink, who drives fast cars (he owns a Lotus and an Aston-Martin) and who insists he still likes to be surrounded by pretty girls. "A woman's body is beautiful," says Honda. "I try to make my cars like that."

To an American, Honda seems almost a non-Oriental—his bow of greeting is quick, perfunctory and not absurdly deep; his courtesy is genuine, not courtly; he is never so-sorry about anything. He admits to a partiality for things American: the Tokyo Hilton is his favorite hotel, his company's executive cars are Chevrolets, an American agency handles his advertising not only in the U.S., but in Japan. Best of all, he says he likes American people because they are open-minded, friendly and candid. He likes American drivers in his race cars and has employed three: Richie Ginther, Ronnie Bucknum and Phil Hill. Honda makes occasional trips to the U.S. and enjoys the visits enormously. He says he never fails to gain weight on American food.

Ask people at Honda's Tokyo offices how often they see the head man and they say maybe once a month. "He never comes here unless he has to. He would rather be in the factory or at the research laboratory. Then he doesn't have to wear a tie."

He wore one for a press conference before the opening of the last Tokyo automobile show. He also wore a white shirt, a proper dark suit and gloomy expression. Such occasions make him choke up and dampen the happy smile. He made a short speech about business and new models for 1966, but his thoughts and his enthusiasm were far away. Twenty-four hours earlier a screaming V12 Honda race car with American Ginther at the wheel had won the Mexican Grand Prix. It may have been the sweetest triumph in racing history for it was unexpected, even by Honda.

Honda Motors is traded on the Tokyo exchange, but Pop still holds 30 percent of the shares. To the Japanese press or to bankers and stockholders, Honda maintains that he has gone into racing—both motorcycles and cars—to widen the reputation of his company and to further develop his products. The truth of that is not doubted, for the results are proof unto themselves. Yet no one who has ever seen Honda vault onto the seat of one of his motorcycles and go roaring off on the test track will doubt that racing means as much to him now as when he was a young garage mechanic in Hamamatsu. He has even spent money so others may race too. In 1962 he paid $5½ million to construct Japan's first Grand Prix race course at Suzuka.

Perhaps the best place to see this lively little man in his favorite element is to spend a day with him at the remarkable research and development center he has built outside of Tokyo. Here he is the bishop in his church, the conductor on his podium, the surgeon operating in the amphitheater—or perhaps simply, the machinist in his shop. A holder of over 100 design patents in his own name, Honda has a great respect for ideas and the $4 million research and development center is their breeding ground. Over 850 young draftsmen, engineers, metallurgists and test specialists work here. The operation is allotted three percent of Honda's gross sales each year—about $650,000 a month, currently—and no questions asked as to how it is spent.

More important than financial resources, however, Honda's research and development center has Honda himself. Wearing a white jacket and the now famous baseball cap with his name in block letters on the front (this has become the company uniform; production workers wear white coveralls and some even wear white gloves), Honda moves from laboratory to machine to drawing board, reading test data here, picking up an experimental casting there or chatting with a draftsman about some project still on paper.

"Since I was a boy," says Honda, "I have always wanted to do what other people do *not* do. This—the research and development center—is the place that enables me to be different."

Workers at research and development are so accustomed to Honda's daily presence that they pay little special attention when he enters a room. He is one of them in fact and spirit; there is no snapping to attention for a prowling executive. In fact, there is a saying in the company that if Honda is in the president's office something is wrong—but if he is at R&D, all is right with the world.

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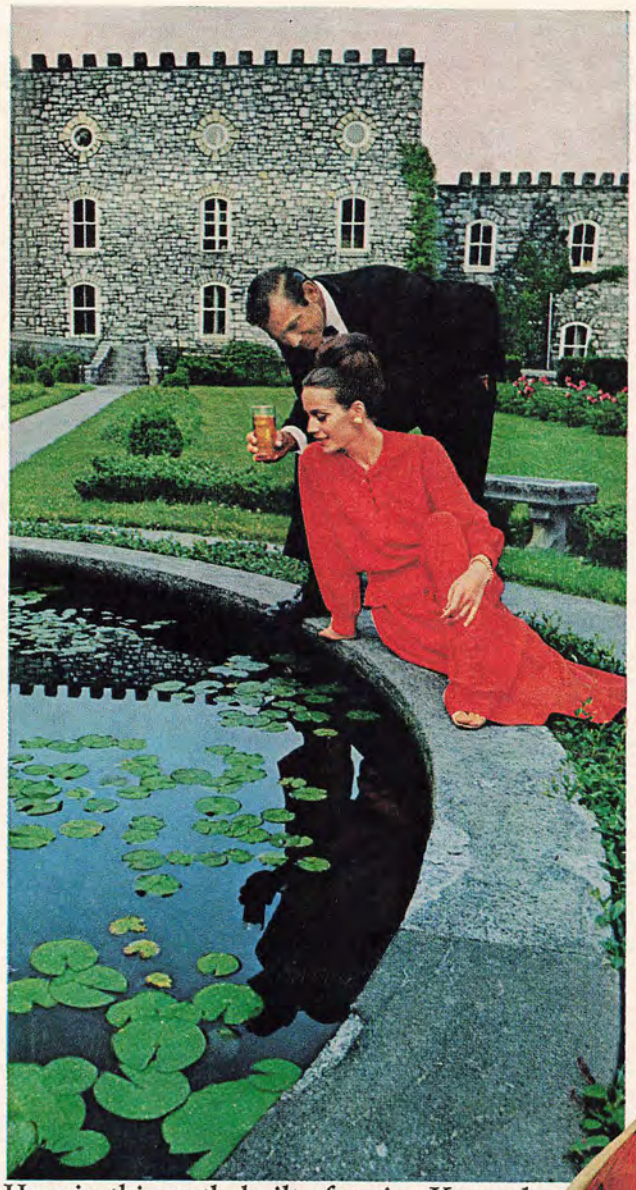

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of motorcycles, the research center is also responsible for Honda's racing program, for passenger car design, for a new lightweight aircraft engine (not yet introduced), for a line of farm implements, for small generators and for testing not only Honda products but any other product which has any bearing on the market. The dynamometer laboratory has 26 test cells (for comparison, the Ford Motor Company has, at last count, about 105) each fitted with triple thickness bullet proof glass and a giant vaultlike door. Behind this protection, engines of every description are tortured to reveal their strengths and weaknesses. Honda seems to delight in the drama and may even open one of the heavy doors a crack so a visitor can hear the demoniac scream of an engine running itself to death at some insane rpm.

Recently, his new 800cc. four-cylinder passenger car engine was given the typical Honda test treatment: 3,000 hours of continuous operation at full throttle. (Assuming a top road speed of 75 mph., this is equal to 225,000 engine-miles.) Didn't something break? "Oh, yes," says Honda, "something break, but then we find out why and run another 3,000 hours."

If Honda's philosophy about high performance gasoline engines can be simplified for the layman, it is this: use as many cylinders as possible, no matter how small, and run the engine at extremely high revolutions. Thus, in his ultimately victorious grand prix engine, 12 cylinders were run at 12,000 rpm. to produce 240 horsepower with reliability—and for the new international three-litre Formula I which becomes effective this year there is informed speculation that the new Honda engine will have 32 cylinders and 128 valves and may produce as much as 500 horsepower while turning as high as 15,000 rpm. Thus, each cylinder would represent less than 100cc. of volume, about one tenth the size of cylinders in a typical U.S. V8, yet produce vastly more power and turn many times faster. (Honda motorcycle engines regularly develop about 200 horsepower per litre. At that rate a big U.S. V8 would produce 1,400 hp.)

But of all the projects to come out of research and development the one which has caused most comment around Japan's auto industry is the new four-passenger Honda sedan introduced at the Tokyo automobile show last fall. Although called a "prototype," the engineering on the car is clearly complete. Its four-cylinder, four-carburetor, double-overhead-cam shaft engine (advanced by world engine development standards) is an enlarged version of a 600cc., 57-horsepower power plant which has been used in the 90-mph., chain-driven Honda sports car (1,000 a month sold at $1,800 in Japan but never exported to the U.S.). The body is boxy neat, reasonably roomy.

Asked if this car would eventually be exported to the U.S., Honda only smiled—but a lot of gold was showing. Asked if the price of the car would be competitive to VW, Honda showed more gold. Asked if the new car might be called a Honda-wagen, he burst into the big, Happy-Honda laugh. It is not difficult to suspect that the blacksmith's son from Hamamatsu would like nothing better than to take on Heinz Nordhoff, VW's wizard of Wolfsburg, in a worldwide competition. (Honda has said automobiles will be more important than motorcycles in his company eventually.) Nothing, after all, is beyond his ambitions. Early in the motorcycle business he was asked how many people he counted as his potential customers. "Three billion," he answered. "Isn't that the number of people in the world?"

The two largest automobile companies in Japan are Toyota (about 40 percent of the market) and Nissan (25 percent of the market). Nissan expects to become number one after an impending merger with Prince, the country's fourth largest producer. Each of these giants is bigger than all the motorcycle companies combined—and though they have exported relatively few cars up to now, both have set their sights on ever-bigger international sales. Neither of them even deigns to enter the two-wheel market. Likewise, neither company admits to be concerned about four-wheel competition from Suzuki or Honda.

Toyota likes to call itself the General Motors of Japan and indeed its vast sprawl of factories in Nagoya is impressive even though its total vehicle production is less than one tenth of GM's. As automobile companies go, Toyota is not old. It was formed in 1933, started production of cars in 1936 (early models bore an embarrassing resemblance to the Chrysler Airflow of the same period), then spread itself out into various subsidiaries which make machine tools and electrical equipment. For many years, Toyota put more emphasis on the design of trucks than on passenger cars. Today it makes a remarkable variety of vehicles from a big (by Japanese standards) 2,600cc., 125-horsepower Crown V8, a smaller 1,500cc., 74-horsepower Corona (which is sold in the U.S. for $1,714), a yet smaller 700cc., 35-horsepower Publica sedan and all shapes and sizes of busses, trucks and fire engines.

Toyota factories are modern, well lighted, highly automated, but not without a unique Japanese flavor. Small Shinto shrines set with flowers can be seen at various points along the assembly lines—and if a visitor asks about the floor space of a factory, he will be given a figure not in square feet but as so many "tatamis"—a tatami being a unit of measure based on the three-by-six-foot size of the ancient straw sleeping mat still used in Japan.

Toyota exported about 11,000 vehicles to the U.S. last year. As for the future, one Toyota executive says, "Our cars have been very well received by ladies in the U.S.," assuming, perhaps, that this is a vital first step to general acceptance. Asked if Toyota would aim new products at young, performance-conscious Americans, Kenya Nakamura, chief designer, says yes, "sportier" cars are under consideration, "but it is difficult to decide what America wants." The company is reluctant to enter the MGB, TR-4, Sunbeam and Fiat Spider field preferring to develop cars which are somehow "more American."

An exception to this—and an exciting example of the capabilities of Japanese engineers—is a new 2,000cc. Toyota G.T. car which was shown at the Tokyo show in October. Bearing a considerable resemblance to the XKE Jaguar, this new two seater-hardtop has a double overhead cam, 200-horsepower six-cylinder engine and is in the 150 mph. class.

Toyota people are quick to admit that most of their cars, and indeed most all Japanese cars at present, are primarily designed for use on Japanese roads, which often means rough going. They claim their cars average 20 percent heavier than European cars of the same dimensions, implying a bonus value in ruggedness. As highways in the home-

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land improve, Japanese cars will become lighter and swifter.

Although Japanese cars may be unnecessarily heavy for conditions in the U.S., they are not usually underpowered. Their power-to-weight ratio is often more favorable than their European rivals. For example, the small Datsun exported to the U.S. weighs 29 pounds per horsepower and the small Toyota 24 lbs./hp. By comparison, the new 1,300 VW weighs 34½ lbs./hp. and the Renault R8, 33½. A 90-horsepower Chevy II weighs about 29 lbs./hp.—but the new hot-performing Dodge Charger checks in at only 9 lbs./hp.

The Toyota Land Cruiser which has been competing with considerable success (at $2,455 in the U.S. four-wheel-drive market, is assembled in a separate factory. The managers of this subsidiary are particularly curious to know more about the American market because 20 percent of their production is shipped here. Last fall they were especially interested in—even apprehensive about—the Ford Bronco. Copies of American motor magazines which carried stories and pictures of the Bronco were placed along with the teacups and the cigarette boxes on the table in Reception and a visitor from America was asked many questions. Is the Bronco as good as the Jeep? Will it sell better because it has the Ford name? Why are the door openings rounded in some pictures and squared off in others?

When it was suggested that the answers to all of these questions would be easy enough to get if Toyota would just buy a Bronco and bring it to Japan for tests, there was a look of offended pride among the teacups.

"Yes, but we do not copy the designs of others."

Japanese manufacturers have a fierce pride in the originality of their designs and this seems particularly true at Toyota. The company boasts that it has developed its own automatic transmission (two-speed Toyoglide, $170), its own "Bendix-type" disk brakes, and takes special pains to point out that its cars are styled by young Japanese designers.

The situation at Nissan is different. Already number one in exports and hoping soon to become number one at home, Nissan's leonine President Katsuji Kawamata, his eye fixed firmly on the U.S. market, admits candidly that his company tests competitive vehicles from around the world, concedes that Italian stylists seem to be the most favored internationally right now, and therefore that he employs them to style his cars.

"There is no need to apologize for this," says Kawamata. "Our Japanese designers are still young, so we borrow until they grow. We will take the best techniques from anywhere as long as they are best for our customers. We invite all the advanced technologies. We have our own Japanese pride, yes, but we will continue to take the best. For example, we use Borg-Warner transmissions and four-wheel disk brakes. As for me, personally, you see I smoke Kent cigarettes and I use a Dunhill lighter."

Nissan's immediate goal in the U.S. is 10 percent of the import market—about 60,000 vehicles a year. (There are already 30,000 Datsuns on U.S. roads.) The 1,300cc. 67-horsepower Datsun Bluebird (which comes as a sedan, $1,666, station wagon, $1,860 and unique three-passenger, one-ton pickup) will be the big volume item for the present but a 1,600cc., 96-horsepower, two-seater sports car (formerly called the Fairlady) selling for $2,546, and a handsome hardtop coupe version called the Silvia are clearly well suited to U.S. tastes.

The Datsun Patrol is a four-wheel-drive sportsman's car in a class with the Land Cruiser and Land Rover. It sells at $2,740 with an enclosed body. Although fully as successful a design as its competitors, sales in the U.S. have been slow so far. Kawamata calls the Patrol "clumsy looking and too rigid," and does not count on it to sell in big volume. Reassured that the four-wheel-drive market is fast growing in the States, Nissan's president shows that his instincts are for the big numbers when he says, "Yes, but last year you sold nine million cars in the U.S. that were not four-wheel drive!"

In addition to its export products, Nissan builds a full line of larger passenger cars, trucks and busses for the home market. In fact, the largest Japanese automobile is Nissan's President, a 4,000cc., 180-horsepower V8 with automatic transmission and disk brakes.

The merger of Nissan with Prince not only will create (with the open blessing of the Japanese government) a new number one company, but may mean additional Japanese activity in auto racing. Nissan has never been racing-minded, but Prince has gone after a number of international speed records with a 2,000cc. twin-overhead cam six, rear-mounted in a prototype GT car (and actually bettered some marks held by MG since 1959). Now Kawamata, who will be president of the merged firm, says maybe racing wouldn't be such a bad idea. He recognizes that Soichiro Honda's motorcycle racing has been an important ingredient in the success of his business, although he questions that Honda's striving in the Formula I field can have any measurable commercial benefit. As for racing by Nissan, "well," says Kawamata, "every automobile manufacturer has had its 'crazy period' and we will probably have ours."

Indeed, a visitor at the last Tokyo Motor Show might feel that the entire Japanese industry is entering a "crazy period"—crazy to compete with the rest of the world and crazy to find new ways to do it. Six hundred and forty-two new models were displayed complete with pretty girls, live lion cubs, victorious racing cars and all the glitter of a Hollywood premier. It was a spectacle to make the rest of the world's automotive powers take stock of the future. In the words of Maurice Smith, editor of one of Britain's oldest and most important automotive magazines, "Automobile manufacturers in the U.S., Britain and Germany should be confidently worried."

—Charles N. Barnard

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THE MAVERICK GUNMAKER AND HIS GREATEST GAMBLE

[*Continued from page* 65]

wasn't selling. Serious shooters wanted double-action guns with adjustable sights and the simultaneous ejection of cartridges provided by a swing-out cylinder. Yet the romantic appeal of Sam Colt's old Peacemaker, its ruggedness, reliability and sweet hang remained. The price of used single-action Colts climbed steadily until they were bringing from three to five times as much as they had when they were new, 10, 20 or 30 years before.

Ruger decided there was a market for a .22 single-action revolver. It would be a fun gun, not made for target shooters or law enforcement, but for the relaxed plinking so many Americans enjoy—tin cans, bottles, an occasional rabbit, maybe a few grouse for the pot on big-game trips. It would embody the advantages of modern design and metallurgy, yet it would retain the appearance and good feel of the old Colt.

The result was the Single Six. Friends told Bill Ruger he'd lose his shirt. Conceding they might be right, he went ahead with design, testing, changing, setting up machinery for production. Finally, the Ruger single-action .22 revolver was announced in 1954. When it reached the market it was greeted by a backlog of orders amounting to over a million dollars! And it touched off a craze for single-action revolvers that is still going strong.

Other guns followed. Each demonstrated Ruger's ability in the divergent fields of gun design and manufacture, and as a judge of public taste. Each, that is, except the single-shot Hawkeye pistol made for the untried .256 Winchester Magnum cartridge, which Winchester designed and then circularized among gunmakers for firearms to be developed for it. The Hawkeye was intended for long-range varmint shooting and was tapped to receive a telescopic sight, a concept that perhaps was ahead of its time.

Now, in preparing his new single-shot rifle, he is taking the most radical step yet in departure from the accepted trend in firearms manufacture.

No single-shot, center-fire, sporting rifle has been made by any major American manufacturer since 1920, although Remington offers a specialized target rifle in several calibers. Among hunters, the popularity of bolt-action repeating rifles has increased steadily since the mid-twenties. Lever-action, slide-action and semiautomatic rifles, all providing several shots, are also widely used. In the face of this, could there possibly be a market for a high-quality single shot?

Obviously, Ruger thinks there is. He has demonstrated a singular ability to buck the trend and prove that he was right.

Possibly the best confirmation of his opinion is found in a rifle patented by John M. Browning in 1879 and marketed by Winchester in 1885. This is the famous high-wall single shot, the first Browning design purchased by Winchester during the 17 fruitful years the Utah gun wizard sold his rifle and shotgun patents exclusively to the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

In 1885, you could buy a high-wall Winchester for $14.50. During 1920, the last year it was manufactured, the retail price was still only $25. Today if you're lucky enough to find one in good condition that has been rebarreled for a modern cartridge, it will cost you in the neighborhood of $200, perhaps more.

Hundreds of Farquharson and Martini single shots are also in constant use today, and they are not cheap by any means. Many men who hunt varmints—coyotes, jackrabbits, woodchucks, crows and other unprotected "game"—prefer single-shot rifles. Topnotch accuracy is of far greater importance to them than rapidity of fire. Too, most such hunters load their own ammunition, and a single shot is ideally suited to saving the empty cartridges.

Whatever the other reasons may be why some men prefer single-shot rifles—and there probably are as many reasons as there are men—there certainly is a group that does. Just how big this group is, Bill Ruger stands to find out.

I first saw the prototype of this new rifle last spring. It was a handsome little rifle—but I hadn't expected a *little* rifle. I was looking for something with a heavy 26-inch barrel, a thick fore-end, and a high-power scope. Probably I was influenced by the memory of the highwall Winchester .22-250 with which an old hunting buddy used to devastate chucks.

The prototype had a 21½-inch barrel and the short, single-shot action gave it an overall length much less than I had expected. The fore-end was slender and the gun weighed, complete with three-power Lyman All American scope, just two ounces over seven pounds.

The action at first glance appeared to be a Farquharson, but closer inspection revealed that it was completely different save for the method of hooking the finger lever in the back of the trigger guard to insure against the action's coming open while the rifle was being carried.

Pressing the lever down and ahead drops the breech block, extracts the fired cartridge and flips it back about two inches where it lies in a groove on top of the lowered block. This is the perfect position for the reloader who saves his brass. The same movement of the lever cocks the hammer against the pressure of a coil spring that runs forward under the barrel. The concealed hammer in cocked position is below the breech block, rather than behind it as in the high-wall Winchester. When the hammer is released by pulling the trigger it comes up between the two lower extensions of the block to strike a cam which, in turn, strikes the firing pin.

This is a good feature. There is no hole entirely through the breech block. The shooter's eyes are protected from the blast of hot gas that might rush backward from a ruptured primer in today's high-intensity cartridges. All modern bolt-action rifles have ports through which such gas can escape, but in the Ruger there is a wall of steel behind the firing pin and any gas that did rush back would be deflected harmlessly downward.

The rifle has another important safety feature. In many guns, including some of the most expensive, the safety does nothing more than to lock the trigger. If you drop the gun, or jar it hard enough to bounce the trigger out of the sear by which it holds the hammer in cocked position, it will go off. Thus you could actually shoot yourself or a companion without pulling the trigger and I suspect more than one hunting accident has occurred in this manner.

When the thumb-operated safety of the Ruger is in the "on" position, both trigger *and* hammer are blocked. Even though the gun might sustain a fall hard enough to jar the trigger off, the hammer would be prevented by a bar of steel from reaching the firing pin. This bar, of course, is retracted when the safety is pushed off and the gun is ready to fire.

The pull of the adjustable trigger is excellent and the lock time—the interval between release of the sear by the trigger and the striking of the primer by the firing pin—appears to be very fast. The rifle is stiffened by a through-bolt in the stock. All three of these features contribute to accuracy.

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"Then he went back to cigarettes and gave *me* up!"

Perhaps noticing a certain gleam in my eye, Bill Ruger said, "Why don't you take the rifle back to Idaho with you and hunt with it this fall?"

Naturally I was eager to do this.

The prototype was chambered for the .270 Winchester cartridge and as soon as I got it home I hurried to the range. I had both Winchester and Remington ammunition loaded with 150, 130 and 100-grain bullets. Setting up to shoot my never-before-seen secret rifle, I felt like a guy driving a new make of car not yet on the market.

After about eight hours of shooting, a job spread over several days, I discovered that I got the best accuracy with the Remington 100-grain, pointed, soft-point bullet. Shooting from a bench rest at 200 yards, I held half a dozen five-shot groups within four inches. This was the load I'd use for hunting.

Considering that I make no pretense of being an expert rifleman, that I was shooting a rifle weighing only seven pounds and using a low-power hunting scope, this was excellent accuracy. A four-inch group at 200 yards is equivalent to two minutes of angle and while we often hear about rifles more accurate than this, few of us are ever privileged to see one. Ruger has since told me that he hopes to improve on this accuracy, incidentally.

After deciding on the load, I adjusted the scope to center the groups three inches above the point of aim at 200 yards. This is a good sighting for open country since it permits a dead-on hold out to about 300 yards. Then I went hunting. No big-game season was open, but there were coyotes and jackrabbits.

Early one morning, I crawled over the crest of a low ridge that overlooked a circular basin about a mile wide. There was some big sagebrush ahead. I worked my way into it until I could see all the basin but still was partially concealed. The wind was perfect. I wriggled into a comfortable sitting position, laid the rifle across my lap and blew my predator call.

This call imitates the terrified screams of a rabbit in bad trouble—maybe caught by a weasel, coyote or bobcat. Nothing happened after the first series of screams. I waited five minutes and called again. A magpie came and perched on a bush 50 yards away. Several minutes later a pair of ravens came circling in, saw me, and wheeled off.

I was about to call the third time when a coyote rounded the point of the hill to my left. It was 100 yards away and coming on a dead run. I raised the rifle. The coyote came on—75, 50, 25 yards. I whistled. Instead of stopping momentarily and giving me a standing shot as I had hoped, it wheeled like a flash. I'd been holding the post against its chest as best I could during the animal's approach and as it turned, I fired. The coyote went down, jerked convulsively a couple of times and lay still.

This, of course, was not the kind of shot I'd hoped for. I had hoped to see a coyote coming across the basin so I could shoot at 150 or 200 yards. I could have killed this one with a shotgun.

On my way back to the car I shot several jackrabbits. All of them were much farther than the coyote had been and with each shot my opinion of the little Ruger went up. Because I was going through waist-high sagebrush when I found the rabbits, it was impossible to drop into a sitting or prone position. I had to shoot offhand and I was surprised at how well I did.

Except for .22 rimfires, I had never before shot a rifle this light. I had expected it to be hard to hold, especially offhand, but this was not the case. It came up naturally and held well and a rabbit on a hillside 100 yards away was in real danger.

Deer season opened. I took three friends on a business trip through deer country and put the Ruger in the car. You never see a deer on such a jaunt. I didn't even bother to buy a deer tag, but I did think we might come across a bobcat or maybe a coyote.

Naturally, while we were still five miles short of our destination, we saw a nice buck standing on a hillside near the road. One of my companions was Don Orcutt, a fine rifle shot. He had a deer tag and I asked him to shoot the buck with the Ruger rifle. He stepped off the road, sat down, loaded, aimed carefully and fired. I saw the bullet kick up dust on the hillside several inches above the buck's head. I said, "It's sighted for 300 yards."

The buck ran 50 yards and stopped, now about 200 yards away. Don fired and once more I saw a puff of dust above the buck's head. I said, "High again."

The buck ran another 50 yards and paused on the skyline. Again Don shot and missed. The buck ran over the ridge and out of sight. Don followed. Several minutes later I heard a shot and when I got there he was dressing his deer.

We finally determined what the difficulty had been: The scope had a flat-top, tapered post with a horizontal cross hair some distance below the top of the post. I'd zeroed the rifle at the top of the post but Don had held as with conventional cross hairs, assuming the bullet would strike at intersection of cross hair and post. As a result, the bullets went far too high. On the fourth shot—at a range Don estimated at 300 yards—he gave up trying to shoot the buck in the head, held for its heart and killed it.

As we carried the buck back to the car I asked Don if he had felt handicapped with a single-shot rifle. "Hell no!" he exclaimed. "All I could have done with a repeater would have been to miss more."

Later, while we were eating lunch, Don asked me whether I intended to keep the rifle. I explained that I only had it on loan and would have to send it back to Bill Ruger. Don thought this over and said, "Tell him some sonofabitch stole it and you *can't* send it back!"

Coming from a gun nut and expert rifleman such as Don Orcutt, this was a fine compliment. A great many guns made today fail to inspire larcenous thoughts

Want a light ski engine for the kids plus a tough fishing motor with a 2-year warranty for yourself? Solution: the new Sea-Horse 20

Pizazz it has! This biggest of the Sea-Horse Compacts now packs 10% more horsepower. Hold your hat when you hit it because acceleration is up.

This has to be one of the best buys in the line. Combines real power with real portability. Weighs just 17 lbs. more than the Sea-Horse 9½! For the kids' ski needs, with a proper boat and a special accessory prop, it's plenty big without being too big. And for fishing, it's fast enough to open new, farther off grounds. If you've been eyeing a pontoon boat, here again it's ideal.

Like all '66 Sea-Horse engines, the new 20 thrives on a 50 to 1 regular grade gas-oil mix. This not only lengthens plug life 50%, it saves you enough on oil in one year to pay for your oil the next. Among the 20's other virtues are hospital quiet, thermostatic cooling, full gear shift and a fuel pump so efficient it eliminates vapor lock. There are 16 new Johnson engines this year in 10 power classes. For whatever you want an outboard to do, some one of them is right. The answer man is your Johnson dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. P.S. Johnson also makes a full line of Johnson Boats and the new Johnson Skee-Horse snowmobiles.

- From 3 to 100 hp, every 1966 Johnson features:
- Famous 2-year warranty*
- Full corrosion protection
- 50 to 1 gas-oil mix

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Johnson

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in even the most unsophisticated of shooters. This one was, first of all, a handsome rifle with fine lines, good wood, perfect checkering and precise fit of wood to metal. Inside, the workmanship on both wood and metal was outstanding. Wisely, I think, because the kind of shooters who buy single-shot rifles appreciate such things, Ruger intends to maintain the same quality in the production model, with a choice of 22 or 26-inch barrels.

He recently hired Lenard Brownell, the famous stock-maker of Sheridan, Wyoming, and brought him to Newport, New Hampshire, where the rifle will be manufactured in a subsidiary plant. One of Brownell's first tasks in Newport was to set up a school in which workers are trained for the hand checkering of the new rifle stocks. This, again, is bucking the trend. Most modern arms, if their stocks are checkered at all, are adorned with a pattern pressed into the wood by automatic machinery. The difference between this and the sharp, clean diamonds that result from skillful hand checkering is obvious to every gun lover.

Of course, handwork is expensive. A manufacturer might make beautiful guns entirely by hand, but they would cost so much nobody could buy them. One way in which Ruger will hold down tooling costs and still manufacture complex parts is by using the latest "lost-wax" investment casting processes for the receiver, breech block, lever, and most of the other parts incorporated in the action.

This ingenious method, which originated in ancient China and Egypt, was first used in modern times for making dentures. During World War II, it produced jet engine and missile parts. Since then it has been steadily improved until it now offers several real advantages.

First, extremely close tolerances can be maintained on castings of super strength and exotic alloys. This means that a minimum of expensive machining is required later. Second, the as-cast finish is practically glass smooth (on some parts no further finishing is required at all). Third, intricate designs can be cast to replace multipiece assembled or welded components, and no gun part is too small or too large to be made by this process. Finally, a wide range of alloys can be poured in investment molds and this permits the use of the steel best suited to any particular part.

There are seven steps, starting with the machining of an accurate master pattern from brass or steel. From this, steel injection molds are made. Next, expendable wax patterns of a part are cast in the injection molds.

The wax part replicas, singly or in clusters, are now dipped in a ceramic slurry until an adequate coating has been built up. Now these ceramic molds are placed in an oven where the wax burns out. They are then ready to receive the molten metal, after which the ceramic molds are broken off the castings.

Would a single-shot rifle be a handicap in hunting? Looking back over my own experience, I'm hard put to think of a single instance where I was better off with a magazine rifle than I would have been with a single shot. This isn't to infer that I've never missed. I have. But I can't recall a single time when, after missing once, I bagged my game with a quick second or third shot.

This opinion was verified most recently when I took the Ruger single-shot rifle after antelope. Toward the end of a hard day's hunt, I saw a herd of 11 slowly feeding along a ridge about a mile away.

COMING . . .

Dan Mannix's delightful account of one of the world's oddest beasts:

THE HYRAX OF KENYA

What is it? A rat with hooves? A sawed-off elephant? An African nobleman? Find out

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

I made a stalk and eventually got within long range of a buck. When it turned broadside, the post was a black bar against the shoulder, the tip well up. I squeezed the trigger. The buck dropped. With considerable pleasure I walked to my trophy, 262 long steps away. I had held high on the shouder and that was where the bullet went, breaking the spine between the shoulder blades.

Bill Ruger's new rifle had proved itself in a thorough workout on targets and on game. I was sorry I had to send it home.

Of course, the rifle I used was only a prototype. From the day I first saw it in the Ruger plant a year ago until it was announced in Chicago this spring, it had been undergoing constant refinement. Just how it could be refined beyond the perfect-functioning, accurate rifle with which I hunted, I wouldn't know—but then I'm not Bill Ruger. I don't have the kind of mind that is forever looking for ways to improve something that already works fine.

I asked him that day in Southport if he had any other new guns in mind. He smiled and said, "Oh, I always seem to have a whole pot full of ideas cooking."

That was all he said. It didn't give me an inkling of what might come next.

At 49, Ruger *could* sit back and coast. Instead, he's bucking a 45-year trend in firearms by bringing out a new gun on which he could lose his shirt.

—Ted Trueblood

TRUE

". . . you're not going to let *Spectre* get away with this . . . are you, Bond?"

Newly-invented friend of man: slacks that never wrinkle. EVERPRESSED slacks, by Wright. They keep a knife-edge press, forever. And never need ironing, through any number of washings. That's a money-back guarantee! Exceptionally well tailored, of 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton, with Scotchgard® Brand Stain-repeller for that spotless look. Variety of handsome styles (walk shorts, too) at good stores. Or write Wright. from **$6.98**

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THE ABANDONED AMERICAN

[*Continued from page 37*]

left in Sabinas, where the police neglected to impound it or put it under guard, an oversight that had far-reaching consequences for Simmons.

Hilda clung to life for 17 days. On the day after the crime, she was able to give a halting, whispered account of what had happened and in the next two days she amplified this and described the killer. After her brother had left for help, she said, an auto, headed south, pulled off the road ahead of the stalled car. The driver, an American, came back to their car, asked them in English if they were having trouble, and offered them a ride. When they declined, he tried to start the car for them without success. He renewed his offer of a ride, then suddenly said, in Spanish, *"Yo soy bandido"* (I am a bandit), pulled out a gun and began firing. He shot Juan and Martha, then turned the gun on Hilda.

The brutal, unprovoked crime aroused all of northern Mexico and the police began a massive manhunt. Hilda's description of the gunman contained three details that were expected to make the killer easily identifiable. She said the gunman had two gold teeth on the right side, that he was driving a 1958 blue Chevrolet with Texas plates, and that she had scratched his face while he was shooting her brother and sister. "A PAIR OF GOLD TEETH WILL BETRAY THE BLOOD-THIRSTY KILLER" announced a bannerline in the leading Monterrey newspaper. She further described the gunman as perhaps 30 years old, six feet tall, over 200 pounds, complexion "ruddy," with a small mark on his upper lip. She said he was wearing a white shirt and dark trousers and she "believed" his hair to be blond.

The police checked the border entry station and got a list of Americans who had crossed into Mexico on the day of the killings. On the list was the name of William Carroll Simmons. The police began trying to locate him, along with other Americans on the list. Simmons was picked up by this dragnet on October 15 in the little town of Allende. Allende is roughly 300 miles from the scene of the slaying on the route Simmons drove and about 50 miles from the U.S. border at Eagle Pass, Texas.

By Simmons's account, he had driven directly from Laredo to Monterrey on the night of October 12 without a stop. He says he has no recollection of the stalled Villagomez car, that he noticed several cars on the roadside but paid no particular attention to them. He says he cruised at over 60 mph.; the stretch is flat, straight, and dull. If his account is accurate—and it was not impeached in court—he could not have been at the murder scene when the killings occurred. He crossed the border only 45 minutes behind the Villagomez car, which made one filling-station stop south of the border. Testimony at the trial placed the attack one hour and 15 minutes after the Villagomez car stalled. By then, Simmons would have been far beyond the murder scene and nearing Monterrey.

Simmons says he looked over Monterrey briefly on his arrival and decided to push on toward Saltillo, west of Monterrey in the state of Coahuila. On the road to Saltillo, he pulled off behind a couple of parked trucks and slept in his car. "I didn't have much money," Simmons says, "and I wanted to stretch it as far as I could." The next day, October 13, he drove on into Saltillo, where he met an English-speaking Mexican. They roamed around sight-seeing. At one point, they stopped and gave a short lift into downtown Saltillo to two Mexican girls. The girls, registered prostitutes, were in the car for approximately five minutes, and subsequently were used as key witnesses in the case the state fashioned against Simmons.

The next day, October 14, Simmons meandered north alone to Rio Brava, where he met another English-speaking Mexican named Jose Mancha. That night Mancha guided him to a small, inexpensive hotel at nearby Allende and registered him under the name of "Larry Hall." Simmons says that Mancha had trouble pronouncing his name, so he finally said, "Hell, just call me Harry."

Late on October 14, the Allende police heard that a "young gringo" had been driving around with Mancha. They picked up Mancha early the next morning and Mancha led them to Simmons' hotel. The subsequent sequence of events

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Here's how to sell your wife on the Campmobile.

Don't show her this picture of it.

Show her this picture of it.

If your wife is a practical soul, don't let her get the notion that the Volkswagen Campmobile is just a vacation-time luxury.

For all practical purposes, the Campmobile is a 7-passenger station wagon with a price that's far below luxury level.

During the work week, the Campmobile can ferry kids to school, take commuters to work, or carry the shopping home. (Just like most other station wagons.)

But (unlike most other station wagons) it holds about 50% more of everything; it averages 23 miles on a gallon of regular; and its air-cooled rear engine never needs water or anti-freeze.

Now, what kind of wife could object if this practical wagon goes to work as a camper in its spare time?

Just fold the dining table down from the wall, and you have an eat-in kitchen. (The icebox, water tank, pump, utility table, and 3-shelf pantry are built-in.)

At night, the Campmobile's back seat slides down to make a full-length double bed (with mattress) for 2 adults. The front seat sleeps a child, and a hammock sleeps another.

Other standard equipment includes a full-length clothes closet with mirror, 3 storage cabinets, a linen closet, a ceiling cabinet, reading lights, and louvered screened windows with drapes.

Walls are panelled in birch-grained plywood. And fiber glass insulation in walls and ceiling keeps you cool when it's hot, or warm (when it's not).

You can also order a Campmobile with a ventilated pop-up roof section (for increased headroom). Or a tent (that fastens onto the side and sleeps 2 more adults) with a roof storage rack.

These 2 options are available at extra cost. (For those wives who've been wanting a vacation-time luxury all along.)

underscored two facts to which the court attributed no weight in convicting Simmons: first, he did not resemble the killer; second, he behaved like a man with a clear conscience.

Two policemen aroused Simmons at 7 a.m. and, with Mancha serving as interpreter, questioned him briefly. They asked him if he had any gold teeth and wanted to know the make and year of his car. Simmons showed them that he had no gold teeth and told them he was driving a 1954 Oldsmobile two-toned Holiday coupe, which was parked at the hotel. The police apologized for disturbing him and went away. Simmons dressed, drove Mancha to work, and arranged to go swimming with him after 4 o'clock. Although he had been questioned by the police and was less than an hour from the American border, Simmons stayed on at the little Mexican town. He spent the day sight-seeing with one of Mancha's relatives, picked up Jose late in the afternoon, and went swimming at a large flowing spring outside of town. En route back to Allende, he was picked up by the police and taken in for a second questioning.

Says Simmons: "Hilda Villagomez's description of the murderer does not match me. The description she gave was changed by the prosecutor at my trial. At the Allende police station the commandant had a long argument on the telephone with some other official. Mancha told me the commandant kept saying 'This is not the man. He does not fit.' "

The facts: Hilda's description was recorded independently by three separate sources before Simmons was arrested. It was summarized in the Monterrey newspaper, *El Norte*, in the edition of October 14, and by the Associated Press under Monterrey datelines of October 14 and October 15. It was preserved in full in the files of the U.S. consulate at Monterrey in a long memorandum written by John Creedon, an FBI agent attached to the consulate, who was present when Hilda gave the original description. Simmons does not match the major points she gave the police. He has no gold teeth; his hair was black instead of blond; he was two inches shorter and 35 pounds lighter than the man she described; he had no scratches on his face; his car was the wrong make and four years too old. The court transcript shows, however, that the prosecution withheld all these points when it entered into evidence what it termed Hilda's description of her assailant. Only those items that could be construed as fitting Simmons—such as his age and his white shirt—were listed.

After his arrest in Allende, Simmons was locked in a mud hut that served as a cell. That night, he was removed by three police officers and driven out of town. He charges that they demanded that he confess the three killings and put a cocked gun to his forehead. "I told them they could kill me, but I would not confess a crime I knew nothing about."

The next morning he was taken to Monterrey, where he had his first contact with representatives of the U.S. consulate and his first experience with its "protection" service. That afternoon, with three consular officials looking on in silence, the Mexican authorities grossly violated Simmons's right to due process and irreparably wrecked his best opportunity to prove that he was innocent.

The Mexican authorities decided to take Simmons before the dying Hilda Villagomez to see if she could identify him. Although he bore little resemblance to the man she had described, this was a reasonable police procedure in view of the established fact that Simmons had been on the Monterrey highway the night of the murders. But it was a procedure that cried aloud for caution and objectivity. Hilda was severely wounded and emotionally distraught from her ordeal. She already had repeatedly "identified" another American as the killer. She had been shown a stack of 30 photographs of American criminals and had pointed out a fugitive on the FBI's Ten-Most-Wanted list as her assailant a number of times. Hospital attendants later reported that she flinched in terror when any strange male entered her room. Public passions were equally inflamed. A mob had assembled outside the hospital when the news got out that Simmons would be brought in for confrontation and one of Hilda's relatives was seized in a hospital corridor with a loaded gun.

COMING . . .

Each summer reports of a weird creature roaming the wilderness start

THE MADCAP HUNT FOR THE MICHIGAN MONSTER

Join the wildest "is-it-real?" search around

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The Mexican penal code has a built-in safeguard against the errors that arise out of passion and prejudice. It spells out the manner in which the confrontation between a witness and a suspect in a capital crime must be conducted. The law declares that the suspect must be placed in a lineup, together with other individuals of the same general age, class and clothing. This procedure is common to many countries besides Mexico. Requiring a witness to single out the suspect from a group strengthens the identification and reduces honest error or unconscious prejudice. The lineup thus serves a double function. It cuts down the chances that an innocent person will be falsely identified and increases the credibility of a firm identification based on selection from a group.

Says Simmons: "I was dressed in a white shirt and dark trousers and thrust in front of Hilda alone. I was flanked by Mexican authorities in their uniforms and by Mexican doctors in their hospital gowns."

The facts: Three years later and long after his conviction by the original court, an appellate court threw out the hospital confrontation as "an absurd procedure" and a "flagrant violation of the penal code." It nullified Simmons' conviction on the grounds of this violation and ordered him retried. Then it returned his case to the court that had made the original error—which swiftly declared him guilty again.

Says Simmons: "Although I was standing alongside her hospital bed, I did not hear Hilda Villagomez say anything. I did not learn until later that she allegedly identified me."

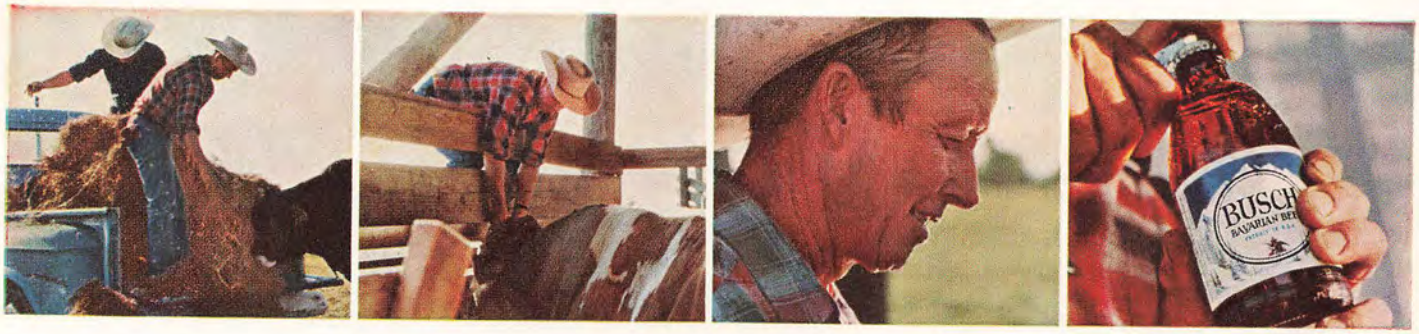
The facts: Although the court record showed that a stenographer was present in the hospital room, no stenographic record of the confrontation was entered into evidence. Instead, the prosecutor, who conducted the illegal confrontation, testified to what Hilda Villagomez allegedly had said. He declared that she had identified Simmons immediately and repeatedly. In the files of the Monterrey consulate, however, is a memorandum written by a consular observer present in the hospital room. The memorandum declares: *"The girl's voice was practically inaudible. As Salinas* (the prosecutor) *asked questions he had to put his head down to her to hear the answers."* Questioned on this passage, a consular official said, "It is logical to assume that the prosecutor *relayed* Hilda's answers to the other people in the room."

In a summary of the Simmons case that it distributed widely, the State Department omits these peculiar circumstances. The summary says only: "Simmons was taken before the dying girl, Hilda Perez Villagomez, who identified Simmons as the murderer. A United States consular official was present at the confrontation."

Says Simmons: "I did not have a lawyer when they dragged me into the hospital room. Although there were several American officials from the consulate present, none of them protested against the procedure."

The facts: The American Consul General at that time, John Killea, his successor, Richard Johnson, and the head of the Protection and Representation division of the Bureau of Consular Affairs in Washington, William R. Jochimsen, confirm that the Monterrey consulate did not intervene at the illegal confrontation. Killea, who was later transferred to protect Americans in Tijuana as Consul General, defended the failure of his Monterrey staff to protect Simmons's legal rights. "Foreign service officers are not lawyers," he said. "Most of them don't know the details of Mexican law and they wouldn't know whether or not a procedure was legal. That would be a matter for Simmons' lawyer to raise."

State Department regulations contradict Killea. American consular officers have a limited but specific responsibility to American citizens abroad. One of their major duties, according to the Foreign Service Manual, is to "determine whether the American national's treatment"—when in legal difficulty—"was similar to that accorded to nationals of the foreign country." Every American consulate maintains a "protection division" for just that purpose. The consular agreement between the U.S. and Mexico provides that the consuls of each country are entitled to protest any discrimination against their citizens under the law in the other country. If the American consular



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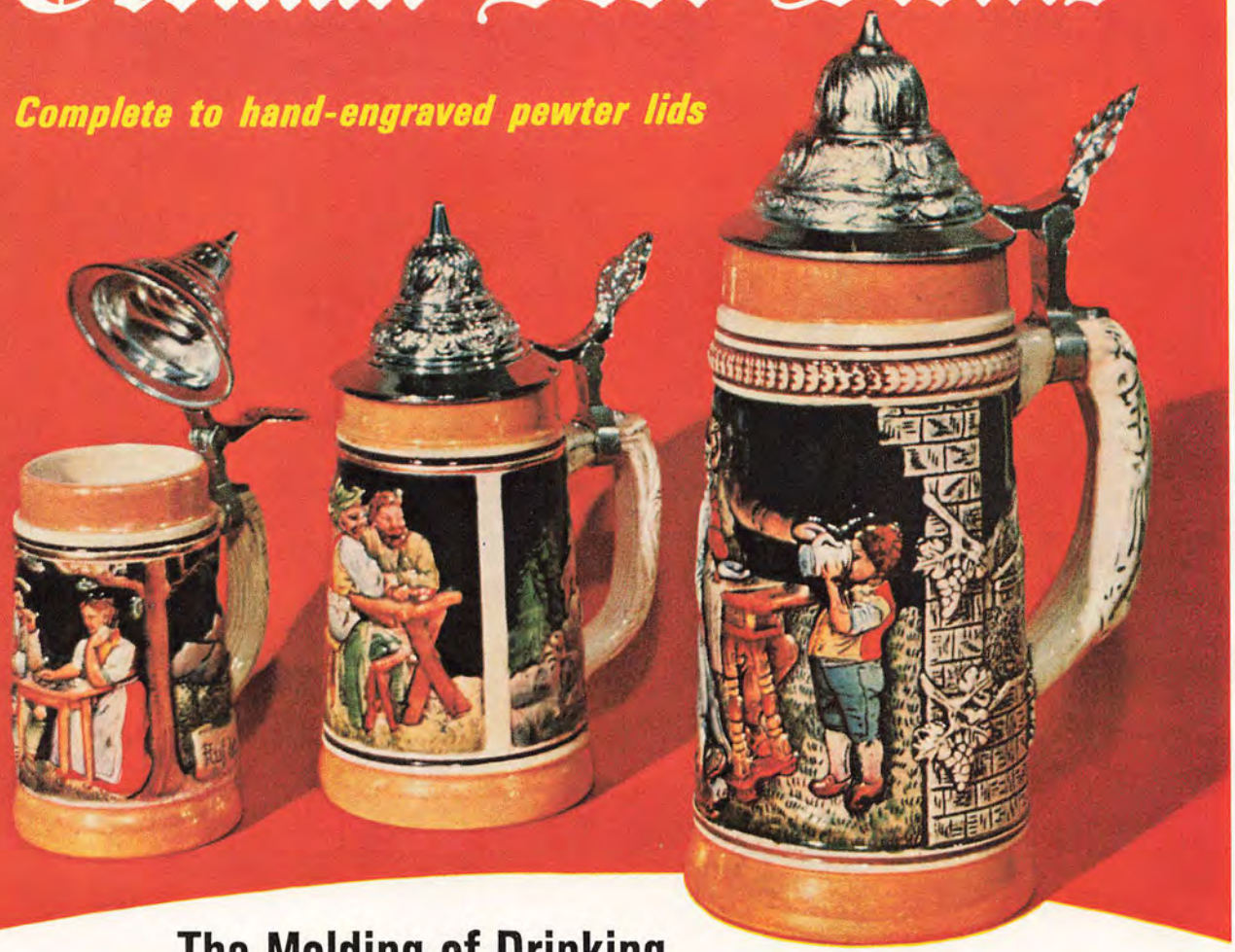

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About as long as they've been fermenting beer. And in that time, it hasn't changed much, for the steins themselves are still "turned" on old-fashioned wooden lathes, and the wet clay trimmed with wooden paddles and then hand-worked to get the fantastically life-like figures that decorate them all-around. It is an art, in every sense, and when they've been hand-painted in bright colorful pigments, and then kiln-fired, you get much more than just a solid handful of drinking equipment—you get, just like the burghers of old, a handsome hunk of pottery that will brighten up the shelves of any room. One more thing you should know—the clay is not just ordinary clay, but comes from a district in West Bavaria where it is especially mined because it actually retains the cold. The pewter covers are engraved, and all in all, it makes a nice way to quaff your favorite liquid. Available in three sizes: ⅛ liter, each $5.95, set of 2, $9.95; ¼ liter, each $6.95, set of 2, $11.95; ½ liter, $8.95, set of 2, $16.95. (For the uninitiated in the audience, a liter is equal to a little more than a quart.)

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officials at Monterrey did not "know the details of Mexican law" they were not qualified to do the job for which American taxpayers—such as Simmons—support them abroad.

Interviewed in Washington, the chief protection officer in the consular service, Jochimsen, attributed the failure to protect Simmons' legal rights to the public passions aroused by the Villagomez murders. "Even if the consular officers had known that the Mexican law was being digressed," he told this writer, "they might not have intervened considering the circumstances. This has happened before in other countries and is likely to happen again." Jochimsen confirmed that "protection" officers being sent abroad are not instructed to familiarize themselves with the laws of the foreign country where they are to serve. And he declared that the State Department had made no changes in its instructions as a result of the Simmons case.

Neither Killea nor Jochimsen expressed concern over the impact the failure of the U.S. "protection" officers had on Simmons' case. Yet the hospital confrontation was plainly a crucial juncture in the Villagomez murder investigation.

COMING . . .

He gambled everything
he had—and won!

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Meet the richest man
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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Conducted legally, it could have resolved beyond reasonable doubt Simmons's guilt or innocence. If Hilda had singled him out from five or six persons and firmly identified him, the case against him would have rested on direct and admissible evidence. If she had *failed* to identify him from a group, he might well have gone free then and there.

As it was, the prosecutor's account of the hospital confrontation was blazoned in the newspapers and cast a cloud of presumed guilt over Simmons. Says a Monterrey journalist, "After the confrontation, the case against Simmons got set in concrete. The police had their gringo, so why look further?"

Consul General Killea's contention that Simmons's lawyer should have protected his rights ignores one fact: Simmons had no lawyer when he was taken into the hospital room. American consulates are required to keep a list of competent local lawyers and the Monterrey consulate had such a list. No one bothered to give it to Simmons when the consular officials conferred with him after his arrest. A memorandum in the consulate files reports that the list was presented to Simmons after the hospital scene—when the damage had been done. Two weeks later, Hilda Villagomez died. When the hospital fiasco was thrown out of court long later, there was no way to restage the confrontation properly.

The court record shows that the Mexican police, after checking a few vague leads, abandoned their investigation of the Villagomez murders shortly after Simmons's arrest.

Says Simmons: "When I saw how things were going, I asked if anyone had checked the Villagomez car for fingerprints. I never got an answer."

The facts: The Monterrey police grudgingly concede that the car was not checked for prints, although Hilda had said that the killer had got in it and tried to start it. The car was left standing unguarded on the street at Sabinas Hidalgo the night of the murder. The next day, several hundred morbid sightseers swarmed over it and smudged any prints the killer might have left.

The highway murder was left with many loose ends. There was no murder weapon. None was ever found. Monterrey newspapers reported that police discovered tire tracks in front of the spot where the Villagomez car had stalled and that a police photographer took pictures of them. The police had Simmons's car for comparison, but no evidence about the tire tracks was entered at the trial. The tracks could have been checked by the FBI laboratory against standard factory tires for a 1958 Chevrolet—the car Hilda said the killer drove. If the tracks had proved to be those of a 1958 Chevrolet, that alone would have ruled out Simmons's car.

On this point, the U.S. consulate file contains a significant entry that never got before the court. On the afternoon of October 14, the day before Simmons was arrested, a consulate staff member talked to the chief of the Nuevo Leon judicial police, Julian Candanosa. Candanosa reported that his agents had located a Mexican engineer who had driven past the stalled Villagomez car on the night of the murders. The engineer noticed a car parked in front of the stalled auto and a man talking to the occupants. The engineer thought nothing about what he had seen until he read about the crime the next day. Since Hilda said only one person stopped at the car, the man the engineer saw had to be the killer. When questioned by his agents, Candanosa reported to the consulate officer, the engineer declared that the car in front of the Villagomez auto was a "late model Chevrolet, light green in color."

This constituted independent cross-corroboration of Hilda's description of the killer's car as a make different from Simmons'. The consulate officer duly recorded Candanosa's information in a memorandum and turned it in at the U.S. consulate. There it was filed away.

Why did the U.S. consulate bury vital information that might have helped an American deep in trouble? "Simmons's defense was the responsibility of his lawyer," said a consulate spokesman. "Besides, the information was only hearsay." Why didn't the consulate make the information available to Simmons' lawyer, so he could call the engineer as a witness and question him? Says the spokesman: "To my knowledge, no one ever asked us for it."

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Says Simmons: "The newspapers were full of wild stories after my arrest. They even reported that I had brought in a .22 gun and discussed it with a border guard, which was completely false."

The facts: Shortly after Simmons's arrest, the Monterrey newspapers headlined a sensational story to this effect. The story quoted the Mexican guard at the border who had checked Simmons into the country. The police rushed the guard down to Monterrey to identify Simmons. This time, they placed Simmons in a lineup. The guard could not pick out Simmons from the group. When the American was pointed out to him, the guard said that Simmons *was not the man who had brought in the gun*. That man, said the guard, was tall, blond and had gold teeth. Once the tall, blond man with the .22 was found not to be Simmons, he dropped out of the case. Nothing in the records indicates that he was sought or located, or that his .22 was checked ballistically against the slugs recovered from the Villagomez car.

Instead, the police concentrated on Simmons. The Monterrey police laboratory expert examined one of Simmons's shirts, found a spot on it, and announced that his analysis showed it to be blood. To nail down this finding, the shirt was sent out to the chemistry department of the University of Nuevo Leon. There the spot was retested and found *not* to be blood. Puzzled, the university chemists checked back with the police. They learned that the police "expert" had used the wrong chemical test—one that is not a specific for blood.

The same police expert gave Simmons a paraffin test to determine whether he had fired a gun. He reported a faint "positive" at two spots on one finger. This finding was cited by the judge who condemned Simmons to death, and by the Mexican Supreme Court, which declared that the "presence of gunpowder on the defendant's right hand constitutes a true fact." In a confidential analysis of the Simmons case, the State Department termed the paraffin test one of the "most important" factors that "led to the finding of guilt."

The paraffin test for gunpowder remnants actually is so unstable that competent crime experts consider it worthless. It can yield a strong "positive" from the hands of a man who has never fired a gun in his life. At a criminology seminar of Interpol, the noted international police organization, 50 crime-laboratory technicians concluded from years of experience that the paraffin test was of no value "as evidence to put before the court" or even as a guide to police in focussing on a suspect. Says a California crime-lab veteran of 25 years' experience. "I have used the paraffin test on a man immediately after he fired six shots from a handgun and obtained a negative finding. I have had the test show a strong positive from a person who never fired a gun. In little words, the test is no damn good."

One other piece of circumstantial evidence to which the State Department attributed major importance was the testimony of two illiterate Mexican prostitutes. Shortly after Simmons was seized, police rounded up the two girls to whom Simmons had given a lift into Saltillo on the day after the murders. "Statements" from them, signed by their thumbprints, were entered as evidence in Simmons's trial. They declared that during the five minutes they were in his car they "observed" guns on the floor under the front seat. Although they said they were sitting side-by-side in the rear seat, one said she saw "two guns" and the other claimed she saw "four guns." Four other Mexicans who were with Simmons before his arrest testified that they saw no guns on him or in his car.

In Monterrey this writer located a witness who declared that the testimony of the prostitutes was perjured. He was a photographer who was present when the two prostitutes were brought in from Saltillo to testify. The photographer says he overheard a Mexican official instructing the prostitutes on what they should say in their testimony. "After I heard their declarations, I questioned one of the girls," the photographer asserted. "I asked her if she actually had seen any guns in Simmons' car and she said she had not. I asked why she had testified to seeing guns and she said she did so because the official told her to do it." This writer has the name of the photographer, evidence establishing that he was present when the girls were brought to Monterrey, and a tape recording of his statement. In the recording, he names the Mexican official whom he accuses of procuring false testimony.

Simmons was tried and found guilty on March 1, 1961, by a one-judge court in Monterrey. This in itself violates Mexican law; the code provides that an accused person be tried within one year after he is formally charged with a crime. The State Department has weighed this and decided not to make a point of it on the grounds that Mexicans frequently violate this legal requirement.

"It was not a trial like we have in the United States," Simmons says. "People would get up and talk in Spanish and then someone would bring me some paper and ask me to sign it. I refused to sign anything. Most of the time I didn't know what was going on. I had no interpreter."

The U.S. consulate disavows any responsibility for Simmons's bewilderment when on trial for his life. Says a spokesman: "We do not provide interpreters. That was Simmons' responsibility."

Says Simmons: "There was no evidence connecting me with the Villagomez murders listed in the court's finding. I don't know how to establish my innocence when there is nothing to prove me guilty."

The facts: The court listed what it termed "19 circumstances" on which it said it based its verdict. Three American criminal lawyers and one California judge who have reviewed this list assert that, granting the accuracy of all "19 circumstances," they would not constitute sufficient evidence to hold a subject for trial in an American court. The court included such items as Simmons's "confession" that he occasionally in the past had stopped to help motorists in distress on the highway. It ignored his categorical statement that he never stopped at night. It cited as evidence against him his possession of a white shirt and dark trousers, his sleeping in his car on the Saltillo highway and his failure to remain in Monterrey after listing that city as his destination on his tourist card. That "circumstance of guilt" may dismay any American vacationer who has ever journeyed into Mexico. The official Mexican tourist handbook asserts that the familiar tourist card is good for travel anywhere within the Republic of Mexico.

The Mexican courts that convicted Simmons and rejected his appeal did not have to dispose of the most baffling aspect of the Villagomez murders—the purported confession of another American. The "confession" was never investigated by the Mexican police and the subject did not get before any court. The man who reportedly made the confession was removed from Mexico in a bizarre series of events in which the consular service played a key role. It is a role that has never been fully reported, acknowledged, or explained.

Says Simmons: "A few weeks after I was arrested, the Monterrey newspaper

TRUE

"Which room is my wife in?"

carried a long story that a Texas doctor had confessed to the Villagomez murders. There were later stories that the doctor would be brought to Monterrey for questioning and investigation. Then, about a week later, the newspaper reported that a U.S. consulate officer had taken the doctor out of Mexico without any investigation."

The facts: On November 2, 1959, three weeks after the triple slaying on the Monterrey highway, a psychotic Texas doctor was arrested by Mexican police at an Indian village near Muzquiz. Muzquiz is a small town near the Texas border city of Eagle Pass, in the state of Coahuila. The doctor was arrested on a complaint that he was running naked through the Indian village, firing a .22 firearm. He was taken to Muzquiz and jailed.

On November 10, the Monterrey daily *El Norte* carried a story by two of its reporters, filed from Muzquiz. The story, headlined "DR. ——— CONFESSES HE IS THE TRIPLE MURDERER," quoted the physician as saying that he had killed three people on the highway "and with you it will be four." The Muzquiz chief of police, Andres Vara Pena, supported this sensational development, declaring that he had heard the doctor's "confession." The reporters wrote that an inquiry at the Indian village where the doctor had been living disclosed that the doctor had been absent from there for a period of days before and after the date of the Villagomez murders.

On November 17, *El Norte* headlined a sudden turn of events. "WITHOUT INVESTIGATION, DR. ——— RECOVERS HIS LIBERTY." It reported that the doctor had been released at Muzquiz and escorted across the border into Texas by a U.S. consular officer, Harry Hargis, from the small consular post at Piedras Negras. The charges growing out of the shooting at the Indian village were dropped on the grounds that the doctor was demented. The story noted that the doctor was transported to the border in a consular car under restraint of a straitjacket. There he was transferred to an ambulance and rushed to the Veterans Administration hospital at Waco. At Waco, he dropped out of the news, like a stone down a well, for almost four years.

Simmons and his distraught parents were stunned. The story about the doctor's "confession" had given Simmons' mother and father the first surge of hope after a month of tragic and bewildering news from Mexico. The news that the doctor had been freed without investigation outraged them; today, after more than six years, they complain bitterly that they have never been given an adequate explanation of what happened.

From his cell, Simmons embarked on a long and frustrating effort to learn why the doctor was removed from Mexico. He wrote to public officials in Mexico and the United States and finally aroused the interest of Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas, who requested the Monterrey consulate to explain what had happened.

Says Simmons: "The consular service reported that a police investigation had determined that the doctor could not have committed the murders because he was not at the scene of the killings on the

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night they happened. Since I was being held for the killings, I wanted to know what police had made the investigation, how they had determined the doctor's whereabouts, and where they had established that he had been the night of October 12. But nobody could answer these simple questions."

The facts: The American Consul General at Monterrey, John Killea, informed Senator Yarborough in a letter that ". . . police authorities had established that Dr. ——— was nowhere near the scene of the murder on the night of the incident. Furthermore, as personally investigated by Mr. Harry Hargis of the staff of the American Consulate in Piedras Negras, it was learned that Dr. ——— had never confessed to any murder and had no knowledge of any such killing. The only implication, a news story which appeared in Muzquiz to the effect that Dr. ——— had confessed, was proved to be entirely unfounded by Mr. Hargis and Mexican police authorities. . . ."

This letter, and many subsequent versions of it, had the effect of providing the doctor with an alibi. The alibi had the impressive authority of the U.S. consular service behind it, but it could not be verified because it lacked specific details. In the summer of 1963, this writer spent four weeks attempting to learn who had cleared the Texas doctor and how they had "established" his whereabouts. Neither the Monterrey consulate, the Piedras Negras consulate, nor the U.S. embassy in Mexico City could give any details. They suggested that only Hargis knew who had "cleared" the doctor and Hargis had long since left Mexico.

The writer traced Hargis to Seoul, Korea. In a trans-Pacific telephone call, Hargis flatly denied that *he* had established the doctor's whereabouts or that he knew of anyone who had. "We never determined the whereabouts of the doctor on the night of the murders," Hargis said. "We asked a lot of people, but we never pinned anything down."

Other information about the doctor supplied by the consulate collapsed under investigation.

Says Simmons: "For years, the consulate told everyone who asked about the doctor that he was undergoing psychiatric treatment at the V.A. hospital in Waco. But I couldn't get any information about him from the hospital there."

The facts: Simmons could learn nothing from Waco because the doctor was not there. He was transferred to the Houston V.A. hospital and released a few months after he was removed from Mexico. The writer traced him to Wichita Falls, Texas. Rather than "undergoing psychiatric treatment," the doctor was working as a staff physician at a state hospital. He denied the Villagomez murders and declared that he had not been in that area of Mexico during the entire year of 1959. He said that he could not account for his whereabouts when the murders occurred because he had undergone electroshock treatment in the V.A. hospital that had imparied his memory. He declared that "much of that period in Mexico is like a patchy fog."

Meanwhile, teaming with another reporter, this writer had picked up the doctor's four-year-old trail at two points. The doctor had appeared at the University of Texas in Austin several days before the Villagomez killings. He had shown up at a hotel in Eagle Pass, Texas, on October 17, five days after the murders.

The inability of the Texas doctor—or anyone else—to account for his whereabouts on October 12 does not imply any involvement in the Villagomez killings. It no more incriminates the doctor than Simmons's inability to produce witnesses to *his* whereabouts that night incriminates Simmons.

What remained unexplained was the U.S. consulate's peculiar action in giving the doctor an alibi that no one could support. In Mexico City Ambassador Thomas Mann became disturbed by this. A few days after this writer had discussed the puzzle with an embassy official, the ambassador ordered the entire Simmons file bought from Monterrey to the embassy and began an investigation of the strange handling of the Texas doctor. Instead of assigning the job to an agency such as the FBI, however, Ambassador Mann delegated it to a member of his own staff. The grave nature of the assignment was disclosed in a later report. "In view of the possibility that Simmons might be condemned to death for a crime committed by another American citizen," the report stated, "the embassy has made an exhaustive investigation of (the doctor's) whereabouts for the period covering October 12, 1959."

The embassy's investigator spent several months on his assignment. He filed two reports; a preliminary review and a final report. Both reports have been classified by the State Department, which refuses to make them public. Although they deal with a subject, by the embassy's own statement, that could affect Simmons's ultimate fate, the State Department declines to make their contents available to Simmons.

This writer, however, obtained access to them. Their contents make it abundantly apparent why the State Department has clamped a lid of secrecy on them. They confirm some of his bitterest charges.

Says the report: "In early correspondence on the Simmons case, the Consulate General at Monterrey was stating that the Mexican police had established that (the doctor) could not have been at the scene of the murder on the night in question and that the source of his reported 'confession' was a Mexican police official who was merely interested in the reward offered for the capture of the Villagomez murderer. There is nothing in the files here (at Mexico City), at Monterrey, or Piedras Negras, however, to support this statement. . . ."

The Consul General at Monterrey had assured Senator Yarborough that the doctor "had never confessed to any murder," and this statement was repeated and paraphrased in dozens of other letters from the Monterrey consulate. The secret report, however, declared: "Monterrey's files include a notation that (the doctor) had 'repeatedly confessed' to the killing of three Mexicans on October 12. The drafting officer added that credence was lent to the confession by (the doctor's) possession of a .22 rifle, his resemblance to the description of the killer, and his absence from Muzquiz for over a week during the time of the killings."

The bulk of the report dealt with the efforts of the State Department's investigator to learn the doctor's whereabouts on the day of the murder. He wound up at the same blank wall as this writer. The investigator "established that [the doctor] checked into a boardinghouse . . . in Austin on about October 9." Attached to the secret report were a series of statements taken from people at Austin who recalled the doctor's brief appearance there. None of the witnesses, however, could establish the doctor's whereabouts from the morning of October 11 —the day before the murders—until several days after the murders.

From a student who lived at the boardinghouse where the doctor stopped, the investigator got the following statement: "What I remember concretely about [the doctor's] visit to the University is that . . . he was absent from the boardinghouse from October 11 until the middle of the week when he was present again. I remember hearing other people say . . . that [he] was going on a trip on October 11, I think to Mexico. I also recall hearing that he could not start his car on Sunday morning, October 11, and I remember being told that he had had car trouble and could not take his own car and may have taken someone else's car on this trip. When I saw [the doctor] during the middle or latter part of the week, I have the impression that he told me, in the course of a conversation, that he thought he had been responsible for a crime committed during this trip. . . ."

The report thus confirms—although it does not acknowledge—Simmons's six-year complaint that the U.S. consulate gave the doctor a fictitious alibi. It then swiftly sweeps the whole unpleasant affair under the rug with a deductive broom. It relates that a check of all Mexican border entry points for October 11 and October 12, 1959, showed that there was no record of the doctor entering Mexico. The report summarizes: "The

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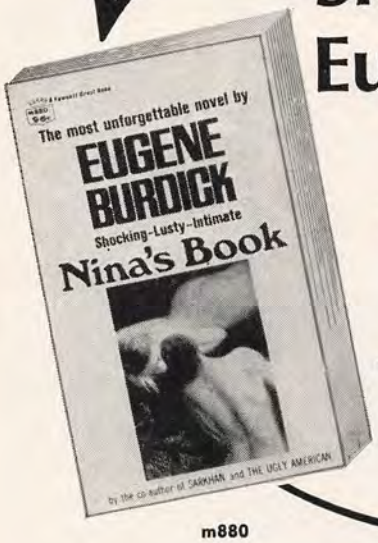

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embassy has concluded that there is no evidence that [the doctor] was in Mexico on the night of October 12."

No doubt this is literally true, but a trained investigator would point out a gaping hole in the logic that led to that conclusion. The State Department made the border check *four years* after the murders. An FBI agent with long experience in Mexico declares: "The Mexicans don't pay much attention to paper work. You can't depend on an entry check four weeks after the date, let alone four years."

This is the record of the State Department's protection of one American in trouble abroad. Last year the State Department quietly reviewed the Simmons case and decided that it would not protest to the Mexican government. With its own record of bungling, failure and misrepresentations of vital facts, the State Department could hardly complain about the quality of justice dispensed by the Mexican government. And thus Dykes Simmons is left naked to his fate in an alien land.

When the Mexican Supreme Court upheld Simmons' conviction in the spring of 1965, the governor of Nuevo Leon announced that he was willing to commute the death sentence to 30 years in prison. By Mexican standards, this offer was hardly tempered with leniency. The European Communist agent, Ramon Mercader, who sank an ax in Leon Trotsky's brain at his Mexican villa, got off with 20 years. And the Trotsky assassination was an open-and-shut case of cold-blooded political murder, in which the slayer was caught red-handed and confessed.

As of this writing, Simmons's sentence has not been commuted. He lives on, in the tiny, sweltering cell, in a legal limbo. The death sentence can be executed at any time by the order of the governor. Simmons continues to write letters of protest, but he gets fewer and fewer answers. He has charged, on a number of occasions, that he has been beaten by prison guards.

One afternoon, his mother and two friends went to the prison to visit him. He was not in his cell. Some Mexican prisoners pointed silently up a narrow stairway that leads to a few cramped cubicles up under the roof. These are for solitary confinement, which Mexicans call *"separo."*

The women found him lying unconscious in a drying pool of his own blood. "He was frightfully beaten," his mother said later. "He had lain there unconscious since that morning. I would not have recognized him, except for his shirt, and I thought he was dead."

The women went to the prison director and complained. "He told us," said Mrs. Simmons, "that my son must have injured himself."

The women called the American consulate and reported what had happened. This time, the consular service swung into action.

"We wrote an official letter of protest to the director," says a Monterrey consular spokesman. "And to indicate our disapproval, *we wrote it in English.*"

—**James Phelan**

MANY FACES OF THE U.N.C.L.E. MAN

[*Continued from page* 41]

elegantly dressed young man of 33 is too intelligent to go along with this current pattern of political reasoning in showbusiness (he has a B.A., a master's degree and is working on his Ph.D.—from the Department of Mass Communications—at the University of Southern California). In direct answer to Miss Steven's question, he replied, "I want to enjoy the fruits of capitalism as long as I can, before I even *think* of becoming a candidate of any kind." He did not, however, rule out seeking high office in the future. The exchange with Miss Stevens later led Broadway producer David Merrick to observe gloomily, "The way things are going with actors in politics, the next Secretary of State probably will be Mickey Rooney."

Most politicians share Merrick's disenchanted view of showbusiness celebrities poaching in their private preserve. But many of them, particulary the liberal Democrats, tend to make an exception in the case of liberal Democrat Vaughn. They have watched him diligently and uncomplainingly advance himself through the drudgery of precinct work to the point where he was recently appointed Registration Chairman for the Democratic State Central Committee in California. In 1964, he was Chairman of the Speakers' Bureau for U.S. Senatorial candidate Pierre Salinger, who says, "The typical actor fooling around with politics is a dilettante. Not Bob. He's dead serious about learning the craft. He's active. He'll make a powerful candidate some day. He's articulate, hardworking and good-looking. As recent history proves, that's a tough combination to beat."

If Vaughn ever *does* run for office he undoubtedly will bring a new dimension to American politics. If he continues the characterization he has developed as the indestructible superspy, Napoleon Solo, in *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, the first and most consistently successful of TV's current wave of secret-agent spoofs, he will demolish his political enemies with karate chops, blow down opponents' headquarters with vest-pocket explosives and charm the lady voters of America with his patented sardonic smile. He will be a man of action rather than words, for as David McCallum (Vaughn's partner Illya Kuryakin) says, "On this show we don't speak. We just run, jump, shoot and fight." Recently, Vaughn accompanied his friend, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, to a rally at which the Senator was scheduled to speak to University of Southern California students. At one point, their car was so hemmed in by political partisans of both sides that it could move neither forward nor backward. Kennedy turned to Vaughn and asked, "How would Napoleon Solo get out of a jam like this?" Vaughn reached into his pocket. "It just happens," he said, "that I have a pen here which shoots flaming napalm."

If, on the other hand, Vaughn were to bring some of the characteristics of

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his present *private* life with him into public office, he could well become one of the most colorful elected officials since the days of Huey (Kingfish) Long, Fiorello (Little Flower) LaGuardia and W. Lee (Pass-the-biscuits, Pappy) O'Daniel. Vaughn, for example, is a vigorous exponent of the organically-grown, uncontaminated-by-man-made-poisons diet. Every morning his breakfast consists of organic grape juice, Tiger's Milk (amino acids and proteins), raw gelatine, sesame seed oil and wheat germ. During the day, Vaughn swallows a total of 42 pills. Among them are dried liver extract, Vitamin C, Vitamin E, bone and marrow. At night, Vaughn takes most of his dinners at The Aware Inn, an establishment serving organically-grown health foods exclusively.

A Robert Vaughn holding political office might be constrained to make decisions of state on the basis of astrological charts. Much of what he does today is guided by ancient readings of the configurations of the stars and planets. "I was born," he proclaims, "at 4 a.m. on November 22nd, just on the cusp of Scorpio and Sagittarius. I have no manifestations of Sagittarius qualities, however. I am pure Scorpio, dominating, willful and hard driving. An astrological trait of the *Scorpio* is to find time for anything he wants to do. That's how I was able to continue my graduate studies in college, even while I was working in television." Vaughn points out that Robert F. Kennedy, whom he greatly admires, is also a Scorpio. He declares that the woman he eventually marries *must* be a Capricorn. He says, "Capricorns are temperamentally mild and compatible with dominating Scorpios. Essentially I must marry a woman content to subjugate her personality to mine." Hollywood maidens who receive Vaughn's bachelor attentions have been known frequently to falsify their birth dates from, say, March 14th (Pisces) to January 10th, in order to come under the Vaughn-favored sign of Capricorn. One such beauty evaded a trip to Europe with him, fearing he might see her actual birth date on her passport, which would expose her as an undesirable Taurus.

Along with his interest in astrology, Vaughn, who remains a devout Catholic, also has become a student of Oriental religious philosophies. He is an outspoken admirer of such preachers of nonviolence and self-realization as J. Krishnamurti, a Hindu sage who set up shop in Ojai, California. Recently, Vaughn was invited to make a speech in Orange County, California, strong John Birch territory, where Vaughn's liberal views make him almost as dangerous an enemy of the American Way of Life as Chief Justice Earl Warren. A friend asked Vaughn, "What are you going to say to those jokers?" A dreamy look came into Vaughn's eyes. "I will appeal to them," he said, "on the basis of the Eastern religious philosophies which emphasize rationality and morality and nonviolence at this dangerous time in man's history."

In addition to his somewhat unorthodox characteristics, Vaughn possesses commendable qualities which will stand him in good stead if he ever takes the plunge into politics. For one thing, he has guts. His continuing skirmish with the California Birchers is a good example. During the 1964 Presidential campaign, he sallied with friends into the heart of Birch country in an automobile which was so decorated as to invite combat. It bore bumper stickers proclaiming the candidacies of Lyndon B. Johnson, Hubert Humphrey and Pierre Salinger. Another bumper sticker read, "Down With the Sons of Birchers." Before Vaughn got back to Los Angeles, after attending a dinner for space scientist Werner Von Braun, the car's tires were slashed, its windows were soaped over and its roof and hood besmirched with hurled eggs.

The average TV performer is terrified of offending even one potential viewer for fear it might cause a drop in his show's rating, but over the next few months Vaughn alienated Radical Right audiences by such quotes as, "Everything is un-American to them except shooting someone you disagree with in the back of the head." He filled in for a Hollywood telecaster named Joe Pyne, who argues current topics with a studio audience at local station KTTV every Saturday night. Vaughn was warned that the Birchers were planning to pack the audience and give him a rough time. Smiling his sardonic smile, Vaughn said, "Okay, let them come."

When Vaughn was introduced, the entire audience rose to its feet and loosed a chorus of boos that nearly blew out the station's transmitter. Vaughn sat at a table facing the audience, members of which lined up in front of a "dock" where, one at a time, people could stand and ask questions or take issue with him.

Braving the continuous chorus of catcalls, Vaughn commenced a serious discussion on the dangers of the hallucinatory drug, LSD, but occupants of the "dock" responded with questions like: "How come you once said we have a combination of free enterprise and socialism here in America?" The audience took up the cry and Vaughn had to be rescued from an increasingly ugly situation by the director of the program who switched to a series of commercials.

When the commercials ended, Vaughn tried to quiet the audience by introducing Dr. Joseph Nyomarkay of the University of Southern California, a professor who had escaped from communist Hungary and whose brother had been killed in the 1956 revolt against the Russians. Professor Nyomarkay, sitting at the table with Vaughn, tried to explain the roots of communism and why the system first took hold in Russia. He was constantly interrupted by questioners in the "dock" shouting, "But *our* government is infiltrated by agents of Moscow and Peking!" Again the audience became unruly and Professor Nyomarkay said, "I'm far more acquainted than you with the horrors of totalitarian systems." Again an ominous growl ran through the crowd

and again the perspiring director switched over to commercials.

And so the program went, for its full two and a half hours. Vaughn tried to show movies of a trip he had made to Moscow on the invitation of the great Russian high jumper, Valery Brumel, (Vaughn is one of the few American actors known in the Soviet Union and Brumel had sought him out during a visit at MGM when he was in Los Angeles for the U.S.- Soviet track meet). The audience, however, drowned out Vaughn's commentary, shouting such slogans as "Down with the Reds in the UN and the PTA," and "The Reds run Hollywood and the press."

Toward the end of the program, one man fought his way into the "dock" and bellowed at Vaughn, "If you ever run for office, sonny boy, we'll be big enough to mow you down." Vaughn replied, "If my opposition is as emotionally stable and filled with as much warmth and love for mankind as you apparently are, I'll look forward to the confrontation." The program's associate producer tried to ease the man out of the "dock." The man seized him by the necktie and threatened to bust in his "communist face." Vaughn's friend Bill Tynan says, "By this time I was really worried. The only thing that kept that audience from becoming a dangerous mob was that they didn't have a leader to join up their individual hatreds. The minute the show ended I rushed up on the stage with the studio's security guards. We surrounded Bob with a flying wedge and hustled him out of there—but fast. It was like a Napoleon Solo escape scene."

A second quality which might be of great use to Vaughn in a future political career is his persistence. "He seems to thrive on adversity," says his *U.N.C.L.E.* partner, David McCallum. When the TV series first got under way in 1964, its Nielsen position was so low (72nd out of 90 national shows) that it appeared doomed to an unprecedentedly early extinction. But Vaughn, with McCallum at his side, voluntarily spent every weekend in the major cities where the show was weak. He passed out cards making kids *U.N.C.L.E.* agents, gave their fathers bumper stickers certifying that *they* were *U.N.C.L.E.* agents, and stimulated the sense of humor of skeptics by *giving* them cards of THRUSH (*U.N.C.L.E.'s* implacable totalitarian enemy) reading: "What evil thing have you done today?" With this kind of prodding, *U.N.C.L.E.'s* rating slowly became more respectable.

Next, Vaughn took note of the critics' less-than-flattering evaluation of his acting ability on the show. He set about increasing the scope of his role, adding subtle touches here and there. Instead of Napoleon Solo being a one-dimensional comic-strip character like Superman, suddenly he was winking mischievously in the face of some horrible death at the hands of THRUSH agents, he was pinching girls as they dangled in dreadful THRUSH torture chambers and his relationship with McCallum became a kidding but cynical lieutenant-sergeant sort of exchange of badinage. The critics took a second look, pronounced the show a

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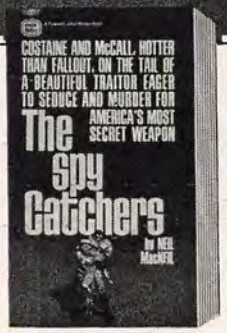

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wonderful satire, and by the time last year's summer reruns ended, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* was in the top 10.

Scorpio doggedness being what it is, however, Vaughn determined to prove his acting ability. He decided to attempt the greatest test of all—*Hamlet*. The test took place at the Pasadena Playhouse in California and the results were financially successful but artistically disastrous. Cecil Smith, drama critic of the *Los Angeles Times*, reviewed the production thusly: "Robert Vaughn, who chases heinous villains on television, tried to capture Shakespeare Friday night. And failed. In a visually beautiful but incredibly badly acted production of *Hamlet* at Pasadena Playhouse, Vaughn played the dark prince in a naturalistic monotone that at times reduced some of the greatest poetry conceived by the mind of man into double-talk and gibberish. Admittedly he was pretty good in the action scenes. . . . But take away his sword and give him him words and he is lost."

What was Vaughn's reaction to such devastating notices? He immediately signed to do *Hamlet* in London at the conclusion of this year's *U.N.C.L.E.* duties. The last well-known American actor to *dare* to attempt *Hamlet* before an English audience was the great John Barrymore in 1926—and even he was panned. In answer to statements questioning his sanity, Vaughn, quoting Aristotle, says, "The unexamined life is the unchallenged life." McCallum, a Scotsman who learned his acting craft in England, says of Vaughn's projected London adventure, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Notwithstanding such occasional foolhardiness, a third major quality which Vaughn can bring into a possible political career is his intelligence. He probably will be the first American actor to be able to sport a genuine "Dr." before his name. His Ph.D. studies at U.S.C. already are completed and he is at work on his dissertation, a 200-page opus being written for publication in scholarly channels: "Acting: Art or Accident." Before he embarked on his Ph.D., he studied at no less than four institutions of higher learning—the University of Minnesota, Los Angeles City College, U.C.L.A. and Los Angeles State College, from which he obtained both his bachelor's and master's degrees. "Bob," says David McCallum, "is a product of nomadic education." One of Vaughn's political jobs has involved his going from campus to campus speaking to students, who are aware of his educational achievements and accept him as one of them. "I have been successful," says Vaughn, "in directing their natural energies into politics, rather than into other less-desirable channels."

It took a long time, however, before Vaughn's *own* natural energies were directed away from more earthy pursuits and into the present well-established political channel. "In fact," says actor-writer John Hackett, one of his best friends, "for five-sixths of his life, Bob was a pretty one-dimensional guy with only two interests—acting and carousing."

Vaughn was born into an acting family. His father Walter worked regularly in such radio dramas of the 1930's as *Gangbusters*, amassing a fortune estimated at a half million dollars. His mother, Marcella Guadel, played supporting roles on Broadway and is best remembered for being one of the more spectacularly murdered victims in *Dracula*. They were divorced soon after Bob was born in New York City and the youngster was sent to live with his elderly grandparents

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in Minneapolis. This period of his life has given rise to fan magazine stories with titles like "I Was Chained Like An Animal When I Was a Boy," and "I Was a Teen-age Drunk." Actually, explains Vaughn, the writers of these biographical whimsies were carried away by some of the things he told them. "My boyhood," he said, "had the normal amount of happiness and unhappiness. The so-called 'chaining' consisted of my being hitched to an overhead wire to keep me from running out of the yard and being killed by the traffic in the street—a normal practice with overenergetic kids in those days. My 'teen-age drunk' reputation developed out of a couple of experiences I related to warn youngsters about the danger of experimenting with booze while they're still in high school." The writers deny they had exaggerated and speculate that perhaps Vaughn himself had been carried away when they interviewed him.

In any event, Vaughn left his grandparents' domicile when he was 17 and went to live in Chicago with his mother and stepfather, a handsome, articulate man of whom Vaughn was inordinately fond but who was a dedicated drinker and died of cirrhosis of the liver at the age of 39. "My boyhood," says Vaughn, "*was* challenging." A good part of the challenge—and an antidote to what he calls "my innate loneliness"—came when he was acting on a stage, which he began in high school and continued into his freshman year at the University of Minnesota. In 1952 he drove to Los Angeles where he thought there would be more chances for him to work as an apprentice actor. He appeared in many neighborhood playhouse productions in the Southern California area. He also began his long academic career by enrolling at Los Angeles State College. He lived with his mother until 1958 when he was 26 years old, and then took a house a block away from her apartment in Hollywood. He was there until she died in 1961.

The Vaughn acting career got under way in earnest when he did a local stage production of *End As a Man,* and his performance impressed movie producer Harold Hecht, who signed Bob to a film contract. Vaughn played several minor movie roles and became a sort of hero to the aspiring young actors and actresses who hang out in Hollywood's bistros and coffee houses. His friend Bill Tynan says, "He used to impress everyone with his prodigious feats of carousing. That's about all he was interested in in those days—aside from acting and studying."

Vaughn put in a brief hitch in the Army, then went into the reserve where he is remembered mostly for his weekend exploits while on leave from summer training camp, and for the fact that he was the only GI in the outfit who showed up for duty in a Cadillac convertible, wearing a uniform specially conceived by Cary Grant's tailor.

In 1960, Vaughn got the role of a one-armed drunk in a picture called *The Young Philadelphians* and was nominated for an Academy Award. This led to a good role in the film *The Magnificent Seven* and to a costarring part as a stuffy captain in the TV series, *The Lieu-*

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tenant. This, in turn, led to his selection by executive-producer Norman Felton to become Napoleon Solo.

Almost simultaneously with his success as an actor came his sudden rise as a budding politician. His friend John Hackett says, "Just about the time Bob hit it big with *The Young Philadelphians*, he also hit it big with the Kennedy family. He was just a precinct worker in the 1960 campaign when Teddy Kennedy came out here to direct the West Coast operations for his brother Jack. Bob got to know Teddy and later Bobby Kennedy and all of a sudden he was throwing himself into politics with all the enthusiasm he used to devote to his other activities. That's the way Bob *is* with his enthusiasms. He's changed since 1960. He's become much more directional and sober about his life. And sober is the word."

Today, Vaughn earns upwards of $5,000 a week for his work in *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* and attracts more fan mail (an average of 10,000 letters a month) than any other actor laboring at MGM, where the show is produced. Veteran press agents at MGM swear that they have not seen an actor cause so much commotion when he appears in public since the days of Clark Gable.

His work in *U.N.C.L.E.* is rigorous. Like all TV series, shooting commences in July and continues until the following May, with only a short break around Christmas time. An episode usually is filmed in six days, during which Vaughn must appear at the studio as early as 7 a.m., and frequently he does not drag himself home until 11 or 12 at night—since much of the action takes place in eerie backgrounds, such as graveyards and deserted factories, after dark. Each *U.N.C.L.E.* episode is filmed anywhere from six to eight weeks before it is shown on the air. Aside from news specials and documentaries, *U.N.C.L.E.* is the only TV show which Vaughn regularly watches. "It's not that I'm narcissistic," he says, "but in that six-week time lag I tend to forget what the plot is all about and I like to be able to discuss the show intelligently with my friends."

With *U.N.C.L.E.* now in its second year and headed for a third full season, the show inevitably has become a bore to Vaughn. He does not contribute plots and ideas (as does Robert Culp of *I Spy*) and seems content to go through his acting paces in a professional manner. "He has a compartmentalized mind," says a friend, "and he assigns just the necessary amount of thinking to the *U.N.C.L.E.* compartment, leaving most of his brainpower to be distributed properly among those compartments he considers to be more important to him." The executives of the show seem content with the Vaughn thought-potential assigned to them. Says producer Mort Abrahams, "Bob does this backbreaking job with grace. He always knows his lines. He melds in beautifully with the guest stars, mostly total strangers, whom we throw him in with every week. He doesn't make wild demands. That's all we can ask."

Occasionally Vaughn *does* relieve the tedium by kicking up his heels about something which has displeased him, but he always does it with a surprising absence of tantrum. Recently, for example, he was ordered to add makeup to his usually well-tanned visage and he wrote the following memo to executive-producer Norman Felton: "I cannot impress on you too strongly how negatively the wearing of makeup affects my attitude, energy, performance and general execution of my work. (I also feel dirty.) I have seen myself in all forms of color and black and white, both live and film, in professional and amateur photography, all *without* makeup, and in each instance I look beautiful. Further, I am certain that there will be no marked change in the National Nielsen rating of the show due to this decision. If you feel the necessity of contacting my psychoanalyst regarding this matter, please advise and I will hire same immediately, since I have not to date felt the necessity of such counsel." Felton rescinded the makeup order the next day.

The placidity of Vaughn's character also is evident in his continuing friendly relationship with his costar, David McCallum. After nearly two years of close association in a TV series, it is not uncommon for the principals in a show to address each other only in savage snarls. Gossip columnists have tried to stir things up reporting similar deteriorating relationships between Vaughn and McCallum but they have only succeeded in amusing the two young men. McCallum says, "We get along so well I can't believe it." Vaughn says, "Why should I fight with *him?* Look at all the money he's helping me to make?"

Unlike most series partners after two years of close association, Vaughn and McCallum even see each other socially. McCallum, a family man devoted to his wife and three children and with interests totally different from those of slightly-eccentric bachelor Vaughn, sometimes finds this trying. "Robert invited me out to dinner one night," he says, "and we ended up in one of those health-food restaurants of his. I ate raw fish and got sick for a week. Since then, all of our dinners together are at *my* house. We eat curry."

Apart from his after-hours fraternization with McCallum, Vaughn's social life is limited to seeing old friends from his struggling-actor days. Although he wears expensive clothes and drives a big Lincoln, most of his money is socked away into what his friends call his "future interests fund." The manner in which he has decorated his dressing room at MGM gives some clues as to the directions in which these future interests lie. The pine-paneled retreat is plastered with photos of Democratic officeholders and with campaign posters—even the ceiling, on which is pasted a huge Johnson-Humphrey-Kennedy poster. On one wall is a photo of Vaughn as Hamlet, labeled "The Art," and alongside it a photo of Vaughn as Napoleon Solo, labeled "The Affluence." There is a desk with a typewriter and such books as *Danger on the Right, The Broken World of Tennessee Williams*, and Sorensen's *Kennedy*.

Nearly every conversation with Vaughn, on almost any subject, invari-

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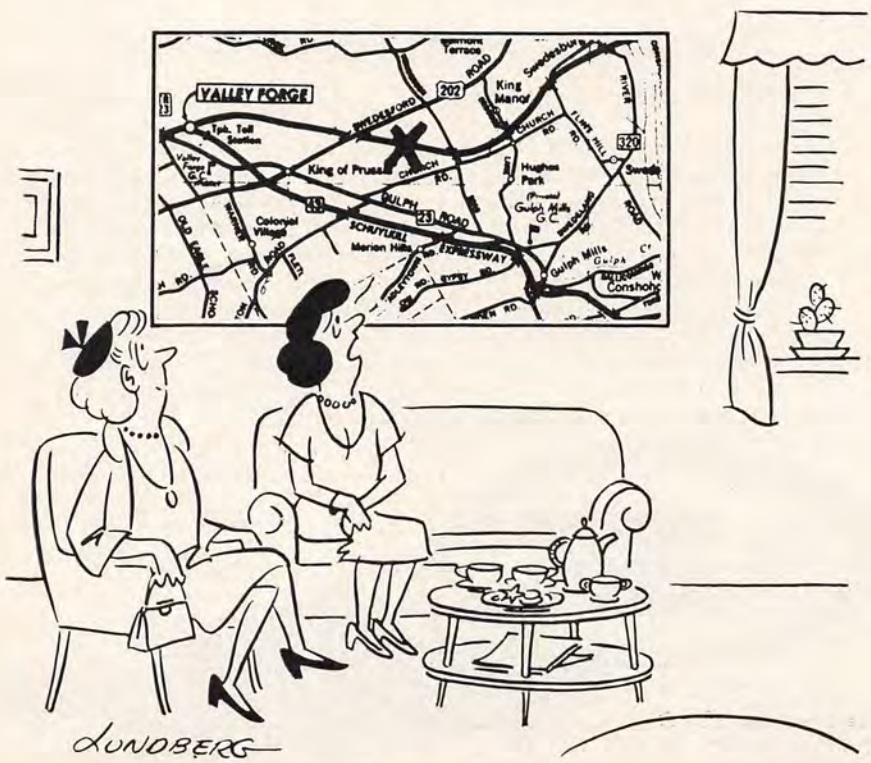

"Herbert won't ever let me forget my slight mishap on the Pennsylvania Turnpike!"

ably turns to politics. His love life, for example, has created great interest among the ladies of the Hollywood press, since he has "gone with" blonde, buxom comedienne Joyce Jameson for nine years now—a courtship approaching the record set by Jimmy Durante in his 14-year wooing of Margie Little before they were married. Vaughn's marital intentions would seem to be the topic least likely to involve politics, but when asked about them, he replied that his future wife would have to be a Catholic, wealthy, Eastern-born, from the best schools, addicted to riding to hounds, and, of course, a Capricorn. He said, "A politician's wife can be a great asset or a big handicap. That may sound unromantic and very calculating. But you want the truth and that happens to be a political fact of life."

This answer might have shocked Jacqueline Kennedy had she read it. She has never met Vaughn but she appears to have met nearly all of his specifications for matrimony. Joyce Jameson, on the other hand, *was* shocked. She is a non-Catholic, non-Eastern-educated, non-riding-to-hounds Libra. Vaughn's answer to the reporter precipitated one of the many violent interruptions to the lengthy Vaughn-Jameson relationship.

And so, despite his constant denials, it is obvious that this strange contradictory man—sometimes moody, sometimes ebullient, sometimes eccentric, sometimes brilliant—is going to throw his hat in the political ring at some time in the not too distant future. Joyce Jameson, who knows him better than anyone, specifically states, "He is interested in a large-sized political career." How large? I asked him and he replied, "I am learning my craft. By the time I finish my job as Registration Chairman I'll know the State of California better than anyone." This answer can only suggest a high statewide office, like governor or Senator.

At home, Vaughn has a study in which there is a huge carved desk modeled after the one used by President Kennedy. Flanking the desk is an American flag and the flag of the State of California. Frequently, Vaughn locks himself in this study and sits behind the desk and dreams. Only in Hollywood can such dreams have any validity. For in the Capitol in Washington, Senator George Murphy, ex-song-and-dance-man, sits behind a similar desk, flanked similarly with the flags of the United States and California.

—**Bill Davidson**

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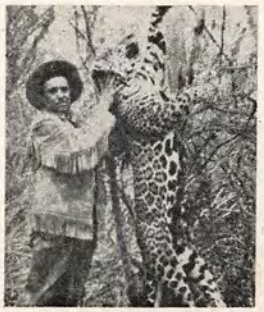

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

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New York's 59-story Pan Am Building contains the world's fastest passenger elevators.

The big blackout of last fall found John Patterson of New York stalled in an elevator on the 22nd floor of his office building. Trapped in this motionless cubicle, he started wondering about elevators. What's the fastest an elevator can go, he wants to know. And if one should fall, how fast would it travel?

The answer is that elevators *can* go a lot faster than they *do* go. The top speed at which any passenger elevator is operated in the U.S. is 1700 feet per minute, or about 19 mph. Ever since the invention of the electrically operated, gearless traction elevator by Otis Elevator Company, way back in 1903, it has been mechanically feasible to run elevators at much higher speeds than that. In fact, ore lifts in mines, operating on the same principles, zip up and down at speeds up to 50 mph.

The main factor that sets limits on the speed of people-carrying elevators is their cargo: people. Actually, the problem is not so much speed as the rate of acceleration and deceleration. In the short hauls that even express elevators in skyscrapers make—seldom more than 700 feet—to reach a speed greater than 19 mph. (and still have room to stop) the elevator would have to accelerate so quickly that passengers would complain. The fastest elevators impose a force of about 1/6 G on passengers as they gain speed.

Passenger complaints about uneven or too-fast acceleration range from "a sinking feeling" to outright seasickness. Medical researchers have discovered that there are sound physical reasons for these unhappy sensations. Tests with transparent models of the human body ridden up and down in model elevators show actual displacement of internal organs during quick ups and downs.

As for the disquieting possibility of elevators falling, that, say their makers, is a purely academic question. A modern high speed elevator *can't* fall. At least, it's almost impossible. If the cable breaks, a system of mechanical safety features comes into operation. Spring actuated metal wedges jam the elevator tightly against steel guide rails.

One freak case when a passenger elevator did fall occurred in 1945 when a B-25 bomber hit the Empire State Building. The elevator, with a woman operator aboard, fell 75 stories. She survived because in this shaft, as in all others, the engineers hedged their bet that an elevator can't fall. They build hydraulic shock absorbers into the shaft bottoms.

The shock absorbers will safely cushion the landing of the most heavily loaded elevator. Engineers figure that due to air compression and friction, a falling elevator couldn't possibly get up a greater speed than 50 mph., even in the world's tallest elevator shafts, the 986 footers in the Empire State Building.

Q: Is it true that a man once beat a horse in a marathon race? *R. L. Whittaker, Montclair, Calif.*

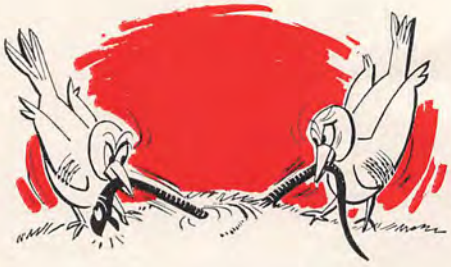
A: Yes. A six-day endurance contest at the Crystal Palace in London between a man and a horse ended on August 23, 1924, with a decisive victory for the man. He was 59-year-old C. W. Hart. The horse, ridden by jockey Arthur Nightingall, was named Haucy Lassie. Both the horse and the man ran 10 hours daily until the exhausted horse was finally withdrawn. Running a total distance of 345 miles, Hart won by eight miles.

Q: Can a citizen lose his citizenship if he stays out of the country without returning periodically? *Mrs. Ethel Coyle, New York, N. Y.*

A: No. Protracted residence abroad by a natural born or naturalized U.S. citizen does not in any way affect his status as a citizen. Under our immigration laws, expatriation is considered to be the voluntary renunciation and abandonment of nationality or allegiance.

Q: Which American racetrack had the first automatic pari-mutuel betting machine? *James Hatfield, Progreso, Mexico.*

A: Arlington Park Racetrack in Illinois on June 26, 1933.



Q: I've heard that pigeons will not eat worms or insects, only grain. Is this true? *Thomas D. Alderson, Chicago, Ill.*

A: Yes.

Q: Was it Franklin D. Roosevelt who said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."? *Otto H. Krueger, Ripon, Wis.*

A: Yes, but he didn't say it first. The original saying is, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear," and it is attributed to Henry David Thoreau by Ralph Waldo Emerson in his *Essay on Thoreau*. F.D.R. used the expression in his first Inaugural Address on March 4, 1933.

Q: What was the largest amount of money paid to the winner of the bull riding event in a rodeo? ***Randy Miller, Las Vegas, Nev.***

A: $3,229. It went to Jim Shoulders of Henryetta, Oklahoma, won at the 1958 Madison Square Garden Rodeo in New York.

Q: If a helicopter could hover above the earth at about 200 feet for 24 hours, would the earth turn under it, or would it go along with the earth? ***Frank Bell, Colquitt, Ga.***

A: As the copter is still in the earth's atmosphere, it would go along with the earth, remaining in the same position over the earth's surface.

Q: It seems that astronomers have found some new objects in space—quasars. What are they? ***Mel Morton, Stamford, Conn.***

A: Quasars are the most distant astronomical bodies ever yet seen by astronomers. One quasar which was spotted through the 120-inch telescope at the Lick Observatory in California has been estimated to be over 10 billion light years away from the earth. A light year is six million million miles, or the distance light travels in a year. Only two quasars have been positively identified so far and each is extraordinarily brilliant.

Q: Is it true that some casinos in Nevada now operate roulette wheels which are rotated by electric motors rather than by hand? ***Joseph P. Ceneski, Cohoes, N. Y.***

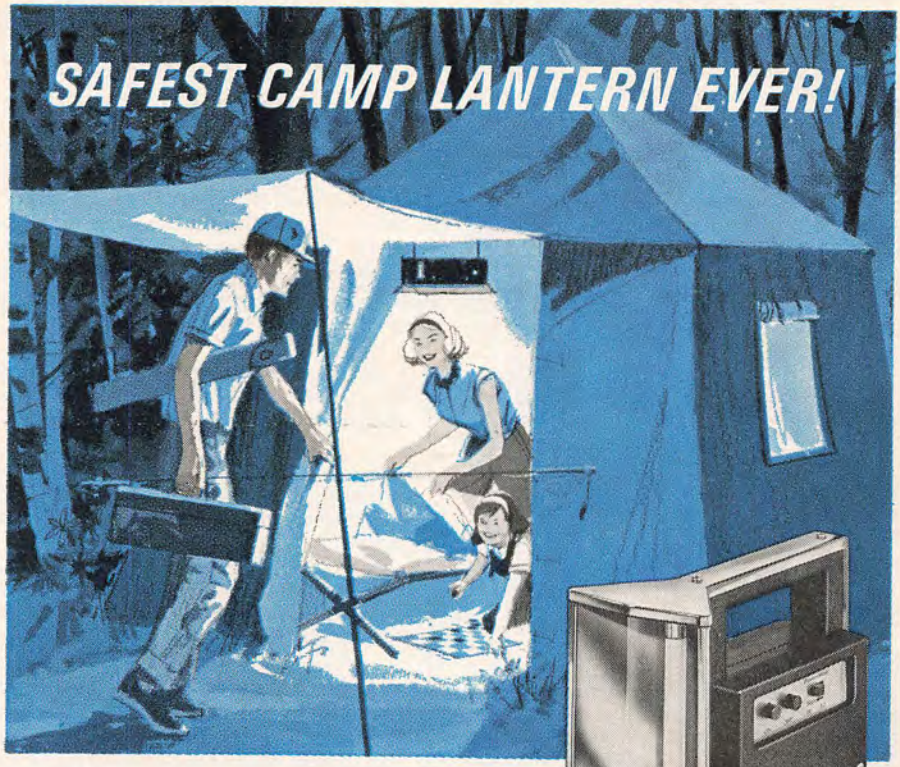
A: No.

Q: Upon entering the U.S., citrus fruits are always confiscated by custom inspectors. Why? ***Mrs. A. A. Oke, Toronto, Canada.***

A: Because they may bear foreign bugs or plant disease harmful to U.S. crops. Although it is likely that the oranges you buy in Canada originated in the U.S., custom inspectors will make no distinction.

Q: In cold weather, shouldn't you let your motor run a while before driving? A buddy bet me that I'm wrong. ***Phil Busch, Rapid City, S. Dak.***

A: You are. The best way to warm up an engine to peak operating efficiency is to drive the car slowly. Just idling the engine keeps the choke closed longer.



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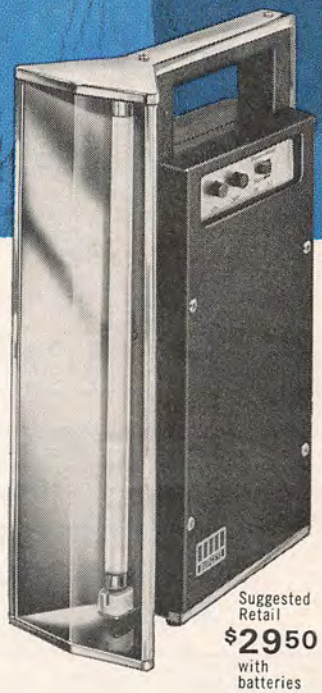

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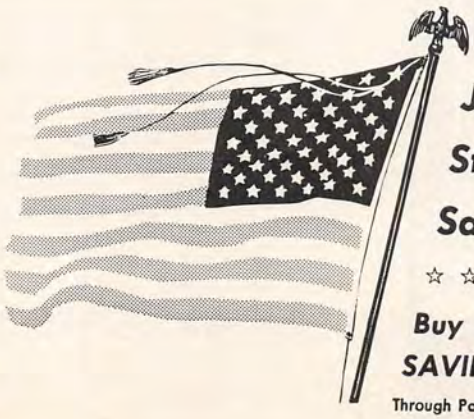

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Q: Is the guillotine still used in France? ***Lawrence Sever, Milwaukee, Wis.***

A: Yes. Decapitation is the method of capital punishment for civilians in France and the guillotine is still the handiest method of performing it. Crimes punishable by death there are ones that involve, directly or indirectly, the loss of human life, or crimes against the State. In recent years there have been very few death penalties, one or two yearly, pronounced by the French courts.

Q: Is it true that a pig will cut its own throat with its feet while swimming? ***Robert E. Thatcher, Hudson, N. Y.***

A: No, that's just an old superstition probably based on the shape of a pig's foot. If given a chance, pigs are fine swimmers.

Q: Is there an income tax in the Soviet Union? ***Mrs. Virginia Nold, San Mateo, Calif.***

A: Yes. A tax of 0.1 to 13 percent is paid by nonfarm workers each month; as in this country, the higher the income the higher the tax rate. Agricultural workers pay no tax on work performed on cooperative farms, but are assessed for other income.

Q: What is the largest number in use today? ***Clarence A. Fulwider, Staunton, Va.***

A: The largest number in the American system of numbering is the centillion. It has 303 zeros after the one. There's nothing on record of it ever having been used.

Q: Why is the $2 bill so unpopular? ***Mrs. Bill Curtiss, Melbourne, Fla.***

A: There are various theories. The word "deuce" is historically connected with the word, "devil" and some gamblers, therefore, want nothing to do with either. The bills also fell into disfavor back in the 1880's, when some unscrupulous people were accused of buying votes at $2 each. Then, there is the fact that prostitutes, in times long gone, charged two dollars for their services. As payment was frequently made in the dark, a one-dollar bill was often passed off as a two-dollar bill. The girls finally refused to accept them any more.

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Q: Does Walden Pond, which was made famous by Henry David Thoreau, still exist? ***Richard Telfair, Upland, Ind.***

A: Yes. Located near Concord, Massachusetts, it is now used for boating, bathing and fishing and covers 64 acres of a 144-acre reserve. The park, which still contains the actual foundations of Thoreau's cabin, has changed little since the author's time.

Q: Has an Indian ever appeared on our paper currency? ***Wally Farragut, Davenport, Iowa.***

A: Only one. Sioux Chief Oncpapa was pictured on the $5 silver certificate, series of 1899, distributed during the fiscal years 1900 through 1926.

Q: Are there height restrictions for entrance into the U.S. Army? ***James P. Boulton, Redwod City, Calif.***

A: Yes. If a man is over 6′6″ tall, or under 5′, he will be rejected unless he appeals. Then, exceptions often are allowed and the man is permitted to enlist.

Q: Are there any piranha fish in the Florida Everglades? ***Wallace M. Greer, APO, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: Though these tropical fish, with jaws and razor-sharp teeth strong enough to kill man and animal, could easily adapt to living conditions in the waters of the Everglades, none are known to be there. To make sure the situation stays that way, the possession of piranha in south Florida is carefully restricted to museums and large aquariums.

Q: Do any countries use stainless steel coins? ***George Lally, Frankfort, Ky.***

A: Yes. Some of the coins of Turkey, Italy, France, Costa Rica and Vatican City are made of stainless steel.

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THE CASE OF THE FLAP-MOUTH KILLER

[*Continued from page* 48]

"Will there be any wolves in the woods? I'm scared of wolves."

"No," said the stranger. "There will be no wolves. I can promise you that." And the boy put his hand trustingly into the one held out by the man.

Luc's dead body was found by a laborer next morning at 5:30, just as dawn was tinting with lavender the trees of the Bois de Verrières, south of Paris.

He was lying on his stomach under a tree. He had first been choked, then his face had been thrust into the soft earth. His mouth and nostrils were full of loam.

The story broke in the early editions of the Paris evening papers and all France was sickened. In the lexicon of crime nothing is more repellent than child murder.

The dawn alarm had been relayed to the First Mobile Brigade on the Rue Saint Honoré, where it was received by Chief Inspector Jean Samson. Samson was a slight man, more the village schoolmaster in appearance than a detective. But he had an impressive record in the kind of crime that involved the deviations of the human spirit. Because child murderers are usually easy to catch, Samson was relaxed and unworried, and chatted about other things as he drove with his colleagues to the Bois de Verrières. Poor Samson did not realize that he was embarking on an investigation which would prove to be one of the most baffling cases in French criminal history.

He joined the crowd of policemen around the body and read the reports. First suspicion fell on Luc's parents. Yves Taron and his common-law wife, Suzanne Brule, were a fairly good-looking couple, but withdrawn. Taron worked as a club manager and made good money. Yet there was a whiff of dishonesty about him, and his neighbors complained that he beat the boy. He had not reported the child's disappearance to the police until after Luc had actually been found. The couple were taken to headquarters and given the full treatment—interrogation for 34 hours by relays of detectives. Suzanne, weeping, said that Luc often disappeared for hours at a time, and Taron protested that he had tramped the streets all night looking for him.

But even while they were being questioned, suspicion was removed from the parents by a development so bizarre as to lift the murder of Jean-Luc Taron from the sordid to the heights of fantasy.

It came in the form of a letter mailed through the *pneumatique*, the remarkably fast system of postal delivery unique to Paris. The writer accused the Tarons of refusing to pay the ransom he had demanded. He said he had found Luc wandering aimlessly through the streets, afraid to go home because he would be beaten. It was signed simply, "The Strangler." Child murders, like rape murders, always stimulate crackpot letters. Taron denied that anyone had telephoned for a ransom, and Samson believed him. He passed the note on to the police laboratory for a routine inspection of writing, finger-

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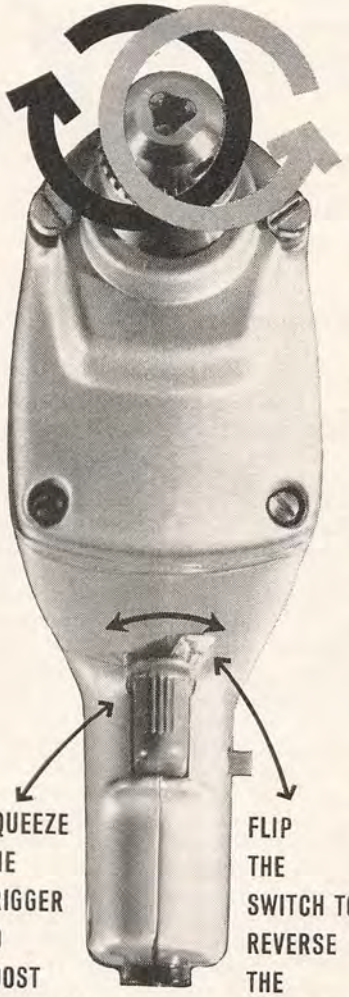

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prints and paper. To reporters he said, "There is nothing in the letter that could not be taken from what you gentlemen have written on the subject."

Inspector Samson was not prepared for what hit him next: a second letter written in the same spidery hand, obviously dashed off in the heat of anger after the newspapers had come out with the story. Again it was signed "The Strangler," but this time it was more specific. It stated that Luc had mercurochrome over a bruise on one leg, adding with mock humility, "I regret I cannot remember whether it was the left leg or the right." This information had definitely not appeared in the press. "The Strangler" was undoubtedly the killer.

Samson read the letter with high excitement. "This is it," he said to newsmen. "Now all we have to do is get him."

Hardly had the inspector's orders to check the post offices gone out when a third letter arrived, and a fourth and a fifth. Not all were addressed to Samson. The killer also wrote to newspapers and radio stations. He telephoned a *speakerine*—a French female television announcer—and berated her for not reporting on a letter he had sent her personally.

Each letter added something new. He gave details of the position of the body, the clothes the boy was wearing, the conversation they had had—details only some of which the police knew. He said, for example, that the Tarons spent their evenings addressing envelopes, which they did, sending off circulars for the father's club. The boy's jacket, said the Strangler, could be found in a ditch off Route N-306, "Just before Chatillon on the left, going in the direction of Paris." And so it was.

Clues poured in with every letter. The killer should have been caught at once. But the police could not shape the clues into a lead and at the end of a week Paris was petrified with horror at seeing a man get away with murder as he was holding the police up to ridicule.

Inspector Samson faced a terrible problem. One ominous note from the Strangler said, "It was because I needed the money that I killed without pity, and I will kill again. I am waiting for the opportunity to snatch my next child and to receive the ransom money. Afterwards you will hear no more from me. Remember: ransom—or death. Good day to you."

Samson feared that having tasted the pleasure of killing, the Strangler would be tempted to kill again. He must know he would be caught sooner or later, and he probably felt he might as well enjoy another orgy of murder. Samson made up his mind to encourage the man so he would not feel repressed—and thus more murderous. The art of murder, like the art of writing, is a fundamentally silent art. The Strangler was now using up his sexual and psychological impetus in letter writing. Frustrated at that, he might kill again. It was important that his letters be given maximum publicity to keep him in good humor. Samson called in the reporters.

Encouraged by front-page stories, the Strangler became more revealing in his communications. In each letter there was new detail. He told what marks he had made at school and described his unhappy childhood. When he said he drove a Citroën DS 19—France's most prestigious car—nearly every DS owner in Paris was questioned. He said he lived in Grenelle, the elegant 15th *arrondissement* of Paris, and scores of police were assigned to a house-by-house investigation of the district. Every time the Strangler said "jump," the police jumped.

When a reporter suggested the killer was mad, he promptly received a personal letter. Who wouldn't be mad, said the Strangler indignantly, after all the tortures he had participated in under Colonel Massu in Algeria? This bit of data sent the police scampering to the military intelligence archives to check out Massu's men.

He even called Samson himself. "Chief Inspector," came a shrill querulous voice over the telephone, "this is the Strangler. I intend to strike again, you know, and I think you should be warned. Good day. . . ." Within minutes, the bar from which he had called was invested by the police, but the Strangler had gone.

He went to Luc's funeral. At least he swore he did, and Samson believed there was a grain of truth in everything he said. The inspector had even suspected his antagonist might attend the rites, and secretly photographed the whole cortege. But it included hundreds of strangers and when Taron and his wife were shown the photographs, they shook their heads. "Hah! Hah!" cried the Strangler when he read all this in the newspapers. "You did not think I was crazy enough to show myself, did you?"

It was a cat-and-mouse game in which no one could decide which was the cat, which the mouse. The whole thing was impossibly theatrical and yet frighteningly real. Parents kept their children at home. Parks and gardens were placed under close police surveillance. The make-believe atmosphere was heightened because it seemed to be a time of madness throughout Europe. Some crackpot sawed off the head of the mermaid statue in Copenhagen Harbor. In Switzerland 13 champion Alpinists plummeted to their deaths. And France, in the middle of celebrating the 20th anniversary of D-Day, had a Strangler who could openly mock what was often considered the finest police force in the world.

A month passed, with the police no closer to an arrest than they had been from the start. The killer's communications, instead of drying up, became ever more challenging, ranging from the caustic to the sentimental. He sent to the evening *Paris-Presse* a sketch of the murder scene, showing how he had first choked, then suffocated the boy. It was exactly the way the police themselves had reconstructed the murder. "Expect another dramatic development," he announced, and he provided it.

One evening during the rush hour, a man in workman's clothing walked onto the platform of the Porte de Clignancourt subway station. Just as the doors of a train were about to close, he dropped a brown-paper parcel into the lap of the ticket collector, boarded the train, and was gone. The parcel contained the Bugs Bunny book which Luc had taken with him on his last outing.

Inspector Samson possessed every clue a detective could ask for. He had accumulated 15 minutes of taped conversation with the killer. He had received more than 30 letters addressed to him personally and obtained others addressed to newspapers, magazines and TV stations. He had formed a clear picture of the man in his own mind. The Strangler would be small, inconspicuous. He would have served in the Army, but probably doing menial jobs. The reference to the celebrated soldier, Colonel Massu, was probably just *baratin*—showing off. According to calligraphy experts, his spidery writing indicated weak eyesight. His speech and selection of words showed education. There was evidence that he read the poets Rimbaud and Verlaine. He would be sexually impotent, though not neces-

sarily homosexual. He would work in some boring job. And he must be a loner, because if he had boasted to friends even the tiniest fraction of what he said every day to the police, he would be behind bars by now. Insignificant in real life, in his own imagination he was superman, ogre, monster.

The situation was complicated by the failure of the psychologists to understand precisely *why* he had killed. They were certain this was the first time he had committed an act of violence. Outwardly the man must have had a kindly disposition, because Luc had poured out to him his entire family history, his problems, his griefs. The Strangler's contention that he killed for money they discounted completely. He did not even intend that they believe it. In one note he came closer to the probable truth: "Luc kept saying, 'Let me stay with you.' I decided to keep him with me forever. Poor little Luc. He died that I might achieve happiness. He was an attractive little boy. Properly guided and well looked after, he might have made something of his life. But he is better off where he is."

That the Strangler enjoyed the act of killing there was no doubt whatever. "I had this irresistible compulsion," he said in one of his letters. "I took him by the back of the neck and I squeezed. Luc tried to jerk his head away and fell to the ground. I had him by the back of the neck, pressing his head, face down, into the soft loam. It was all over very quickly."

In the sidewalk cafés of Paris the talk was of nothing but the Strangler. Even the Tour de France cycling race, which usually stops France for two weeks in June and July, was taking second place. It was not that the *citoyen* felt himself to be in special danger—this killer was not in the same category as Jack the Ripper or the Boston Strangler. Nor did the Parisian mind seeing the police look foolish. The Paris police are not unduly loved. But the whole thing made one uneasy. If, with all their resources, the police could not capture a strutting exhibitionist like the Strangler, how could they offer any protection at all?

Nerves in the capital began to shred dangerously. Explosions of temper became frequent. To the policeman handing out parking tickets, comment was inevitable and insulting: "If you damned *hirondelles* spent more time looking for the Strangler and less. . . ."

The Strangler began to doodle, the way a man does while waiting to hear someone reply to a difficult question. He clipped pink notes to his letters, with little drawings of cocks' heads and human skulls. He drew elaborate pictures of the boy's body sprawled under the tree.

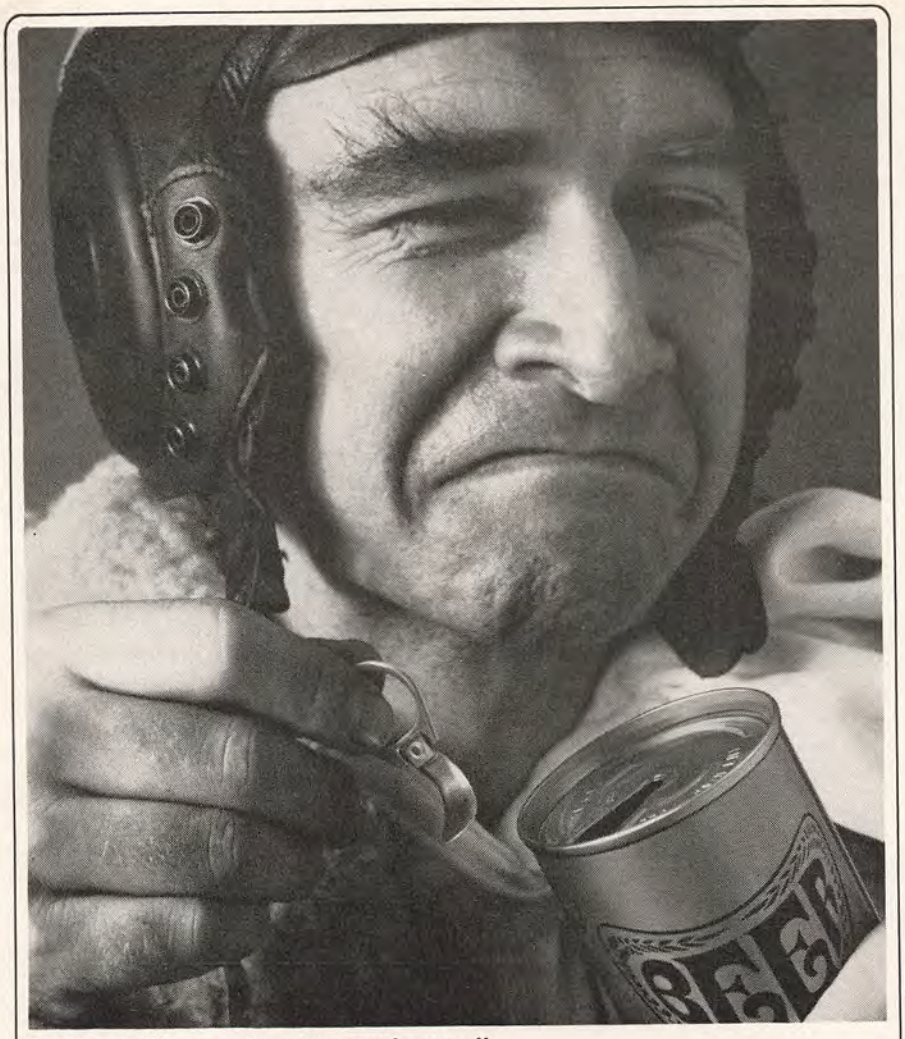
He developed a new hate against Yves Taron. He accused the boy's father of beating Luc—which was true. He said that Luc was highly intelligent and knew all the highway symbols by heart—which was true. He apologized that his finger nails had left deep marks in the boy's neck—which they had. He accused Taron of instilling fear into the boy. He said indignantly, "I had to convince him that he had nothing to fear."

His sense of sadism came out more strongly. He sent Taron a cut-off corner of a photograph which showed only a right hand pointing a gun into the camera. The picture had been taken in an automatic camera booth—the supreme plaything of the egoist because he can adjust his face as he truly sees himself. With this photograph the Strangler sent a message, "I am Public Enemy Number One." The police traced the booth—it was in the Air Terminal Building at the Invalides—but the negatives had been destroyed.

On June 28, a month and a day after the murder, the Strangler enjoyed his greatest performance. In a letter to Samson he described a conversation he himself had had with a newspaper reporter in a Montparnasse bar the night before. They had talked about the crime, and he reported the conversation in detail. The reporter was called and, flabbergasted, admitted that he *had* had such a conversation with a stranger.

From the reporter's description, the man was quickly caught, then grilled for 12 hours. He happened to be wanted by the police on another charge, but he was most certainly not the child killer. Obviously the Strangler had been close enough at the bar to eavesdrop—but he was too inconspicuous for anyone to have noticed him.

Inspector Samson, harassed by the pub-



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lic, derided in the press, criticized from above, now decided to take a desperate risk. His policy of giving maximum publicity to the Strangler was not paying off. Yet to abandon it meant to expose another child to the danger of murder. Samson took a deep breath and told the press of his change of plan. He asked the reporters to play down the Strangler—either not to publish his letters or to bury them on inside pages. This move, he figured, would either madden the man into committing a second murder, which would certainly lead to his arrest, or drive him into exposing himself through outraged conceit.

The Strangler played true to character. When he noticed the stories had stopped, he was furious. But the case had become a kind of chess game of life and death between the killer and the inspector. The Strangler guessed what had happened and paused to consider his next move. It was typically resourceful. He addressed a letter to the London *Daily Express*. "For the past month I have held the French police at bay," he declared. "They are referring to it as 'the Taron Affair,' and it is I, the celebrated Strangler, who is writing to you."

The result was not satisfying. The *Express* published the letter, but the Paris press made no move to pick it up. Samson could almost feel the frustration of his unknown adversary. It was as if they were together in a blackened room and could hear each other breathe. The first move now must be the Strangler's: murder—or blunder. For a horrible moment it seemed to be the former.

On July 3 the Strangler got off his 58th note. "I have struck again," he said. "You will never find the child, only the traces of his blood, in a Citroën 2 Chevaux, which I stole and left on the Boulevard de Latour Maubourg. . . ."

The Boulevard runs near the tomb of Napoleon in the 7th *arrondissement*, next to the 15th, which the Strangler had boasted was his home. The car was quickly found. It was filthy, and there was blood on the floor. Ownership was traced to one Lucien Léger, a male nurse in a mental hospital in Villejuif, a Paris suburb near Orly Airport. Notified that his car had been found, Léger arrived by taxi, voluble and excited. "I didn't even know it had been stolen," he said. "And look at the condition it's in." He bent down to examine the blood.

Chief Inspector Samson studied Léger. The man was small, scarcely five feet five inches, and he stared back at the policeman through thick, rimless glasses. The eyes, it seemed to Samson, were mocking and the corners of his tightly closed mouth were curled upwards, as though he were trying to restrain a smile.

It would be interesting, the inspector thought, to learn more about Léger. Samson knew the Strangler's mind by now, and this last exploit was not in keeping with "his" big Citroën DS. If he wanted to steal a car, why did he choose the tinny little Citroën 2 Chevaux? The Strangler often lied, but Samson had come to discern the truth through the lies, and he was certain that when the Strangler referred to "my DS," he was telling the truth.

The inspector had an idea. He took his eyes off the unblinking Léger and walked to the back of the car.

In France a vehicle license plate has a codal meaning. Every French plate consists of three numbers, two letters, and two more numbers, like this: 351 AZ 75. The last two numbers denote the district—"75" is the Paris area. The letters indicate the number of the make sold in thousands, beginning AA, then after the first thousand, AB, and in time, BA, BB and so on. Thus the car with the above number is the 26,351st off the assembly line, registered in Paris.

Samson looked at the plate of the little 2 Chevaux. It was 849 DS 75 . . . the Strangler's DS!

The policeman turned quickly to Léger, who was now smiling broadly, as though he were saying, "You are getting warm, Chief Inspector."

Who was this Léger?

The two studied each other for a moment, then Samson said, "I would like to examine your lodgings."

"But of course," Léger agreed, without hesitation. "Follow me."

Lucien Léger lived in a modest family hotel farther along the Boulevard de Latour Maubourg, the street on which the car had been found. It is in an elegant area, but one of the many charms of Paris is that some of the cheapest hotels are located in the most exclusive districts. The building was about a hundred years old, dating back to just before the Franco-

Prussian War. As Samson followed the little man up five flights of stairs, he was under no illusion about the difficulties facing him. Something more than expert evidence on handwriting would be necessary to satisfy a judge that the police had finally got the Strangler—if they had.

Léger's room not much bigger than a large closet, was a surprise. The walls were filled with photographs—Léger in Air Force uniform, Léger heroically posing in a paratrooper rig (obviously borrowed because it did not fit), Léger apparently declaiming verse. On a table were hundreds more photos—and piles of clippings on the Strangler case.

"Are you the Strangler?" Samson asked casually.

"Of course not." The little man again seemed to be mocking.

Samson offered him a cigarette. Léger shook his head, and the officer lit one for himself. "I didn't think you were," he said.

Léger's face dropped almost comically. "What?" he sputtered. "You don't?"

"No," said Samson, exhaling. "Of course not. I know it isn't you because you don't have the guts."

Léger uttered a sound that was a kind of muffled roar. "I *am* the Strangler!" he yelled.

"Hush!" Samson was imperturbable. "You'll get into trouble if you talk like that."

"I tell you I am the Strangler!" Léger was almost raving, his mouth wide open, a thin thread of foam between his lips.

"I can prove it. The blood on the floor of the car!"

With an effort Samson preserved his aplomb. "What about it?"

"I stole it from the hospital."

The inspector permitted himself a deep sigh. So there had been no second murder. "Take him away," he said to two of his men. "The rest of you collect everything in the room."

He riffled through the piles of pictures. They were all of Lucien Léger, and some were indecent. He picked up a strip of three photographs almost identical. They showed Léger sneering into the camera, his eyes mad behind his glasses, a gun in his right hand, pointing. Samson nodded to himself. It was from one of these that the pointing gun had been clipped and sent to little Luc's father. The Strangler's narcissism had been such that he could not bring himself to destroy the rest of the incriminating strip.

That was the end of it. The Strangler would send no more letters. Justice had rarely been clumsier, but it had triumphed. Ahead lay the dissection, by psychiatrists and police chiefs, of a diseased mind.

But who *was* Lucien Léger?

There is nothing like capture to reduce monsters to mice, dragons to tadpoles. Léger was 27 years old. He had performed his military service in Algeria, boasting to his parents that he was a paratrooper in constant combat, when actually he held the lowest rank in the French Air Force. He had told his fellow servicemen that he was a famous author and drove a DS 19. He told the same thing to a girl named Solange Vincent whom he married, soon after which she was committed to a mental hospital.

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In his hotel room he wrote poetry. He had actually had a record made of his poems in his own voice, with suitable background music.

In November, 1963, he achieved a certain notoriety because of his resemblance to Lee Harvey Oswald. He had the same doglike moroseness, a face that never seemed to light up. It was only inside himself that he really shone. In that magic world of his imagination he was both poet and hero.

His last job had been the one of male nurse. Nobody in the hospital knew that his wife was a patient. She no longer recognized him, but he enjoyed looking at her. "I am a monster," he told the police.

He said he had had no intention of killing Luc when he picked him up. He said that as he listened to the boy talk of his life at home, a great hatred welled up in him against Taron, a determination to punish the father and to spare the son the miseries of growing up.

This was the only time Lucien Léger tried to rationalize his act.

After that, he moved into a mental world of his own, in a prison for the criminally insane. In the world of the mad, to be known as the Paris Strangler is no mean destiny. For more than a month he mocked the French police. And he was caught only because he became bored and tried his head in the lion's mouth for size—with the inevitable result: his head was too big.

—Geoffrey Bocca

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MAN AGAINST THE CRUEL SEA

[*Continued from page* 53]

shouldn't be a very hard thing to do.

The trip, so uneventful when Oliver was there to nurse the engine, quickly became a nightmare. The wheezy old four cylinder motor refused to run smoothly. In the little engine room the smell of gas was raw and powerful. Almost within hailing distance of the steamer, the painful chugging stopped. When Kanehaku hurried to fill the fuel tank from spare tins stacked in the bow, he found they were all empty. But there was still a little gas left in the tank. Bewildered, Kanehaku scratched his head.

"You take the skiff and row in with the mail," he told his passenger. "I'll throw out the anchor and try to get the engine running again. Wait for me in Mahukona."

He was clever with his hands, knew how to fix things, but he was unfamiliar with engines. It took almost an hour of clumsy tinkering before he discovered the fuel line was plugged. The engine hadn't been getting enough gas! As he hunted for a wrench, he realized that the boat was rolling more than before.

The moment he thrust his powerful shoulders up through the engine-room hatch he knew what was wrong. The anchor rope, frayed in a dozen places, had parted. The current and a strong northeast trade wind had already taken him a mile offshore. That was when he said his first prayer. He felt relief when the engine started again, but when his gas gave out his hopes sank.

Now he stood on the deck, his eyes turned toward the island, fighting the panic that gripped him. "They'll know I'm in trouble when I don't report in," he told himself. "Maybe they're looking for me now."

Each time a wave heaved the launch to its crest, Kanehaku scanned the surging water around him for a rescue boat. None came. The steamer got underway and disappeared to the south. The waves grew larger as the launch drifted farther out. Kanehaku knew his tiny craft would be hard to see even if someone did come out to look for him. As the sun settled on the horizon, the big Hawaiian realized he hadn't eaten since morning. His throat felt parched.

Darkness fell and the island faded from sight. The sea continued to come up and the launch rolled heavily, broadside to the waves. This did not worry him. The beamy boat was low and stable in the water. It was his helplessness that made a knot in his stomach.

Once he thought he saw a light. He shouted himself hoarse into the darkness. Then he remembered the box of sulphur matches in the pocket of his jacket. Hastily he lit the kerosene lamp mounted on the engine room housing, wasting three matches in the process. Then he turned back to look for the elusive light. It was a full hour before he admitted to himself that he must have glimpsed a low hanging star.

In the morning, the coast had dropped below his line of vision. The majestic dome of Mauna Kea, the tallest volcano on the island of Hawaii, rose out of the water to the east. To the north Kanehaku could see the hazy purple outline of Mount Haleakala on the island of Maui. He knew that he was drifting out of the track of the small steam freighters that plied among the islands. Yet, there was still a chance to sight a fishing boat. If only he weren't so thirsty! He kept watch doggedly as the sun crossed the heavens. Late in the afternoon the wind moderated but the sea was still high.

That night his head dropped on his chest. He slumped unwillingly to the deck and slept. He awoke to feel himself sliding. The jolt when he hit the low bulwark brought him instantly awake. He grabbed frantically at the rough timber and hung on. Shaken, he regained his balance and crawled into the dirty engine room. There he lay down and gave way to his exhaustion.

He awakened to an oppressive heat in the tiny compartment and a thirst that constricted his throat. And he was hungry, so hungry it ached inside him.

It helped to be on deck, where the sea breeze cut the heat of the sun, now high in the sky. Mauna Kea had sunk below the horizon to the east. Mount Haleakala now stood more to the east than to the north. That meant he was drifting west into 5,000 miles of empty ocean.

For a solid hour he searched the undulating sea around him. His only companion was a dark bird with a forked tail, high up and soaring as effortlessly as an eagle. Kanehaku studied the bird for a long moment before he pulled his eyes back to the ocean. Nothing!

"Well, let's see what we can find on board," he said.

His thirst tormented him as he searched the boat thoroughly and with growing disappointment. He had already known there was no food and not a drop of water anywhere, and he found no oars, not even a piece of timber he might use for a mast. And if he had, there was no canvas for a sail, only a ragged scrap of tarpaulin.

But there must be something on the boat that could be useful to him!

He started from the bow and worked back once more, cataloging everything in his mind: the 10 empty gallon tins for gasoline under the bow deck, the piece of tarpaulin and a length of light rope in the same place, a pile of greasy rags in the engine room, three scraps of lumber nearby, and the meager contents of the toolbox which contained a screwdriver with a broken handle and the wrench. That was all except for a crooked metal measuring stick clipped to the gas tank.

His thirst now was painful and con-

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stant. How long was it before a man died from lack of water?

Kanehaku found himself considering the problem with curious detachment. His only chance was to pray for rain and to catch the water when it came. But how? He continued to prowl the boat. At the sloping bow deck he stopped and studied the rough planking. Water would run off that just as it did the sheets of corrugated iron used to catch rain water in his village.

First he would have to plug the scuppers. He went below for the rags he had seen in the engine room. He stuffed them carefully into the small drain holes at deck level, testing to make sure they would stay. Then he reached under the bow deck for the tattered tarpaulin. He tore away the ragged edges until he had a piece that was whole. It was not big enough to reach all the way across the deck, but the canvas would catch a good share of the runoff and funnel it into a gasoline can.

Now he could only wait. He glanced at the late afternoon sky. The clouds were scattered and riding high like soap suds. There would be no rain tonight. He licked his lips, feeling the cracks with his tongue. Now he knew why thirst could drive a man insane.

Deliberately he set himself to searching the empty ocean for a ship. Mount Haleakala was lower in the water. On the second time around he saw the dark shape of an iwa bird, the thief, with its slender forked tail, winging steadily toward the purple haze of the mountain.

Kanehaku smiled, feeling better. The bird was going home after a day of fishing. Even without the mountain, Kanehaku would have known the direction of the land and its distance. Judging by the time remaining before sunset, the bird was about 50 miles from the island.

That night the sea had calmed. After completing the now exhausting job of bailing, Kanehaku tied one end of a line to his ankle and the other to a cleat on the deckhouse. Then he went to sleep on the deck. But the dull ache in his stomach and the pain in his throat kept him awake most of the night.

In the morning he was aware of a lethargy that numbed his brain. It was an effort to think. He had to force himself to stand. To his surprise, his knees wobbled under his weight. His glance swept the ocean. Mount Haleakala had moved farther to the northeast and was sinking lower into the water. There was no sign of rain. A glistening, bluish-silver school of flying fish raced across the bow.

"Malolo!" he said softly.

Suddenly a flash of gorgeous yellow split the surface. The big fish leaped squarely into the school of malolo, then leaped again. The flying fish raced desperately away. Kanehaku forgot his thirst in the excitement.

"Mahimahi, a big one!" he yelled.

There was enough flesh on the dolphin to keep him alive for a week. And there would be others. If he could only catch one. But how?

This time he combed the boat looking for something he might use as a fish hook. For a long time he weighed the screwdriver in his palm, then reluctantly dropped it back into the toolbox. It was too clumsy. He studied the engine with new interest, searching for small metal parts. There were none that satisfied him. He shook his head, trying to think.

A gaff would be easier to make than a hook. To be effective with it, he would have to lure the fish to the boat within reach of his arm. It might work. He started searching the ship again. As he passed the gas tank, the measuring stick caught his attention. His fingers trembled as he pulled the iron rod free. It was about two feet long and a little thicker than a lead pencil.

"Maybe! Yes, maybe!" he said in growing excitement. Both ends were blunt. One of them would have to be sharpened. He could do that by rubbing it against another piece of metal. The engine! And there would have to be a handle. Perhaps, a block of wood? At least it would give him something to do.

An hour of patient rubbing against the engine taught him that the iron rod would not sharpen easily without the proper tools. He had hardly made an impression. The work tired him quickly.

But that night he prepared for sleep with more hope than he knew was reasonable. Before laying down he took the rod and gouged four marks on the inside of the deck housing, one for each of his days at sea.

On the fifth day his hope evaporated. Mount Haleakala was gone. It was like

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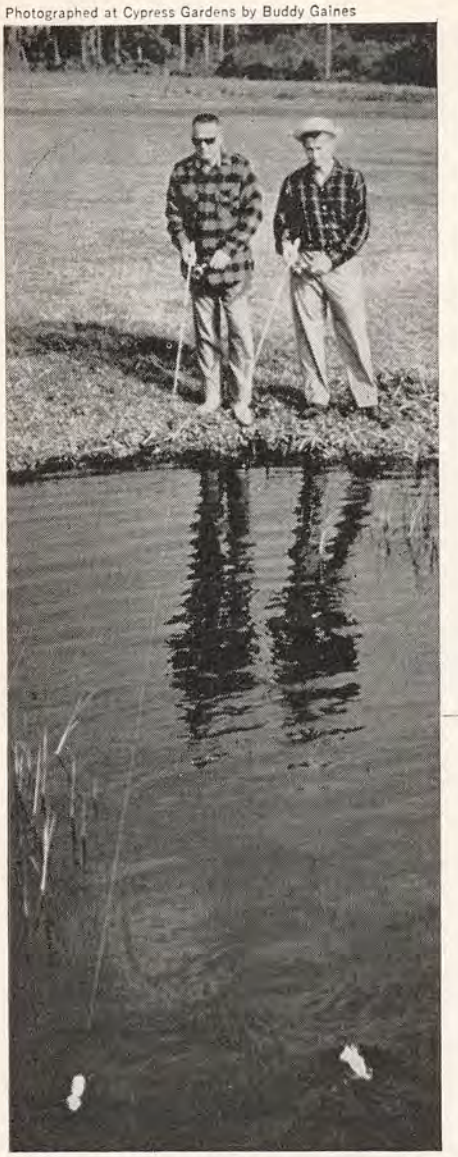

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losing his last friend. His thirst had become a terrible need. There was not a moment that it did not dominate his consciousness. He tried to work at sharpening the metal rod but it was no use. Every breath was painful. His throat felt like sandpaper. It was easier to lie out of the sun and let himself sink into a semi-stupor.

The afternoon passed in fitful sleep. He was a little delirious. He recognized the darkening to the northeast as a rain squall. But it passed far from his boat. There were other rain squalls closer to the launch. Once he roused himself and watched the gray sheets of rain move across the water. Yet his lethargy persisted; he felt that he was in a dream.

It was not until the cool drops stung his face that his mind came into painful focus. The bow deck! He must not waste one drop of the runoff! He stumbled forward under the sudden deluge of hard-driving rain. His legs wobbled but now he was thinking with precision. Oh, God, why hadn't he remembered to see that the rags were still wedged securely in the scuppers?

He slipped and fell to the deck as he reached for the tarpaulin. Precious drops were already splashing off the edge of the deck. Hastily, he thrust a gasoline can between his knees. Then his thirst overcame him and he cupped his hands under the growing trickle of water. He sucked greedily. After the first swallow he gagged. The water was putrid with salt. He must give the deck time to wash clean. Pray God the rain holds that long!

When he tested the water a second time the taste of salt was faint. He took three greedy gulps from his cupped hands, then spread the canvas. A stream of water ran down the cloth and splashed past the mouth of the can onto his knees. He had to stop shaking like this! Now the stream bubbled against the opening. Most of the water ran uselessly over the edge. But some of it was going inside. His arms ached with the exertion as he held the edge of the tarpaulin taut under the rim of the deck.

When the squall ended, he had half a can of water. Carefully he screwed the cap on the can and stored it beneath the deck. Then he flopped on his back and licked his wet lips. He could feel his strength coming back. He wasn't beaten. Not yet!

Later, he drank more. The water tasted strongly of gasoline. But each sip eased the searing dryness in his throat. One-third of the water was gone when he put the can away and went to sleep.

The next morning dawned clear. Kanehaku's first waking thought was about the water. When he tipped the more than half empty can, he cursed his greediness of the night before. This much water might last him three days, no more. And he would be thirsty all the time.

To occupy his mind, he went to work on the iron rod. An hour later he felt faint. He climbed into the fresh air and rested in the shade of the deckhouse. It was clear now that he had very little strength left. When had he last eaten? Six days ago.

After that he paced himself. He rubbed the iron rod against the engine, rested for awhile, then rubbed again, always aware of the contest between the hardness of the steel and the strength remaining in him.

He rationed himself to three mouthfuls of water a day. Yet, the contents of the gasoline can dropped much too rapidly. Through the seventh and eighth days, he worked as steadily as he dared. On the ninth day he drank the last of his water. The tip of the rod was rounded now.

On the tenth day he was very light-headed. In the afternoon, while he was working in the engine room, he fainted. He was sprawled on the floor when he came to. After a few moments he realized what had happened. But the drumming on the roof above confused him. Then he knew what it was. Rain!

This time he filled the can to the top.

But the water did not give him back the strength that was draining out of him every day. It was food he needed, something solid to chew on. In growing desperation, he returned to the engine room and continued the endless rubbing. That night it rained. And the next day. The water fell in suffocating sheets for nearly six hours. The bailing was hard work, but for the first time since his voyage began, Kanehaku drank until he could hold no more. And he filled eight gasoline tins. Still his stomach was hollow. He fainted twice on the eleventh day. But the rod was coming to a blunt point.

He knew that time was growing short. On the twelfth day he began to consider the problem of attaching a handle to the iron rod. He decided to wrap the blunt end around a scrap of two-by-four. Without tools, the task seemed impossible. But he bent the rod by slipping one end under the engine block and levering the other end down against the piece of wood. Gasping with exertion, he shifted the angle of the rod and bent it back, doubling it around the two-by-four. Twice he found himself on the floor after fainting.

That afternoon he lashed the two-by-four snugly into the bend in the iron rod with a piece of twine. Then, carefully, he bent the pointed end of the gaff into an open curve. He frowned in doubt as he hefted the crude implement. Was he strong enough to pull a mahimahi aboard with this clumsy thing?

Before dark he completed his fishing tackle. For a lure he tied a piece of rag to the end of the light line he'd found under the bow deck. A two-foot length of two-by-four served as a float. To make sure he would not lose the gaff overboard, he tied on a short rope that he could lash to his wrist.

He slept fitfully that night, dreaming of a suckling pig done to a turn in his underground imu. In the morning he took his gear to the stern and played out his lure. Then he looped the gaff to his wrist and sat down. In spite of his hunger, a feeling of contentment came over him. At last he was doing the thing that he knew best. If he had to die, he wanted it to be here on the stern waiting for a fish to strike.

In these waters and with this equipment, Kanehaku knew he had very little

chance to catch anything. But he couldn't make himself stop hoping. Now his eyes searched the sky for the birds that would tell him where the small bait fish were crowding together below the surface. Where there were small fish, there would be larger game fish feeding on them. Sometimes Kanehaku felt sorry for the little creatures hunted so relentlessly from above as well as below. If the birds didn't get them, the bigger fish would. Today there was no pity, only grim resolve in the gaunt Hawaiian as he looked for the familiar signs.

They weren't there. All morning he waited, his concern mounting. The sky was empty. That was serious for it meant he had drifted a great distance from land and from the possibility that he might be picked up by a far ranging fishing boat. This was a hope Kanehaku had clung to from the beginning. The northeast trades had been light and his boat was low in the water so the wind shouldn't have much effect on the direction of his drift. Right now he should be sweeping northwest with the current along the island chain; past Maui, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai. If he were moving west and into the trackless Pacific he could drift for years and no one would ever find him.

He studied the horizon with care at regular intervals for cloud formations that hover over each island. To the north and a little east, low on the water, he thought he saw a stationary bank of clouds. Or was it his imagination?

All day he sat patiently on the stern, his lure floating sluggishly in the water. That night he once more dreamed of food, great platters of it. And he wakened to an empty belly. When he tied on the gaff that morning, he looked at his arm with interest. The flesh was almost gone. His bones protruded through the skin like a skeleton in a sack. So that was how a man looked when he had gone two weeks without food!

He waited through the day. His eyes ached from the glare of the sun. He kept getting dizzy. Several times he thought he saw a speck in the sky. Was it a soaring bird or one of the spots that kept dancing before him? There were no fish that day. It was like drifting on a desert.

The fifteenth day was the same. Kanehaku sat without moving for hours. There was not much more time. He was a fool to think he could beat the ocean with such puny resources. By evening he was ready to give up. Then he saw it, a big white bird with spots of brown on the wing tips, flapping heavily close to the water. A booby headed for home! This was not the common brown kind but the long ranging variety with red feet. He was flying almost northeast. The cloud bank had been an island after all!

There was still a chance! Kanehaku made up his mind to hang on.

On the sixteenth day, Kanehaku was more asleep than awake when the streak of yellow glided by. Then he was trembling with excitement. He made himself sit quietly, agitating the rag lure with tiny jerks. Pray God the mahimahi would go for it. There he was, turning. Kanehaku pulled the lure in close, swishing it back and forth in the water. The fish hesitated. Kanehaku was trembling violently now.

He rose to his knees and gripped the gaff. The lure was just under the low stern. Suddenly the fish struck. Kanehaku brought his arm down, aiming for the shoulder just behind the head. He felt the metal sink in. Now his strength must not fail him.

Grunting with exertion, he heaved the fish out of the water in a single motion. They fell together on the deck. It was like trying to hold a whipping steel spring. The fish must weigh almost 20 pounds. He was not ready to die. His desperation matched Kanehaku's own.

They struggled, sliding across the deck.

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Kanehaku brought the gaff down on the fish's skull. Again! Again! He grunted like an animal with each stroke. The fish lay still, quivering a little. Gasping for breath, Kanehaku sprawled on the deck and sank his teeth into the fish's side. He could feel the flesh quiver but he didn't care. He swallowed, letting the juice run down his chin. Nothing had ever tasted so delicious!

But he knew better than to gorge himself. First he must prepare the flesh to keep it from spoiling. With the gaff, he ripped the meat from the fish in ragged strips. He tied a short length of twine to each strip and dipped it in the ocean. Then he hung the strips up to dry in the sun. After that, he ate more of the fish. That night he woke every few hours to eat a little more. In the morning he ate from the carcass for the last time.

The temptation was strong to save the rest of the fish. But Kanehaku had seen the effects of spoiled fish in a man's stomach. So he tore off bits of the carcass to throw in the water to attract other fish. All day he chummed with no success. On the eighteenth day he threw what was left of the carcass into the sea.

He felt stronger now and with renewed strength came an awakening awareness of his helplessness. All he had done so far was prolong the agony. Wouldn't it be better to give up and die quickly?

The days passed and the marks scratched on the deckhouse became a long column. At the end of the third week Kanehaku felt as if he had been drifting forever. Every day he sat on the stern watching the sea and the sky and the clouds. On the twenty-third day he saw an iwa bird.

He told himself sternly he should not begin building hope. Yet he couldn't help it. The next day he saw more birds. On the twenty-fifth day he spotted several brown boobies. That evening he saw them flying north. There must be an island close by in that direction!

On the following day he gaffed another small mahimahi. That night he caught four more pints of water.

Every day there were birds that told him land was nearby. He watched constantly. Three days passed and still he did not see land. His hopes died painfully. On the evening of the thirtieth day he spotted three boobies flying low on the water. They were heading due east. He had missed the island.

Which island had it been? The question left him with a sick feeling. The last inhabited island in the chain was Niihau. Beyond that there were only coral reefs and barren rocks jutting out of the sea.

His supply of dried fish dwindled rapidly. He ate the last of it on the thirty-first day. The next day he caught another mahimahi. By this time the taste of fish, either raw or dried, nauseated him. But it was better than starving.

That night he looked carefully at the North Star. There was little doubt about it now. He was continuing to drift northwest, beyond the inhabited islands. By this time they would have given him up for dead at home. He was idly scanning the dark horizon when he saw a light. At first he didn't quite believe it. But it was moving. It was real! A ship at last!

Kanehaku heard himself laugh out loud as the light came closer. It would pass him broadside. He ran to the bow deck and shouted, waving his arms. The ship moved steadily across his path. Kanehaku shouted until his throat hurt. What was the matter with those idiots? Were they all asleep on the ship?

He remembered the lantern and cursed himself for being a fool. His fingers were shaking with excitement as he fumbled for the matches. He struck one. The sodden sulphur head crumbled away. He struck another match. Then another. They were all soggy and useless. Later that night the ship returned on another course, not so close this time. They must be searching for something. Could it be him? His disappointment was bitter as he watched the light fade into the night.

The sea was empty at dawn. Perhaps he had dreamed it all? Two more days passed. There were 36 marks on the deckhouse. Yet he was alive and healthy. His only weakness now was a swelling in the legs which he supposed came from lack of exercise.

Then he again saw birds. This time he refused to let himself even think of rescue. But that night, when he saw half a dozen boobies flying northwest, the familiar eagerness leaped within him. He was drifting in the same direction. This time he might strike an island!

His conviction grew as the number of birds increased on the thirty-seventh day. He didn't even try to fish now. Keeping watch was more important. All morning he gazed to the northwest. When he saw the speck late in the afternoon he no longer tried to suppress his excitement. An hour later the speck was still on the horizon and growing. There was no doubt about it. He was approaching an island; maybe he hadn't already passed Niihau, after all.

That night he hardly slept. In the morning he was up long before dawn, peering into the northwest. The island emerged in the growing light, a dark shape thrusting out of the water. It was smaller than he had hoped and he didn't recognize the outline. He kept looking for a larger island nearby. None appeared.

Apprehension began to grip him. By evening the island was clearly visible, a jagged rock jutting above the ocean. He knew this wasn't Niihau. In the morning he would be close enough to see if anyone lived on the island.

There was no eagerness in him when he wakened at dawn. He turned to look at the island. Now it rose like a bleak cliff top, grim and uninviting. He saw no houses, no trees, no activity. The only living things on the island were the birds that soared high overhead in the endless vigilance.

Kanehaku could have wept. This was Nihoa, a barren rock, far to the northwest of the last inhabited island of Hawaii. Here there was no food and no water. Beyond there was only open ocean and other islands like this one. For this he had starved and thirsted 39 days?

He saw, with bitter irony, that he would indeed strike this island. It was

solidly in his path. By midmorning he could see the waves crashing against the base of the cliffs. He drifted steadily nearer. Now he could hear the thunder of the waves.

His eyes narrowed. His boat would be smashed to kindling against that cliff and he was powerless to prevent it. The finality of his defeat made him numb. Here he would die and no one would ever know how hard he had tried to stay alive.

He knelt on the deck and closed his eyes. He prayed for a long time. When he opened his eyes he felt better. Now he could watch the approaching cliff without fear. But a new pull of the current puzzled him. The boat was veering to the right. At first, he didn't trust his senses. An hour later he was sure of it. The current was taking him around the island.

He passed close to the cliffs, safe from the angry surf. Now there was nothing but limitless ocean ahead. But the boat did not continue in that direction. Instead, it kept swinging in a neat arc around the island. By evening he had drifted in a circle around the rock. Now he began another circuit.

In the morning he was still circling the island. That day he gaffed another mahimahi. He considered swimming ashore while the boat was still in range of the island. Bird meat would be a welcome change in his diet, and the solid ground would feel good. But he decided against it. Even if he got through the surf, what advantage would there be? On the boat he knew he could catch fish. Catching birds might be more difficult. Besides he had water. On the island there was none. That night he scratched mark number 40 on the deckhouse.

A week passed and the boat remained attached to the island in the invisible grip of the current. It was no problem catching fish now. They were plentiful near the shore. Time no longer had meaning for Kanehaku. Only the long row of marks on the deckhouse and the length of his hair reminded him that he had once lived on land and had eaten food other than raw fish.

The forty-eighth day passed, and the forty-ninth, and the fiftieth, as had all the others. On the fifty-first day he made up his mind to gaff a skipjack tuna. The meat had a flavor slightly different than that of the mahimahi. But the fish proved elusive. Kanehaku worked all morning to lure one near the boat. Then he missed with his gaff. He waited another half an hour. Another fish flirted with the lure. Kanehaku teased him nearer.

"Are you in trouble?" he heard a voice call to him.

He looked up in complete amazement. A large fishing sampan had come up on the other side of his boat from around the island. On the deck stood half a dozen stocky men with Oriental faces. They stared at him in open curiosity.

"I need food and water," Kanehaku told them.

The captain was a short, powerfully built Japanese with a plain, weathered face and a haircut high above his ears. At first he refused to tow the little launch. But Kanehaku insisted.

"It doesn't belong to me," he explained. "I must return it to my friend."

The captain started back for Honolulu, from where he had come only a few days before with a fresh supply of ice. His reluctance disappeared when he finally realized how long Kanehaku had been on his tiny boat. They arrived at 4 a.m. on December 14, 53 days after Kanehaku had set out with the mail for Mahukona and drifted some 500 miles.

He shaved off his beard. A doctor pronounced him fit except for the swelling in his legs. They told him the ship he had seen was the U.S. lighthouse tender *Kukui* which had searched for him up the length of the island chain. His family had long given him up for dead. For the first time in his life, Kanehaku was interviewed by newspapermen. He had difficulty because some of the reporters did not speak Hawaiian. Then there was the ceremony before the mayor of Honolulu at City Hall.

As soon as he was able, Kanehaku returned to his sleepy village where his grandchildren made him tell the story over and over again. He died in 1932 at the age of 67, his dignity intact and his modesty unchanged. The Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* compared his voyage to "the most exciting fiction of Joseph Conrad." Kailapa Kanehaku didn't know who Conrad was, but he knew the sea as well as any man did.

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THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE

[*Continued from page* 59]

tasted blood, pressed her attack. The record books tell the story: In the next two years while Eloise stayed home and force fed him, Sugar Milton gained 53 more pounds. Each time he reached another weight class, he went out and won, respectively, the bantamweight, featherweight, lightweight, welterweight, middleweight and light heavyweight championships.

After winning the light heavyweight title at 175 pounds and seeing his net worth reach 1.8 million dollars, something snapped inside Sugar Milton. He refused to open his mouth ever again, either to speak or to eat. Eloise's last act —before divorcing him, taking all his money and marrying his manager, Fats Cartwell of Pasadena—was to have him committed to the Sunnybrook Farms Mental Home.

There, Sugar Milton flourished. He lost 80 pounds, and stayed in his room, watching his daytime serials while his roommate, Rebecca, took electroshock therapy for both of them. Recently, I visited Sugar Milton for a long, hard look at a man who had finally beaten the mystique.

I found him sitting at the edge of his bed, unhappily squeezing little rubber balls in his hands. He weighed about 210 pounds.

"Rebecca," he said bitterly to my unasked question. "It started with skipping rope during commercials. Then those damn boxing books again during news broadcasts. She kept saying, 'It's a man's job to go out and take the jolts, a woman's to stay in the room and be manic-depressive.' "

"What's going to happen?" I asked softly.

He shrugged, as if he no longer cared. "Thursday the psychiatrist is driving me down to Madison Square Garden for the signing of the contracts. She says it'll be good for my schizophrenia to be heavyweight champ."

Thus, like honeysuckle growing over a Malayan tiger pit, the myths of the masculine mystique have obscured the realities and depths of the problem in our path. In war and peace, in crime and punishment, such words as fame, glory, honor, money and rehabilitation are offered as reasons for men's ambitions. But, as Dr. Lawrence Nightingale once pointed out, "they are merely the symptoms of a far greater ailment."

How true. Even the most cherished of our folk heritages are not free from the mystique. Witness this passage from Dr. Millicent Murd's famous *Living It Up In Laredo*: "The Man of the West has always been, and still remains, free from conflict and pressure. He is a pard to ride the river with."

It would be pretty to think so. But, in split-level bunkhouses outside Cheyenne, around campfires in Butte, in group therapy sessions for horse wranglers in the Texas Panhandle, I saw for myself the deterioration of our legendary West.

How has this come about?

"It started with Dale Evans," said one of the last of the big-time range rustlers, now a used-car dealer in San Antonio. "She was the first wedge, putting a Broil-O-Mat in the chuckwagon, making Roy order the men to wash up after a long trail drive. But I can't blame it all on her. It was a little to-do in Dodge City that really done it.

"About 15 of us were drinking rotgut in the saloon—the women folks were back at the ranch, branding the yearlings, mending the fences, shooting the sodbusters—when we heard tell how the six Wade brothers just busted out of Yuma. They was comin' to town on the noon train to kill the man who sent them up, our sheriff, Harvey Shapiro. Well, we killed the bottles and hitched up our irons and roostered on out to the main street. None of us been in a good fight in a coyote's age."

The used-car dealer poured both of us sherry from the crystal decanter on the travertine bar of his carpeted office, sipped reflectively, and wiped his handlebar moustache with the end of his Sulka tie.

"You shoulda been there, buckeroo. Street's deserted. Little puffs a dust. Twenty-one of us walking down, real slowlike in the noonday sun, us and the Wade boys shoulder to shoulder, walkin' down on Harvey Shapiro. We get maybe 30, 40 feet away, beginnin' to feel that good tightness in our gun arms, and Sheriff Shapiro holds up his hand. We stop, reckonin' that even a polecat's got some last words comin' to him.

"Sheriff Shapiro started talkin'. 'Men, there's something new blowing 'crost these prairies, something that's gonna blow us clear to kingdom come 'less'n we learn to cope.' " There was sweat on the used-car dealer's silk shirt now, and his eagle eyes were misty. He drained his glass and put a hand on my quivering shoulder to steady himself. "Well, I yelled back: 'Cut the palaver, tin star, and let your .44-caliber Smith & Wesson six-shot double-action, bone-handled revolvers do your talkin'.'

"Then Sheriff Shapiro dropped the bomb. 'All I have to say is this: Cutting me down is no great shakes, I won't get but 13 or 14 of you before you wound me. But while I'm recuperating, you'll have to deal with my deputies.'

"Then that varmint turns to the jailhouse, and yells, 'Deputies!' and out they come, meaner'n barbed wire, their blonde curls a-bobbin', their blue eyes a-glintin', each with a danged tin star pinned to the top of her calico dress.

"Our womenfolk, buckeroo," the used-car dealer sputtered, "and they said for us to get on back to the spread, 'cause it was a man's callin' to punch the cattle and a woman's place to set home and shoot the bull. You can write it in your book, partner, that the real West lay down and died that minute, and you can say that Hap Hardesty of Honest Motors said so."

Although usually intentionally ignored in print, there is one important, unavoidable by-product of the masculine mystique. Only Lionel Trinkle, professor of Romance physics at Columbia University, had the insight and courage to write, in his "Before Bed" column in *Downboy*

Magazine, that "just as the male has been hounded and hag-ridden by this problem, so the female has suffered intensely from her self-imposed guilt-gap."

The guilt-gap, sadly enough, is being widened every day.

In all the histories of contemporary scientific exploration, no mention is made of Andrea Speer, the tall, ripe, lovely, 28-year-old first wife of Bradd Havameyer. Hiking Club sweethearts, Bradd and Andrea were married at the highest point of the Appalachian Trail (this was some years before Bradd's Matterhorn climb). The marriage lasted four days, the time it took Bradd, Andrea and the *National Geographic* photo crew to get back down again.

After the split, Miss Speer went on to become three-time national underwater demolition champion, a narrowly-defeated candidate for the state legislature, and vice-president of a small Houston bank. Recently, and with no attendant publicity, Miss Speer was recruited for the Capricorn project, a proposed two-passenger, three-month orbital flight.

"Let's get one thing straight at the outset," she told Dr. Fritz Koch, the Space Agency man who came to interview her for the job. "Exactly what am I expected to do up there and with whom?"

As he described it to me later, Doctor Koch, a usually articulate man, was rocked by her question. For a moment, the great, shaggy nuclear scientist (who once told the German high command that V-2 rockets were a wasteful example of "underkill") just stared up at the cool, beautiful banker.

Finally, he said: "Well, uh. . . ."

"Forget it, Fritz," snapped Miss Speer. "I'll be damned if I'm going to wash dishes, sweep up the ship, polish the controls and then have to get all prettied up for when your spaceman's finally done fiddling with his dials."

Miss Speer's uncertainty about her role is not uncommon among the women I have interviewed in the course of this study. The guilt-gap is caused by the American woman's realization that she is not always capable of fulfilling the role assigned to her by the Millicent Murds, and—rather than try harder because she is only second best—she attempts to move into a man's world. Statistics prove that of the 87.4 per cent of American women affected by the guilt-gap, 96.3 per cent of them rationalize their confusion by claiming to be too intelligent for light housekeeping, and too light for heavy thinking.

Recently, I arranged to spend a day with Professor Trinkle, during one of his frequent cross-country lecture tours. A small, elegant man with silvery hair and English-cut suits that adroitly conceal the beginnings of middle-aged spread, Professor Trinkle has long been a favorite on the circuit. Even after his exposé of women's clubs, *The Chicken Salad Mind*, he was in such demand that his lecture bureau had to triple his fee to discourage the merely curious.

The day—one of the most harrowing I ever lived through—began in Scarsdale, with an 8 a.m. breakfast talk before a "Current Affairs Club." As silver spoons jinked pleasantly in second cups of coffee,

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Professor Trinkle adjusted his carnation, shortened the microphone and faced more than a hundred attentive women in cocktail dresses.

"I'm so honored to be here," he began easily, giving the women a three-quarter view of his leonine head, "knowing, as I do, how many other things call your attention at this time of day. Getting your husbands off to. . . ."

The pleasant jinking stopped and a slight, discontented mutter began to fill the room. From my seat in the rear of the Fire Hall, I immediately spotted it as a reaction to the guilt-gap. I knew Professor Trinkle was in trouble.

"What about the relationship between the Soviet Union and Communist China, Professor?" a lady shouted out.

Professor Trinkle never lost his cool. "Any understanding of the Russian problem must be preceded by this question. If the Czar's wife was the Czarina, what were their children?"

The mutter grew, swelling into a hive of angry buzzing.

"Czardines," shouted Professor Trinkle, chuckling deeply.

"Dammit," shouted the club president, leaping up on the dais, "we're human beings first, individuals second, persons third, and females fourth. We want inside stuff, not jokes. What about the spread of war in Southeast Asia? What about escalation? What about the use of noxious noises? What does General LeMay think, General Mills, General Aniline?"

Somehow, Professor Trinkle got through the hour, but not before his silver hair was dark with perspiration, and his Saville Row suit had lost some of its crease. In the car back to New York City, he appeared visibly shaken.

"This used to be such a racket," he said. "Just get up there, leer at them, tell them about the get-tough policy in Grebnich, and how man is the commuter, the woman stays home and chews the fat."

By 10 a.m. we were airborne, and Professor Trinkle had drunk both our complimentary cocktails. He was beginning to unwind. "I think it's basically an Eastern problem, this confusion of roles."

At noon Central time, with a fresh carnation, Professor Trinkle was exposing that famous three-quarters to a luncheon meeting of the Mothers for Sanity of Greater Chicago.

"I'm so honored to be here," he began, pleasantly, "knowing, as full well I do, how many other things call your attention at this time of day. Giving your children a hot lunch when they come back from. . . ."

The guilt-gap yawned like a chasm. A woman vaulted over the head table, shouting, "Is motherhood important enough for today's woman?" and Professor Trinkle jumped clear of the hurtling body just in time.

But he came back to the microphone like a trouper, smiling. "It's the one thing a woman can do that a man can't do better."

I slipped out of the room then, and waited for Professor Trinkle on the street. He emerged five minutes later, his hair disheveled, the carnation and his tie missing, his right eye slightly bloodshot, gamely humming the largo from "Virago in Chicago."

We had four or five quick ones at O'Hare Airport, and by the time we were on the plane again, both of Professor Trinkle's eyes were bloodshot. "I should have listened to you," he said. "It's the guilt-gap, all right, and it's making the Grand Canyon look like a crack in the picture window.

"You get a bunch of inadequate mothers who are also unsatisfactory wives and lousy housekeepers, drive them wild with some paste-pot psychology by Millicent Murd or Bitsy Frigid and they want to set the world on fire. But, characteristically, they've let the sink overflow and wet the matches."

We arrived barely in time for the 8 p.m. meeting of the Human Rights committee of a Pasadena PTA. At the door, I begged Professor Trinkle to cancel his speech. I would tell them he was airsick, indisposed, incoherent, anything. He shook his head. "I've prostituted my talents long enough. Tonight, I'm going to lay it on the line, whatever the cost."

Professor Trinkle was superb. He threw away his prepared text, shortened the microphone, and squarely faced his audience of several hundred women in off-color slacks.

"This world goes through cultural cycles," he began, pleasantly, "and all too often women are not allowed their rightful and meaningful role in each glorious new renaissance."

The women applauded, and I let go of the doorknob.

"We've passed through Pop Art, and we've passed through Op Art. Even as I speak now, the pot-smoking painters of Hop Art are becoming passé."

Professor Trinkle smiled, warmly, and a lock of silver hair tumbled engagingly over one red eye. "And then, the time will have come for the women of America to make their contribution to contemporary culture, the one nature intended them to make."

Suddenly, the room went dead quiet, and a tall strikingly beautiful redhead with a cigar in her mouth, majestically rose. "Professor Trinkle, I am Eloise Drune Sugarman Cartwell, the chairman of this committee. I would like you to explain yourself."

"Of course, dear. . . ."

"Don't dear me."

"Of course not, Mrs. Cartwell," said Professor Trinkle, his red eyes as bright as night flares. "The women of America,

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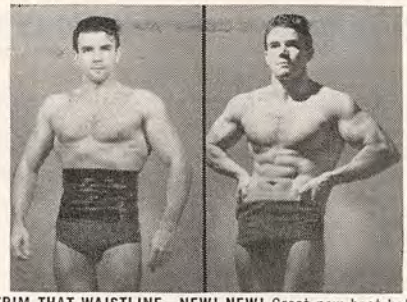

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with the lack of skill they have already shown on their kitchen floors, will fill the galleries with . . . Mop Art."

I went under the table then, not a moment too soon. Women began screaming and fainting and bottles of dietetic soda, damp clumps of cottage cheese, pineapple squares and fistfuls of Melba toast came flying out of the audience, showering Professor Trinkle's square, brave, unmoving, well-cut shoulders.

"If you women want to rule the world," he bellowed heroically through the barrage, "why don't you start by learning how to rock the cradle?" And with a final gasp before disappearing forever, he screamed, "What do you want, what on earth do you women want?"

I learned exactly what they wanted when I studied the case of an office flirtation that ended as a national disgrace. This is the varnished story of two young Americans and their brush with those paste-pot psychologists and scissor sociologists I have called the Sex *Wreckers*.

Elliott Bolokus was born and raised in Los Angeles, of middle-class parents. He was given the normal middle-class advantages: a sports car for successfully completing junior high school, a liberal per diem allowance for overnight camping trips, and a voice in family matters.

After graduation from college, with a degree in business administration and a minor in advertising, he went to New York and got a job with Feral Turncoat & Co., one of the nation's largest ad agencies. He was there for two years before he met Natalie Flesch.

Natalie was a Pittsburgh girl, born and raised near the confluence of the Monongahela and the Allegheny. A romantic girl, Natalie always thought of the Monongahela as an Indian princess, and the Allegheny as an intrepid pioneer, and the Ohio River they formed as the course of true love. Her romanticism came to full flower when she read Virginia Snow's *Sex and the Neophyte*. While all her friends at the University of Pittsburgh were having "meaningful relationships" and "sordid affairs," Natalie knew that pertly kissing a boy on the tip of his nose after a heavy date was more significant to him than anything else she might do. Although pretty, she had very few dates during her college years.

Then she, too, came to New York, and got a job with Feral Turncoat & Co., first as a secretary, later as a junior copywriter.

By this time, Elliott Bolokus was a senior copywriter with a five-figure salary, a full-figured secretary and an office with two corner windows. He also had an apartment on the East Side of Manhattan and was often invited to intimate penthouse parties, where he met and dated such in-group girls as Baby Boo Winklefinger, the Krupp heiress and model; Sara Peltz, the 17-year-old novelist; and Malade, the Silly Putty sculptress.

Natalie, meanwhile, was courted by such international figures as Howie Haggard and Serge Alabaster. They were all charmed by Natalie's pert nose kisses, but dropped her after the third date. On lonely Saturday nights, she consoled herself with tidbits from Miss Snow's book, such as "she who kisses and runs away, never wakes up in the hay."

A routine agency foul-up put Elliott Bolokus and Natalie Flesch together one night over a rush job for a publishing house campaign. Within minutes, he realizing her charming innocence, she his worldly wit, they were betrothed. They married the following week, honeymooned in Dubrovnik on a *Downboy* package tour, and bought a home in suburban Connecticut.

The following excerpts are from transcriptions of depth interviews I conducted, separately, with Elliott and Natalie Bolokus:

"There was no reason for both of us to work, and so I tactfully brought up the suggestion that I quit after the baby was born in order to raise it properly. She wouldn't hear of it."

* * *

"I was shocked when I read how many women have affairs with local tradesmen while their husbands are at the office. I never did, but I soon realized that it's one of the few ways you can be sure that the plumber arrives when he says he will."

* * *

"After the initial adjustment of the first few years, our sex life became a rich and joyous thing, just as Virginia Snow said it would. But now I've read in Bitsy Frigid's book how sex is merely a substitute for achievement. Lately, during moments of affection, I keep getting the feeling that I might have become a senior copy writer. The other night when Elliott was absolutely passionate, I wondered if I might have become the firm's first female account executive."

* * *

"Since I've been doing so much work at home, and there's so little to do at the office, I've started having an affair with my secretary during our lunch hours, right in the office."

The Bolokuses consider themselves typical, unhappy neurotic Americans. And because of the Sex Wreckers, the mystique, and guilt gap, indeed they are.

But how fares youth? I found out on the fateful day I met Martin Kaine, 16½. Like most young bridegrooms he was understandably nervous when I interviewed him during his daily gym period at the Northside High School. He kept shooting baskets as he answered my questions.

A tall, slim, beardless youth, Martin had been married for two semesters to Karol, 16, the captain of the school's cheerleading squad.

"I got married because I had to," said Martin, tonelessly, as he feinted left, then executed a beautiful two-handed jump shot. "Swish, two points."

"Do the responsibilities of being head of the household depress you, Martin?" I asked.

"Whaddya mean?" he asked, scooping up the loose ball.

"Well, uh, I mean rushing home to help Karol with the house, the baby. . . ."

"Baby?" he asked.

"You said you had to get married."

"Nah, I meant like I had to. Freshman year, Karol and her mother told me that going steady wasn't enough. A girl has to know where she sits, they said." He took his position at the foul line, and carefully bounced the ball.

"Do you and Karol study together?"

"Can't. She's taking an academic course, and I'm taking a vocational course. Besides, I got to be in bed by 10 every night. Coach says so." He squeezed one eye shut as he aimed at the basket.

"Martin," I said, not wanting to give him a breather, "have you and Karol made a satisfactory role adjustment?"

"Wait a sec, watch this," he said, arching his body. He shot, and the ball whipped neatly through the net. "Swisheroo. One point, shoot again."

"Yeah, I guess we have. She lives with her folks, and I live with mine, and we go out nearly every Friday and Saturday night during the off-season."

He picked up the ball, shot again, but this time the ball spun around the hoop and popped out. He fell on the loose ball and began to cry piteously. And then, after 10 years, after nearly 10,000 interviews, I heard the tragic words which indicated even the youth of America, our last chance, was irrevocably caught in this tangled net called the masculine mystique?

"It's like Karol and her mother always said," Marvin wept, "man makes the baskets, woman sits home and keeps score."

The masculine mystique is the house of anger, covetousness, envy, gluttony, lust, pride and sloth to which every American has leased his soul. It is time that lease was broken.

As this study has shown, great forces are at work in this country to perpetuate the mystique. There are those who believe that these forces can never be combatted. Millions of victims of the mystique do not know there could be another way of life for them. There are those who believe that they can never be awakened.

Something won't let me believe that, something more emotional than rational, something that stirs within me each time I read the concluding lines of an anonymous, quietly-circulated poem.

For I looked into the future far as manly eye can gaze,
Saw a vision of contentment sprawling out among the days
When the men shall run the households, raise the kids and lounge in slacks,
While the women, bless their stronger hearts, go forth and bust their backs.

—Robert Lipsyte

COMING . . .

Mario Andretti came up fast from bush-league tracks to become a champion driver. Now he's

THE MAN TO WATCH AT INDY

Here's how he proved he can drive wheel to wheel with the best of the 500's old pros.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

HOWARD HUGHES

[*Continued from page* 63]
dark-haired, high-spirited daughter of the family that gave Rice Institute its name. They had met at debutante parties in the past and Howard had sometimes written letters to her when he had been away at school. There now ensued a courtship, and on a stifling day in 1925 Ella and Howard were wed in a rose garden. It was the most fashionable event of the Houston summer season; but to anyone who might have had Dudley Sharp's insight into the vehemence of Young Howard's rejection of Houston and of Big Howard's shadow, the marriage may have seemed inexplicable or at least contradictory.

How, after all, does one reject Houston by marrying one of its most prominent daughters? How does one break away from home by marrying, as it were, one of the family? If a young man wants his freedom above all else, why would he rush into matrimony at the age of 19? To be sure, matrimony is something men engage in, but one wonders whether in this case the young man wanted a wife to prove himself a man or whether he wanted a mother.

The same kind of questions hover about Young Howard's choice of a career. The idea came from Ralph Graves, a former Hollywood actor then resident in Houston, who had been one of Big Howard's close friends.

Graves had told him, "I have a story that will make a hell of a movie. It's about a Bowery bum who adopts a baby. I'd like to produce it and act in it. . . ."

Young Howard asked how much that would cost.

"We could bring it in for $40,000, I think," Graves guessed.

The actor said Young Howard replied, "You got it, provided you'll let me watch."

II the camera and the sky

In 1925, very much a part of the Hollywood scene, but splendidly conspicuous, was a bare-headed lanky youth who tilted back in a director's chair wearing a soft V-necked sweater, a wide-lapeled white shirt with silk tie, plus fours, gaudy Argyle stockings and white sneakers. On the back of his chair he hung an Army webbed belt with canteen attached. This was Howard Hughes, living out a dream of himself as a brilliant young producer. Hollywood's view of him was that of a woolly lamb with an endless supply of fleece.

He had hired 100 electricians; no one had told him that 10 would have been enough. His were the highest salaries for the least talent in town. But Young Hughes seemed neither to know, nor care. He just went on signing checks, interviewing pretty girls hopeful of screen tests (turning down Clara Bow, who later became the *It* girl), speeding in his Stanley Steamer to the Los Angeles airfield for an afternoon's flying, mingling with the movie people in the nightclubs, playing golf.

He bought 51 percent of the stock of Multi-Color, Inc., a concern trying to develop high-quality color film for motion pictures. He bought an experimental laboratory where he assigned technicians the job of trying to marry the best features of the steam and gasoline engines for use in automobiles. He bought a major interest in a chain of 125 motion picture houses, so as to be able to show his own movies in his own theaters, thus saving distribution costs.

Dividing his attentions among these projects, now showing up at one, now at another, Hughes seemed as busy and as happy as a five-year-old let loose alone in a toy shop at Christmastime. His curiosity was as remarkable as his passion for detail. On one occasion he was discovered by the studio night watchman in the projection booth. He was all alone, sleeves rolled up, surrounded by neat groups of bits and pieces of the projector. When asked what he was doing, Hughes replied he was taking it apart. He said if he was going to be in the movie business, he would need to know how everything worked, including the cameras and projectors. He worked through the night, perhaps from time to time pausing to eat bacon and avocado sandwiches from a brown paper bag and to drink from a quart bottle of milk. Just before dawn, he had the projector back together again and in working order.

Hughes' incessant sort of random movement was a source of conversation and perplexity in Hollywood. That is, he was talked about, particularly by those who complained that whenever his decision was wanted Hughes could not be easily found. For example, it was not always easy to reach him at home for Hughes had begun to live according to what he called his "awake periods." He would work at one thing and another for 40 hours at a time, eating only when he was hungry and apparently not caring a great deal what it was that he ate. He carried no watch and seemed oblivious to the fact that other people kept to times and schedules. He was a man who wanted something when he wanted it, and if this meant calling a man out of bed at 2 o'clock on a Sunday morning to come at once to the workshop with a bottle of milk, a can of beans and a willingness to tinker with a sleeve valve, there is no record that Hughes ever considered such a request to be an imposition. At the end of an awake period, Hughes would fall exhausted into bed—at home, if that was near where he happened to be when he decided he was sleepy.

These habits of her husband were somewhat disconcerting to Ella Hughes. Worse, Howard took little interest in her friends,

and she found it difficult to pretend that she was interested in his Hollywood acquaintances. She tried to interest herself in his enterprises, but he would tell her little about them. When he was at home, he spent most of the time on the adjacent Country Club golf course. Whenever he disappeared for days on end, Ella had no more idea than anyone else as to where he was. One thing she did know was that Hollywood was filled with stagestruck girls, and her husband was a motion picture producer. It was borne in upon her that Hughes ran his own life in his own way, and neither wanted nor would accept interference in it from anyone.

Meantime, production of Ralph Graves' film *Swell Hogan* was completed behind schedule at more than twice its estimated production cost and at last Hughes was able to see what a wonder his money had wrought.

The picture was so bad that Hughes put the can of film on the shelf and never released it. To show there were no hard feelings, he made Graves the present of a new car.

Hughes decided to wind up his affairs in Hollywood and return to Texas, but something happened to change his mind. His family called to advise him to leave show business.

"I was actually through with making movies until that little powwow," Hughes confided to the director, Lewis Milestone. "But my family made it a challenge. I had to prove me right, and them wrong."

He promptly put $150,000 into a film called *Everybody's Acting*. The film was made by Marshall Nielan, a director with a record of success. Hughes stayed in the background during the making of the film, contributing the necessary money. The new film not only covered its production costs, but enabled Hughes to recover those of *Swell Hogan* as well, and to pocket $100,000 besides.

So much for the advice of relatives! Hughes next signed Milestone to a three-year contract.

Their first film was a slapstick farce about two American soldiers taken prisoner during the First World War. It was called *Two Arabian Knights,* and two relatively unknown actors, Louis Wolheim and William Boyd, played the leading roles.

When it was finished, Director Milestone carefully cut and edited it, and, when he was satisfied, retired to nearby Lake Arrowhead for a deserved vacation. He was startled out of his retreat by a Sunday morning telephone call. A friend wanted him to know that Hughes had been seen recutting Milestone's picture.

Milestone later shook his head at the memory.

"Hollywood was Howard's classroom," he said. "He was learning about movies. He was the type of person who could never accept anything as the truth unless he had learned it or experienced it personally for himself. He would not take anyone's word. He had to do it, then store it away in that genius mind of his."

When the picture appeared, it brought Hughes a 100 percent return on his investment, made stars of Boyd and Wolheim and it won the 1927 Acadamy Award for comedy.

The second Milestone-Hughes picture was called *The Racket.* Gangster pictures were becoming a vogue. *The Racket* was another of them, commercially successful. The Hughes record now stood at one failure and three hits.

Apparently confident that he had learned all he needed to know, Hughes now moved to stage center in proper person. Nearly every studio in Hollywood was making airplane pictures as well as gangster films and comedies, and airplanes happened to be something that Hughes knew even more about than filmmaking. He had been a pilot since he was 17.

The movie plot Hughes had in mind was trivial to the point of vapidity. It concerned the competition of two handsome young British pilots for the attentions of an English society girl. It was just a story of sorts to provide Hughes with an opportunity to portray a far more exciting and believable competition aloft—that of British and German airmen fighting over France. Hughes called the picture, which he would produce and direct himself, *Hell's Angels.*

For the leading lady, he secured the services of Greta Nissen, a blonde Norwegian who spoke very little English but who, in the days of silent pictures, could have recited Norwegian pastry recipes before the camera for all it mattered. The real stars of the show would be the aircraft—the types that had actually snarled across European skies, and not just whatever airplanes could be found in California and painted to somewhat represent the fighting aircraft of 1918. It would, Hughes said quite seriously, be the greatest motion picture ever made.

Whereupon he began to spend what would eventually amount to $562,000 to buy and recondition for flight 87 World War I fighters and bombers, and another $400,000 to rent or build air fields in the Los Angeles area. Hughes needed a Zeppelin to burn, and bought one. Needing an army to fight a ground battle, he hired 1,700 extras. Needing pilots to put his squadrons in the sky, he hired them at $200 a week each.

Shooting began on Halloween, 1928, and production quickly moved over budget and behind schedule. Hughes devoted hours to diagramming on paper the dogfights he would film. Then he constructed three-dimensional models of the weaving flight paths with toy airplanes, studying the camera angles. He spent days explaining to his pilots exactly what he wanted them to do. To be sure that all went as planned, he flew the camera plane, hand-signaling directions.

The trouble was that the weather was good. There were no clouds. How, Hughes wanted to know, could you fight a photogenic war against a cloudless sky?

Hughes began to rise early—or to stay up all night—to watch for an opportune dawn. If, unfortunately, the sun rose bright and clear over Los Angeles, the entire Hughes air force would be kept on standby at full salary.

The pilots whiled away the time with jokes. Someone produced a sign that said, "Today's War Postponed: No Clouds." Hughes took to riding a motorcycle about his airfields, zigzagging over the grass as his pilots threw cow chips at him while everyone, Hughes included, laughed. They called him Sonny, Kid, Skinny and Punk. And such was the degree of permissible camaraderie among fliers that they played practical jokes on one another. For example, it was Hughes' custom to begin each day's activity by patronizing a flimsy outdoor privy built on location. One morning he greeted the pilots, looked up at the cloudless sky, and, as usual, excused himself. A moment after the door closed a pilot started the engine of a de Havilland two-seater parked just behind the privy. The propellor wash struck like a storm; a shower of toilet paper burst out of the suddenly-blown-open door; Hughes came stumbling after it, struggling with his trousers, just before the whole structure collapsed. It was all good fun, and one day when Hughes crashed on landing his airplane, the pilots made a joke of that as they ran to the wreck. They told one another they sure hoped Skinny hadn't busted the arm he used to write checks.

Fortunately, he had not. He continued to play golf, appear at nightclubs, fly about looking for clouds and to sign checks.

Meanwhile, the months became a year, and still *Hell's Angels* was not done, although the end of it seemed to be in sight. But, during that year, a revolution took place in Hollywood. Sound pictures were being made now, and wherever they appeared people were lining the sidewalks, waiting for admission. Howard Hughes completely understood that more than two million dollars had just shot itself down for want of a sound track.

Hughes said *Hell's Angels* would be filmed all over again, this time in sound.

The first task was to write a new screen play. Actors in silent films might mouth their words, but in a talking picture they would have to say something that made sense. While the rewriting was in progress, the actors were given voice tests. Miss Nissen's Norwegian accents were hardly those of an English socialite. Hughes paid her off.

Dozens of aspiring actresses paraded through his casting office, including Ann Harding and June Collyer, but Hughes decided to gamble upon an ash-blonde bit player who had appeared in Laurel and Hardy comedies. He signed her to a $125-a-week contract, had his hairdressers further bleach Jean Harlow's naturally light hair, and had his public relations staff see to it that the world would not be unaware that *Hell's Angels* would feature an exciting new star, "the girl with the platinum-blonde hair."

Once again *Hell's Angels* went into painstaking production, and once again the money flowed out at an incredible rate. His

advisers pleaded, and this time Hughes ruthlessly chopped his expenses. He rid himself of his theater chain.

To make matters worse at the worst of times, the stock market collapsed. The effect of the 1929 market failure would not be completely felt until another year had passed, but Hughes Tool was now reporting lower earnings. And Multi-Color was proving to be an impossible drain, glittering as was the promise of the money to be made in color film if only an economical process could be discovered. Just as Hughes was looking for a way to get clear of Multi-Color, and as he felt his resources diminishing on every side, he was overwhelmed by yet another disaster. Ella Hughes went back to Texas.

She had had quite enough. Her years in Hollywood had been a lonely nightmare for her. Her suit charged Hughes with having "steadily neglected her," contended that he "was irritable, cross, critical, faultfinding and inconsiderate." She received an uncontested settlement for $1,250,000, paid in four installments.

When she had gone, Hughes closed up her room just as she had left it. It was left sealed and unopened until he disposed of the house many years later. It was as if he had the ability to turn off, like a light, that which he chose not to think about. If so, this was an unusual trait, but then young Hughes was not altogether a usual young man. A *third million* dollars went into *Hell's Angels.*

While Hughes devoted single-minded attention to his work the motion picture did not, however, command his entire attention. After all, whatever else he was, Hughes was also a tall, dark, handsome young Texan, rich and single: in short, he was the most eminently eligible bachelor in a town populated by the most beautiful women on earth. He met at least one of them every day at the studio, although she complained at the time that he hardly seemed aware of it.

"If Howard was cross-eyed, with all that dough it wouldn't matter," Jean Harlow confided to writer Adela Rogers St. John. "But he's got a lot of charm in his own funny way. But he never mixes business with pleasure. As far as I'm concerned, I might be another airplane. . . . The nearest he ever came to making a pass at me was offering me a bite of a cookie."

Miss Harlow, who clearly did not wish Howard Hughes to mistake her for an airplane, would always retain a high regard for the only man she ever met who did not, as she put it, make a pass at her.

Perhaps it was Miss Harlow's interest in him that put Hughes off. As he once said to a friend after his divorce, "Aside from my money, who'd want to marry me?" In any case, his attention was captured by a woman who, meeting him at a party, expressed no interest in him at all. She was Billie Dove, a Broadway show girl, a small woman with silky blonde hair and the complexion of a Dresden doll.

The next day there was a telephone call. Then bouquets of white roses began to arrive; after them, jewels, gowns, more telephone calls, an incessant shower of attentions and gifts. Once Miss Dove went on a picnic with someone else when literally out of the blue an airplane appeared, buzzed the picnic site, turned to come up into the wind and landed. Pilot Hughes jumped out, grinning, to join the party. Miss Dove could not long withstand such expressions of interest, and Hollywood gossips were shortly afterwards able to report that she had been flying with Howard Hughes, that Mr. Hughes was looking for a suitable screen play for his friend, that she would star in a forthcoming Hughes production.

Meanwhile, Hughes shot three million feet of film, only to discard 99 percent of it for the final version of *Hell's Angels.* He spent nearly four million dollars, a sum far beyond any heretofore spent on a two-dimensional illusion. At such a somber time of national misfortune, Hughes' extravaganza struck some as bordering on the indecent, but what Hollywood wanted to know was would he ever get his money back.

The film had its premier showing at Grauman's Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard, and a near riot ensued on opening night. The crowd screamed, surged and pushed at the 600 policemen who fought to maintain a sort of order. Women fainted in the crush. There were frenzied screams for the male stars as they paraded into the theater; but when Jean Harlow stepped from her limousine, the animal noise of the crowd became, in a word, frightening. Her startling platinum hair hung in a casual, diffident cut; her face was pale but for a scarlet slash of lipstick; with a blaze of jewels about her throat and in a white satin gown that seemed to have been painted on, she rippled toward the theater, evoking a deep-throated howl from the mob. In the presence of the goddess it was difficult for the most knowing Hollywood gossip to recall that her salary was $125 a week.

The next morning, the telegrams began to arrive. THE ZEPPELIN SEQUENCE IS THE MOST DRAMATIC EPISODE I'VE EVER SEEN, Charles Chaplin wired. One Hollywood critic said the film contained "the most beautiful shots and thrilling action the movies have yet conceived." Attendance records toppled at Grauman's Chinese Theater where it ran for 19 weeks to capacity houses. *Hell's Angels* became the first picture to open simultaneously at two New York theaters.

In a sense, *Hell's Angels* was another triumph of popular taste over art, and the truth of its box office success seems to lie in the fact that the preferences of the general public were exactly the preferences of Howard Hughes. The appeal was visceral, not cerebral. The ingredients were visions of speed, violence, power, wealth and sex. *Hell's Angels* went on to run for 20 years in theaters throughout the world, and in the end earned, overall, some eight million dollars, just double Hughes' investment.

Until all that money did return, Hughes stood on the brink of defeat, rather than on the verge of an Austerlitz. In fact, his financial position was a source of worry to his executives. He must retrench, they said; some decision must be made about Multi-Color, Inc., which seemed more like a bottomless rathole than a reasonable speculation.

Faced with these problems, Hughes' apparent reaction was to spend the next six weeks in Europe.

On his return from Europe, Howard Hughes rapidly produced three artistic and financial disasters. The third, *Age for Love,* must have been the most disappointing to Hughes, for Miss Dove was its leading lady.

Stung by three fiascos in a row, Hughes was in a dark mood when Noah Dietrich demanded that he finally face up to a fourth—the foozle that was Multi-Color, Inc.

The result was that the company was liquidated to pay off its creditors. In the end, Hughes wound up with Multi-Color's building at 7000 Romaine Street, which subsequently became the command center for Hughes' various enterprises.

As the year 1930 drew near its disastrous end for Hughes, so did his relationship with Billie Dove. They drifted apart; three years later Miss Dove would marry another man and live more happily ever after. But she had nothing but fond memories of her unpredictable young millionaire.

"It was so long ago," she said recently. "Mr. Hughes and I were both so very young, and I imagine he's forgotten about me. I still remember him, though, but 30 years is a lifetime ago. . . ."

A procession of actresses and debutantes followed Miss Dove into Hughes' public life, including a considerable number of ladies he never met at all. Both Hughes and the ladies he did not meet were victims of Hollywood's gossip columnists, whose normal duties do not always include making some attempt to ascertain the truth of what they hear and print. Hughes *was* seen about town with actress Ida Lupino and was photographed in nightclubs on half a dozen different occasions with as many different dinner companions.

He was also seen far more often—but not by the press—in the hangars of southern California airports, dressed in mechanics overalls, working on aircraft engines.

"He was just a bored, rich youngster with the money to do what he wanted to do, and that was to fly," one of his Hollywood acquaintances said.

So far as Hollywood was concerned, Hughes' career was in eclipse. The gossip was that Hughes was demoralized and that his increasing carelessness about his personal appearance was proof of it. But Hughes was neither bored nor demoralized. As for carelessness in appearance, Hughes was beyond the point where it was important to him to keep up appearances—an activity that almost always involves some measure of pretense. Clothing was becoming less and less an important concern to Hughes. Like Einstein, he wore what he liked and dressed with more regard for his comfort than for the expectations of other people.

Most of his time was spent at airports, but in 1931, he began shopping for the best motion picture talent available. Perhaps the most surprised man in Hollywood was Hughes' rival in film-making, Howard Hawks.

One Sunday morning Hawks drove to the Wilshire Country Club golf course alone. He had no game lined up, but thought he might pick up a partner in the pro shop. No sooner had he

walked into the building when the telephone rang for him.

"I'm coming out to the course," Hughes' voice spoke into Hawk's ear. "If you don't have a game, let's play together."

Hawks said he replied with a string of curses. Hughes was even then suing him, claiming that Hawks had pirated away from Hughes the film rights to a British play. Hawks said he told Hughes, "You got a lawsuit against me, you bastard. I wouldn't play a game of anything with you if you were the last guy on earth."

With that Hawks hung up, furious at the thought that Hughes must be having him shadowed by private detectives. How else would Hughes have known to call the pro shop? The telephone rang. It was a Hughes lawyer, who said matter-of-factly that the suit was being dropped. The telephone rang again, and it was Hughes, asking for a golf game.

By this time, Hawks was sufficiently intrigued to accept. Hughes arrived shortly thereafter, shook hands with the still disbelieving Hawks, and the two men teed off in silence.

"It was cool at first," Hawks said, "but before we played 18 holes, we decided to work together. Also, I shot a 71 and beat him."

It would seem that Hughes, who had a two handicap at Wilshire was going to extraordinary lengths to placate Hawks. But Hawks was an excellent golfer, himself. More to the point, he was also one of the best directors of blood-and-thunder films, and Hughes wanted to produce a gangster picture.

He said Hawks would have a free hand as director. Ben Hecht, a prolific and successful Hollywood writer, would do the screen play. America's leading criminal of the day was one Alphonse "Scarface" Capone, and Hughes told Hecht to write "the story of the Capone family as if they were Borgias set down in Chicago."

Eleven days later, Hecht turned in a script that had nothing to do with Renaissance Borgias in modern dress, or even with Scarface Al Capone. But no matter—the script promised a film that rattled with gunfire, speed, lust and violence.

The finished film, with a cast including Paul Muni, George Raft and a young British actor named Boris Karloff, appalled the motion picture industry's self-censoring agency, the Hays Office. The censors dictated a title change from *Scarface* to *Shame of the Nation*. They demanded dozens of cuts and worst of all, an entirely new ending. They wanted the lead criminal to be captured by the police, tried in court and hanged.

Hughes had a choice. He could either obey the Hays Office or not receive a Seal of Approval. Without the seal, his film would be blacklisted in American motion picture theaters.

Furious, Hughes issued the following statement to the press: ". . . I am convinced that the determined opposition to *Scarface* is actuated by political motives. The picture, as originally filmed eight months ago, has been enthusiastically praised by foremost authorities on crime and law enforcement and by leading screen reviewers. It seems to be the unanimous opinion of these authorities that *Scarface* is an honest and powerful indictment of gang rule in America and, as such, will be a tremendous factor in compelling our state and federal governments to take more drastic action to rid the country of gangsterism."

Scarface was, of course, entertainment; it was no indictment of anything. Yet Hughes' public position was that of a champion of the truth and his statement to the press certainly created an acute desire on the part of the public to see *Scarface* at the first opportunity. It also won him support from those who believe that censorship is inherently evil.

Courage? Showmanship? Fit of pique? Whatever the reason, Hughes sued the censors. He won the right to show *Scarface* as originally filmed. Like *Hell's Angels, Scarface* was an enormous financial success. With *Scarface* away and running, Hughes also produced another widely acclaimed motion picture in 1932, *The Front Page*. The film made Pat O'Brien famous, earned Hughes another fortune and gave the nation a fatuously romantic view of the realities of newspaper life.

But then, at the age of 26, at what might be called the peak of his Hollywood career, with agents, writers and directors clamoring to see him, with two hit movies playing to capacity audiences, Hughes abruptly turned his back on it all.

In the summer of 1932, $250 a month was an excellent wage, and Charles Howard earned every penny of it. He carried the passengers' baggage through the early morning Texas heat from the Fort Worth air terminal to the waiting Fokker trimotor. He did what he could to ease the passengers' fears, assuring them that the trip to New York would be quick, comfortable and safe. Then, with the baggage aboard, he took his place in the co-pilot's seat.

In those days, it was important for pilots to know how to make repairs themselves. A pilot needed to know everything there was to know about his aircraft and aerial navigation, as well as be a master of the theory of aerodynamics and an expert in his manipulation of the controls. He needed to know all this merely to get down out of the sky alive, even if his flying was limited to sailing around over an airport for an hour or so on a sunny day.

Charles Howard was interested in everything. He wanted to know about weights, costs, fuel loads, routes, schedules, the means of assembling weather information, the efficiency of types of instruments of all sorts and the ranges of visibility of beacons of various candlepower, lenses and colors. He was also interested in the flight characteristics of all types of aircraft, particularly those of the Fokkers he flew. Chief pilots said that Howard would one day make a first-rate airline pilot.

But Charles Howard never won his First Pilot's wings. Two months after joining American Airways, he walked out on the first and only steady job he ever had. It was not until sometime later that American Airways wondered who Charles Howard had really been.

Eventually the story reached Hollywood, where Hughes had meanwhile reappeared. One Hollywood wit suggested that Hughes must have been paying off a bet. Why else would a millionaire be working as a baggage-smasher? For the most part, Hollywood dismissed Hughes' career in aviation as a joke.

What Hollywood did not know was that Hughes' major interest was now aircraft and that he had no intention of producing films in the immediate future, although his Hollywood aides continued a constant talent search on his behalf. They clipped the newspapers and magazines for pictures of pretty girls, and studied the photographs that actors' agents supplied. Hughes would inspect the pictures they sent him, make a selection and order them to talk to such-and-such an actress, tell her of his interest in her and find out whether she would be willing to have dinner with him. If she said yes, as was almost always the case, Hughes would be notified and a dinner date arranged—but whether Hughes would keep the date was always a matter of chance. Frequently he did not. Many a girl would find herself all dressed up with someplace to go, but with no escort except the Hughes aide who kept looking at his watch as they sat together in a nightclub. If Hughes appeared, the aide would introduce her to his employer and leave. If Hughes did not, the young lady could at least console herself with the fact that she had been seen in a public place with a member of the Hughes staff and had enjoyed a free meal.

On many another occasion Hughes would appear, only to completely mystify the girl by paying no attention to her while they sat at the table together. If he had brought a flier or a mechanic with him, Hughes would spend the evening talking shop with his friend while the girl picked at the Lobster Newburg, wondering silently about her waistline and when the conversation would get to the point, which for her was her hopeful motion picture career. On still other occasions Hughes would excuse himself from the table to spend the evening telephoning in the lobby, while the maiden stared moodily at the supper congealing on the plates. The fact that dozens of young ladies would put up with such treatment not once, but time and time again, is evidence that their single-mindedness was as monumental as Hughes'; they were interested in films, he was interested in airplanes and neither was much interested in each other.

In the late summer of 1932, Hughes bought himself an amphibian. But no plane as originally built had ever pleased him. He had the craft hauled to the Pacific Airmotive shops at Burbank to have oil coolers installed and modifications made in the twin engines. The mechanic assigned to the job was a young pilot-mechanic of Hughes' age, Glen Odekirk. Odekirk found Hughes' constant presence exasperating. Not only would Hughes watch ever move he made, but during one afternoon argued with him for three hours as to the proper placement of three screws in a strip of metal.

On the other hand, Odekirk was also fascinated by Hughes. He was particularly intrigued to hear that Hughes wanted to embark on a coast-to-coast shakedown flight in his flying boat and agreed to accompany him.

The trip that was to take three months stretched into 18. It seemed that Howard Hughes not only carried no watch, but had no particular use for a calendar.

When they finally reached New York, Hughes dawdled for weeks among the great Long Island estates, the extra bachelor at lawn parties and yachting weekends, until one day he told Odekirk he was going away "to breathe a little," and disappeared. He reappeared as abruptly as he had left. It seemed that he had been in Europe where he had bought what he called a little boat.

"You'll see it when we get to Miami," Hughes said to Odekirk. "It's being delivered there."

"We're going to Miami?"

"Yes," Hughes said. "Right now."

The little boat turned out to be the yacht *Southern Cross*—320 feet overall, carrying a master and a crew of 30. Hughes kept it a few years, seldom used it, had it sent to Los Angeles and eventually sold it to a Swede. Far more important both to Odekirk and Hughes was another purchase that Hughes had made—a Boeing P-12, an Army Air Corps single-engine pursuit plane. That, too, was waiting for them in Miami.

In January, 1934, an All American Air Meet was held in Miami, and Howard Hughes decided to enter one event—a race open to amateur pilots. He and Odekirk spent days tuning the Boeing's radial engine to performance levels well beyond military specifications.

Hughes had never flown competitively before, but he raced away with the sportsman's cup. By way of celebrating his victory he treated the 10,000 spectators to an unscheduled display of aerobatics. He put the little biplane through slow rolls, snap rolls, spins, inverted flight and landed to find himself the most sought-after guest of the Florida winter season. His aerial triumph, his fantastic yacht, his reputation as a motion picture producer, his great wealth, his tall good looks and his notoriety as the companion of a great many beautiful women put him leagues ahead of any of the East Coast's bachelors, particularly from the point of view of the mothers of society's daughters. Hughes spent several weeks accepting party invitations and gracefully avoiding domestic entanglements. While Hughes dallied in Florida's lotus land, doing nothing as charmingly as it is possible to do nothing, Odekirk returned to Los Angeles to new duties.

Hughes had ordered him to find and equip a shop in which to design and build a racing plane. Odekirk rented part of a hangar at the Glendale airport and began to assemble a stock of tools. When Hughes subsequently flew in from the East Coast he hired an aeronautical engineer to help with the project—a young man named Dick Palmer, fresh out of California Institute of Technology, who already had a reputation for radical ideas in his field. Hughes next hired additional mechanics and engineers, including a meteorologist—another bright young man from Cal Tech, W. C. Rockefeller. They called themselves the Hughes Aircraft Company and their project, the H-1.

Hughes and his men worked on their H-1 for 18 months, sometimes taking it entirely apart and beginning again. Hughes would come to the hangar at night and stand beside his craft for hours, silently considering it and from time to time jotting a note to himself on a scrap of paper. Then, as silently, he would leave—without a word of suggestion to his men. On other occasions he would call them at their homes at whatever hour of the night he needed their help. One evening, for instance, he telephoned to Palmer and Rockefeller insisting that he must see them at once. Hughes said the matter was too important to be discussed over the telephone.

When they reached Hughes' house, he told them what it was.

"I want you to drive me to Santa Barbara," he said. "I have a dinner date up there."

The problem was Hughes at the time had neither a driver's license nor an automobile. He had no car of his own for a somewhat unusual but perfectly good reason: he kept losing them. Once he borrowed an automobile from one of his engineers and drove it somewhere. Days later when the engineer got up his nerve to ask his millionaire employer about the car, Hughes had to admit he had no idea where it was. Nor did it ever turn up. After that Hughes would borrow company cars, preferring dingy, old, low-priced automobiles, feeling that no one seeing a jalopy wheeze past would think it contained a millionaire. At any event, when Hughes called Palmer and Rockefeller he had neither car nor license, but wanted a ride.

The two young scientists set out with Hughes for Santa Barbara, 90 miles away, and en route they struck a dog that darted into the road in front of them. Hughes told Palmer to stop. He jumped out, picked the bloody animal up in his arms, carried it into the car and said they must find help. Palmer and Rockefeller argued that it was a stray dog, dying, and that a veterinarian could not help it.

But Hughes insisted that a veterinarian be found. He was already two hours late for his dinner date, but a detour was made to an animal hospital, and Hughes watched while the veterinarian did what he could. The prognosis was that the dog might live. An hour later the journey to Santa Barbara was resumed with Hughes dressed for supper in a coat stained with dog's blood.

The girl was a California socialite. Hughes insisted that Rockefeller and Palmer join the party. The two men tried to beg off, but Hughes would not hear of it. He offered no explanation to the girl for his tardiness nor did he talk to her during dinner. Instead he divided his time between talking to his engineers about the H-1 and rushing to the telephone at random intervals to call the animal hospital to check on the dog's condition. The dog, incidentally, recovered and was kept by Palmer.

Some people might think the girl would be reluctant to renew acquaintances with Hughes, but their number would most certainly not include Katharine Hepburn. At this point in Hughes' life, Miss Hepburn had appeared on his somewhat cluttered stage. Mercurial, slender, an enormously talented actress, daughter of a proud family and possessor of a Bryn Mawr accent, Miss Hepburn also happened to have a view of the world remarkably like Hughes' own.

They golfed together in Los Angeles, stepping outside his back door to a tee of the Wilshire Country Club. They flew together, with Miss Hepburn taking the controls to learn how to spin, loop and roll. They flew across country, leading gossip columnists a merry chase. Late one evening in Chicago Miss Hepburn's press agent sought to disperse a band of reporters besieging Miss Hepburn's hotel.

"Miss Katharine Hepburn wishes to announce that she will not marry Mr. Howard Hughes in Chicago today," he said.

This was scarcely a comprehensive answer to all the questions the reporters had in mind, but it was the only one they could get.

The racer was taking shape during Hughes' presences and absences, and in August, 1935, it went into the air for the first time. Palmer wanted to hire a test pilot but Hughes said, "I fly my own planes." The stubby-winged aircraft more than a little resembled the Japnese Zero fighter of the Second World War, and it would later be said that the men who built the Zero had borrowed heavily from the H-1.

In the H-1 on September 13th, Hughes set a new world speed record of 352 mph., but on coming in for his landing the engine died. Hughes' fingers flew to the switches, cutting out the main gasoline tank and switching to the auxiliary fuel supply. Nothing happened. The engine would not start. Hughes shut off both the ignition and the fuel line. The powerless H-1's swift glide had already carried it past the airport.

Hughes had not sufficient altitude to turn and glide back to the airstrip. His best alternative was a plowed beet field. He used what control he had to keep the nose up and slid the racer into a belly landing in the middle of the field, bouncing and grating along in a shower of dirt until the plane skidded to a lurching halt.

The timing judges and the ground observers, fully aware of Hughes' difficulties and all that was implied, saw the plane disappear into a cloud of dust and dirt. They hurried to the scene fearing to see a crumpled wreck and a dead pilot. Paul Mantz, one of the judges, reached the H-1 first to find Hughes sitting on the cowling, writing in a notebook. Hughes looked down at Mantz and grinned.

"Did I make it?" he asked.

"You not only broke the record," Mantz said, "but you are the luckiest sonofabitch I ever saw."

Hughes' next project was to set a new transcontinental record. He called on a flying friend, Jacqueline Cochran, and leased

from her a standard Northrop Gamma mail plane that she owned.

Modification of the Northrop began in the fall, and while the refitting of new fuel tanks and a new engine did not consume an undue amount of time, other preparations for the flight took longer to complete. Hughes was by this time an original investigator of theoretical speeds; and he worked at his subject in the machine shop, in the meteorological chart rooms, in the wind tunnels and in the design studios as well as in the cockpit. On every test flight he took meticulous notes on oil temperatures, manifold pressures, the effect of altitudes on engine performances and on the varying efficiencies of sundry fuel mixtures at different altitudes and humidities.

"Howard flies with a slide rule in one hand and the stick in the other," one of his fellow pilots said.

The point is that Hughes labored at his avocation without particular respect to time. So it was that late on a December night Hughes was working in the harsh glare of overhead lights in the Glendale hangar, trying to tune his new, high altitude engine to even-more-efficient high altitude performance.

Odekirk and the others kept looking at their watches, thinking of their wives and children. It looked very much to them as if this would prove to be still another all-night session with their eccentric employer. Finally Odekirk could stand it no longer. He took Hughes by the arm and said, "Howard, do you know what day this is?"

Hughes looked up in honest puzzlement. Odekirk could almost see Hughes' mind groping for a memory of some familiar date. Then Hughes' features brightened with sudden pleasure, as if he were delighted that someone had remembered.

"Why yes," he said. "It's my birthday!"

"Howard," Odekirk said, as steadily as he could, "it is also Christmas Eve."

III around the world

Shortly after noon on January 13, 1936, Howard Hughes, now 30 years old, came to the Burbank airport wearing a double-breasted gray suit, a yellow poplin jacket, helmet and goggles. Nine hours, 27 minutes and 10 seconds after takeoff he landed at Newark, New Jersey, and ran to the Western Union office to send a telegram, SAFE AND DOWN AT NEWARK, to Katharine Hepburn in Hollywood. Whereupon, he hailed a taxi and drove to New York City to sleep out the rest of the night.

In describing to the press his flight to a new transcontinental speed record Hughes may have been unduly modest, for he neglected to mention that his radio antenna broke away on takeoff. He discovered this when he tried to call Burbank tower for weather information as he flew blind into the overcast. He was still flying blind at 15,000 feet, guided only by a compass heading which—in event of a crosswind—might not indicate his actual course over the unseen earth below. Two hours out of Burbank he broke into clear sky over Santa Fe, New Mexico, on course and on schedule.

For a while he flew in the strong light of the semiarid West on a winter afternoon, but winter days are short and as the earth turned beneath him, he flew into the approaching night. As darkness closed around him he could no longer check his compass heading against the earth's similarity to his map, and so estimate his wind's direction and speed. Then near Wichita, Kansas, he flew into turbulence so severe that his compass dial jumped off its bearing point. Now without either radio or compass to give him lines of bearing or heading, Hughes took the moon for his guiding star—but the moon could only indicate in a general way which direction was east. Fortunately the night was clear and Hughes was entering an increasingly populous part of the country. He guided himself by comparing the towns and cities that appeared on his map with the wink and glow of lights scattered about the darkness below. There, according to the time and his estimated direction, must be the lights of Indianapolis. Very well; the moon is east; Columbus bears just a bit north of due east from Indianapolis. So the next loom of a large city ought to be that of Columbus, and then the course is almost due east to Newark, in which case the lights of Pittsburgh should appear off the port wing. . . . Following such dead reckoning Hughes eventually raised the vast jewel of light that was the metropolitan New York City area, and let down over the welcoming beacon of Newark airport. He was concerned about landing without permission from the tower, but he could not radio for landing instructions. He could only hope that his was the only aircraft in the sky as he made his approach and that he would not be landing in a strong down- or crosswind.

An anxious timer who, of course, had had no news of Hughes' flight since takeoff, and who did not know whether Hughes was dead or alive and in either case, where, was delighted to check the Northrup down at Newark at 18 minutes past midnight, Newark time. He offered Hughes his enthusiastic congratulations. For Hughes to have set a transcontinental speed record was no inconsiderable feat in itself, but for him to have found his way across the country by dead reckoning at night, and set a new record in the process, was altogether remarkable.

Hughes professed to be annoyed by the public attention that now came his way. He grew a beard and assumed the name Carlos Gomez. Perhaps he thought his disguise would shield him and his friends from gossip columnists.

But, as the only six-foot-three-inch, bearded pseudo-Mexican called Gomez who wore rumpled suits and tennis shoes into Manhattan's most fashionable night clubs and who carried his head diffidently canted to one side and spoke with a Texas drawl, Hughes was no more conspicuous than a burning barn on a dark night. The headwaiters smiled, bowed low, ushered Senor Gomez to the best available tables, and then slithered off to their telephones to earn the wages that gossip columnists paid them for reporting the presence of the famous.

Few things delight the heart of a man more than making out lists of camping supplies for an intended journey, but to these delights Hughes added other labors of love as he eyed his next mission. A new Lockheed Lodestar was stripped to its shell, and two 1,200 horsepower Wright engines were installed. Hughes devised a unique dual fuel system to draw upon the outsize fuel tanks that were built. He also found a way to make the fuel tanks self-sealing, by means of wrapping them in neoprene, a compound that had something of the quality of liquid rubber. Modifications of the Lockheed were carried out in a secrecy that would do credit to a modern missile installation.

Seven months were required to ready a crew and the aircraft. Closely guarded as was the Hughes Aircraft Company's area, no project of such proportions could be kept entirely secret, and toward the end of the preparations it was announced in New York that Hughes had been persuaded to serve as aeronautical director of the forthcoming 1939 New York World's Fair; in fact, his airplane would be named *New York World's Fair, 1939*; he was, indeed, planning a world flight which, among other things, would advertise the Fair.

At this point the nation's newspapers published biographies of Hughes. The stories emphasized his wealth and dwelt on those aspects of Hughes that most suggested the daredevil, the sportsman, the playboy and the lover. They were illustrated with photographs of beautiful women reputed to have been his friends. Whether he welcomed it or not, Hughes most certainly had the attention of the press, but then, in 1938, flying around the world was hardly the path to obscurity.

At 13 seconds past 7:19 p.m., on Sunday, July 10, 1938, the silver monoplane's twin engines began to pull it slowly—agonizingly slowly, it must have seemed to Hughes—and then more rapidly—but not rapidly enough, it seemed—down Floyd Bennett airfield's longest runway. There was a question in everyone's mind whether it would lift off. Hughes had tested the plane with a 24,000 pound load in California, but he was now carrying 1,600 pounds more than that, plus 10 pounds of last-minute sandwiches and a wad of chewing gum. The takeoff used the whole length of the runway, and the Lockheed's wheels clipped the tops of the red clover at the south end of the field before the *World's Fair* was airborne. The crowd watched until it disappeared low over Jamaica Bay.

At 2:30 a.m., America heard Hughes' voice for the first time.

"I hope we can get to Paris before we run out of gas," Hughes radioed, "but I am not so sure. All I can do is hope that we will get there. I hope that we will have enough gas to reach land. I am throttling back the engines as fast as the reducing load permits."

On that cheerless note, he signed off.

Far out over the North Atlantic the Lockheed picked up a

brisk tail wind that blew it to Ireland at a great—and badly needed—saving of fuel. There were more than 100 gallons of gasoline aboard as the island swung beneath the aircraft's port wing; enough to continue to Paris as planned.

It was early Monday evening in Paris when the silver monoplane touched down just 16 hours and 35 minutes after leaving New York. It was a new record for the New York-Paris flight; two hours better than the most recent record and roughly half Lindbergh's original time.

"We'll allow two hours here," the flier announced, as if Paris was nothing more than a filling station. But Hughes' mechanic, Ed Lund, one of the air crew of four, called Hughes' attention to a problem. He pointed to ominous wrinkles in the aircraft's metal skin near the tail assembly. Hughes immediately knew what had happened. On takeoff in New York, as he had turned the plane from taxi strip to runway, the tail wheel had slipped off the pavement into soft earth and the resulting jolt had buckled several pieces of the fuselage.

French mechanics looked at the wrinkled skin and shrugged. "C'est fini," one of them said, demonstrating a Gallic fatalism with respect to the mysteries of machinery and a serious underestimation of American make-do.

But Lund, with a United States army sergeant from the Embassy staff, very shortly procured a quantity of angle irons from a nearby hangar and began bolting them inside the fuselage to carry the stress forward to undamaged structural members of the airframe. The rest of the air crew took advantage of the delay to sleep, but Hughes went to the terminal restaurant where he ate a lamb chop and a bowl of French-fried potatoes and refused continually offered glasses of champagne. He glanced through a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams and made a long distance telephone call to Miss Hepburn, but failed to reach her.

Reporters milled about asking whether the trip would be called off. Hughes refused to talk to any of them. He maintained his brooding silence throughout the eight hours that elapsed while the repairs were being made.

"When will you get to Moscow?" one reporter asked.

Hughes regarded the man bleakly, and spoke for the first time. "I don't know," he said.

The original route would have taken the plane directly over Germany into Russia. Just prior to leaving New York, however, Hughes was told that the German government had reconsidered and demanded that Hughes follow an alternate route over Scandinavia instead. Hughes, having lost eight hours in Paris fiddling with angle irons, was in no mood to pay the slightest attention to Hitler. He steered across the German border, and there was an immediate angry chattering in his radio headset. The most frequently used and familiar word was *Verboten*.

"Ah, it's dark," Hughes muttered. "We're not going to see anything and I don't think they'll shoot us down."

It was not only dark, but Hughes was flying blind. Shortly past midnight Hughes radioed back to New York, "As far as we can see, everything is okay."

The next news that America heard of the flight came in thick, excited accents: "Hello, hello America! This is Radio Moscow! It is 4:10 a.m. here and Hughes just went around the field and is making a landing!"

The Russians were anxious for Hughes to stay a while. They had planned a tour of Moscow for him, an elaborate feast and a suite of rooms in the best hotel was reserved for him. They had even obtained American cornflakes for his breakfast. Inside the airport building Hughes passed up the vodka and the caviar that was offered him, accepting black bread and cheese instead. In a little more than two hours the plane was in the air again.

A chain of mountains lies across the route from Yakatsk, Siberia, to Fairbanks, Alaska, and according to the maps Hughes carried, these mountains were 6,500 feet high. Hughes had planned to fly at 8,500 feet to be certain of clearing them. On approaching the mountains at that altitude, however, Hughes was astonished to see them towering above him. Not until he reached 11,000 feet was it certain that he would clear the range, and during the climb Hughes had time to reflect upon the hours spent at the Paris airport.

Had the trip proceeded exactly on schedule, he would have been flying this leg of the trip at night instead of in broad daylight. At 8,500 feet he would have flown at 200 miles an hour into the face of a Siberian cliff. Twelve hours and 16 minutes out of Yakatsk the *World's Fair, 1939* touched down at Fairbanks, where Mrs. Wiley Post, widow of a round-the-world flier whose record Hughes was breaking, was one of the crowd that welcomed the now bone-weary aircrew. "I wish you Godspeed," Mrs. Post said through her tears.

Hailstones big as walnuts bombarded the *New York World's Fair, 1939* as it passed over Minnesota. "For a few bad moments, we thought the plane was going to shake itself to death," Lund said. "We had to lower the speed to almost stalling to keep it from falling apart." But the aircraft struggled through the cold front that hung over the Great Lakes, and gave New York's Floyd Bennett tower an estimated time of arrival. Half an hour from final touchdown, Hughes received a message from the field that an orderly reception waited him.

"You are in no danger of being mobbed," the message said.

Even as these words were spoken, more than 25,000 men, women, and children were trying to wedge their way into the airport. When the plane roared low over the administration building three days, 19 hours and eight minutes after its original takeoff—after having halved the record flight for a trip around the world—Hughes could look out his cockpit window and prepare himself for the worst.

He was so big a hero that when New York tendered him the inevitable ticker-tape parade, one city official cried out "It's bigger than Lindbergh's." He was right. The Sanitation Department subsequently reported that 1,800 tons of paper were thrown at Hughes, 200 tons more than had inundated the Lone Eagle.

IV and into the war

One day in 1939 while actress Olivia de Havilland was on location in Modesto, California, making a western with actor Erroll Flynn, Howard Hughes sent an airplane to the set to pick up his good friend Flynn and bring him back to Los Angeles for a party. Since the film company was breaking up for the weekend, Hughes' pilot asked Miss de Havilland if she wanted a ride back to Los Angeles, too. She thanked the pilot, but said no. The next week Hollywood columnist Louella Parsons reported that Howard Hughes had finally been captured by Olivia and they were making plans to marry.

Miss de Havilland read this and laughed. She had never met Hughes and knew little about him, even though his name was continually in the papers in connection with those of a great many actresses. But when she returned to Los Angeles upon completion of her picture, the phone rang and a male voice rather nervously asked, "Miss de Havilland?"

"This is she."

"This is Howard Hughes."

Miss de Havilland said there was a long moment of silence before the voice said, "I read in the paper that you and I are engaged and are going to be married."

Miss de Havilland said she began to giggle.

"Since we have never met, I thought we should at least look at each other before we do something so permanent," Hughes said.

Katharine Hepburn? It was, friends said, just a case of two busy people each following different careers; they had drifted apart. Before Hughes called upon Miss de Havilland, he had been seen around town with Ginger Rogers.

The courtship of Miss de Havilland began to run along familiar, charming but erratic lines. She said Hughes would never call her for a date until the evening of the night he wanted to go out. If she said she had other plans, he would demand that she change them. Then he would appear in an old car, she said; one she called "an unintentional convertible" because when it rained the water would come pouring in through holes in the canvas top. And, she said, Hughes would never have any money: "I always had to take the money to pay for our dinners."

At one point, she said, Hughes disappeared for several weeks. Then one Sunday morning a box of three dozen white orchids appeared at her door. Every Sunday until Hughes returned the white orchids were delivered. Upon his return to Los Angeles, Hughes informed her that it was now time for her to learn to fly. So up they went, with Hughes turning over the controls to

his apprehensive pupil and laughing at her terror when a mistake would send the plane lurching about the sky. They would land and dine at Victor Hugo's, then a restaurant popular among the Hollywood film colony.

One evening over dinner, Miss de Havilland said quietly, "There is love between us and we have never discussed marriage."

She said Hughes looked squarely at her and replied, "I have no intention of marrying until I am 50. There are too many things to do."

And so it would seem there were, particularly since Hughes wished to supervise each of them in minute detail. For one thing, he had bought a controlling interest in Transcontinental & Western Airlines, later to be called Trans World, or TWA, and was arranging the company's financing. He had also ordered new transports for his airline, to be built by Lockheed, and he met with Lockheed's engineers, rejecting drawings, arguing obstinately, forcing his demands on stubborn designers. Hughes insisted upon what most of the designers thought was an impractical idea: three vertical tail fins instead of the conventional one or the less-conventional two. As work progressed the design was given a new name—*Constellation*—and the schedule called for the new aircraft's appearance early in 1942.

At the 7000 Romaine Street building, Hughes paid equally close attention to the search for the as-yet-undiscovered actors to play the leading roles in a new Hughes picture to be called *Billy The Kid.* He and his associates pored over thousands of photographs culled from newspapers and magazines, both foreign and domestic; they searched through heaps of glossy photographs sent by agents. Then one day Gummo Marx, an agent and one of Hollywood's Marx Brothers, brought Hughes a lad who had the spare, athletic build and babyish good looks that precisely fit the public misconception of Billy the Kid. The young man's name was Jack Buetel. Hughes signed him to a contract for $75 a week and trusted that someone would give him acting lessons before shooting began.

There was at this time in Los Angeles a receptionist in a chiropodist's office who, to implement her $27.50-a-week salary, posed for photographers. She had dark hair, a clear complexion and a remarkable bosom. An agent, Lewis Green, saw one of her photographs and sent it on to the Hughes office. When the producer saw it, he stopped to look again.

"Give this Jane Russell a test," he said.

Jane Russell walked out of the studio signed to a $75-a-week contract. Hughes was not altogether sure he wanted her to play the female lead. He had several other actresses under consideration. But she seemed to him to have the freshness of face and form that he was looking for, and as in the case of Jack Buetel, she could probably be taught to act.

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brisk tail wind that blew it to Ireland at a great—and badly needed—saving of fuel. There were more than 100 gallons of gasoline aboard as the island swung beneath the aircraft's port wing; enough to continue to Paris as planned.

It was early Monday evening in Paris when the silver monoplane touched down just 16 hours and 35 minutes after leaving New York. It was a new record for the New York-Paris flight; two hours better than the most recent record and roughly half Lindbergh's original time.

"We'll allow two hours here," the flier announced, as if Paris was nothing more than a filling station. But Hughes' mechanic, Ed Lund, one of the air crew of four, called Hughes' attention to a problem. He pointed to ominous wrinkles in the aircraft's metal skin near the tail assembly. Hughes immediately knew what had happened. On takeoff in New York, as he had turned the plane from taxi strip to runway, the tail wheel had slipped off the pavement into soft earth and the resulting jolt had buckled several pieces of the fuselage.

French mechanics looked at the wrinkled skin and shrugged. "C'est fini," one of them said, demonstrating a Gallic fatalism with respect to the mysteries of machinery and a serious underestimation of American make-do.

But Lund, with a United States army sergeant from the Embassy staff, very shortly procured a quantity of angle irons from a nearby hangar and began bolting them inside the fuselage to carry the stress forward to undamaged structural members of the airframe. The rest of the air crew took advantage of the delay to sleep, but Hughes went to the terminal restaurant where he ate a lamb chop and a bowl of French-fried potatoes and refused continually offered glasses of champagne. He glanced through a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams and made a long distance telephone call to Miss Hepburn, but failed to reach her.

Reporters milled about asking whether the trip would be called off. Hughes refused to talk to any of them. He maintained his brooding silence throughout the eight hours that elapsed while the repairs were being made.

"When will you get to Moscow?" one reporter asked.

Hughes regarded the man bleakly, and spoke for the first time. "I don't know," he said.

The original route would have taken the plane directly over Germany into Russia. Just prior to leaving New York, however, Hughes was told that the German government had reconsidered and demanded that Hughes follow an alternate route over Scandinavia instead. Hughes, having lost eight hours in Paris fiddling with angle irons, was in no mood to pay the slightest attention to Hitler. He steered across the German border, and there was an immediate angry chattering in his radio headset. The most frequently used and familiar word was *Verboten*.

"Ah, it's dark," Hughes muttered. "We're not going to see anything and I don't think they'll shoot us down."

It was not only dark, but Hughes was flying blind. Shortly past midnight Hughes radioed back to New York, "As far as we can see, everything is okay."

The next news that America heard of the flight came in thick, excited accents: "Hello, hello America! This is Radio Moscow! It is 4:10 a.m. here and Hughes just went around the field and is making a landing!"

The Russians were anxious for Hughes to stay a while. They had planned a tour of Moscow for him, an elaborate feast and a suite of rooms in the best hotel was reserved for him. They had even obtained American cornflakes for his breakfast. Inside the airport building Hughes passed up the vodka and the caviar that was offered him, accepting black bread and cheese instead. In a little more than two hours the plane was in the air again.

A chain of mountains lies across the route from Yakatsk, Siberia, to Fairbanks, Alaska, and according to the maps Hughes carried, these mountains were 6,500 feet high. Hughes had planned to fly at 8,500 feet to be certain of clearing them. On approaching the mountains at that altitude, however, Hughes was astonished to see them towering above him. Not until he reached 11,000 feet was it certain that he would clear the range, and during the climb Hughes had time to reflect upon the hours spent at the Paris airport.

Had the trip proceeded exactly on schedule, he would have been flying this leg of the trip at night instead of in broad daylight. At 8,500 feet he would have flown at 200 miles an hour into the face of a Siberian cliff. Twelve hours and 16 minutes out of Yakatsk the *World's Fair, 1939* touched down at Fairbanks, where Mrs. Wiley Post, widow of a round-the-world flier whose record Hughes was breaking, was one of the crowd that welcomed the now bone-weary aircrew. "I wish you Godspeed," Mrs. Post said through her tears.

Hailstones big as walnuts bombarded the *New York World's Fair, 1939* as it passed over Minnesota. "For a few bad moments, we thought the plane was going to shake itself to death," Lund said. "We had to lower the speed to almost stalling to keep it from falling apart." But the aircraft struggled through the cold front that hung over the Great Lakes, and gave New York's Floyd Bennett tower an estimated time of arrival. Half an hour from final touchdown, Hughes received a message from the field that an orderly reception waited him.

"You are in no danger of being mobbed," the message said.

Even as these words were spoken, more than 25,000 men, women, and children were trying to wedge their way into the airport. When the plane roared low over the administration building three days, 19 hours and eight minutes after its original takeoff—after having halved the record flight for a trip around the world—Hughes could look out his cockpit window and prepare himself for the worst.

He was so big a hero that when New York tendered him the inevitable ticker-tape parade, one city official cried out "It's bigger than Lindbergh's." He was right. The Sanitation Department subsequently reported that 1,800 tons of paper were thrown at Hughes, 200 tons more than had inundated the Lone Eagle.

IV and into the war

One day in 1939 while actress Olivia de Havilland was on location in Modesto, California, making a western with actor Erroll Flynn, Howard Hughes sent an airplane to the set to pick up his good friend Flynn and bring him back to Los Angeles for a party. Since the film company was breaking up for the weekend, Hughes' pilot asked Miss de Havilland if she wanted a ride back to Los Angeles, too. She thanked the pilot, but said no. The next week Hollywood columnist Louella Parsons reported that Howard Hughes had finally been captured by Olivia and they were making plans to marry.

Miss de Havilland read this and laughed. She had never met Hughes and knew little about him, even though his name was continually in the papers in connection with those of a great many actresses. But when she returned to Los Angeles upon completion of her picture, the phone rang and a male voice rather nervously asked, "Miss de Havilland?"

"This is she."

"This is Howard Hughes."

Miss de Havilland said there was a long moment of silence before the voice said, "I read in the paper that you and I are engaged and are going to be married."

Miss de Havilland said she began to giggle.

"Since we have never met, I thought we should at least look at each other before we do something so permanent," Hughes said.

Katharine Hepburn? It was, friends said, just a case of two busy people each following different careers; they had drifted apart. Before Hughes called upon Miss de Havilland, he had been seen around town with Ginger Rogers.

The courtship of Miss de Havilland began to run along familiar, charming but erratic lines. She said Hughes would never call her for a date until the evening of the night he wanted to go out. If she said she had other plans, he would demand that she change them. Then he would appear in an old car, she said; one she called "an unintentional convertible" because when it rained the water would come pouring in through holes in the canvas top. And, she said, Hughes would never have any money: "I always had to take the money to pay for our dinners."

At one point, she said, Hughes disappeared for several weeks. Then one Sunday morning a box of three dozen white orchids appeared at her door. Every Sunday until Hughes returned the white orchids were delivered. Upon his return to Los Angeles, Hughes informed her that it was now time for her to learn to fly. So up they went, with Hughes turning over the controls to

his apprehensive pupil and laughing at her terror when a mistake would send the plane lurching about the sky. They would land and dine at Victor Hugo's, then a restaurant popular among the Hollywood film colony.

One evening over dinner, Miss de Havilland said quietly, "There is love between us and we have never discussed marriage."

She said Hughes looked squarely at her and replied, "I have no intention of marrying until I am 50. There are too many things to do."

And so it would seem there were, particularly since Hughes wished to supervise each of them in minute detail. For one thing, he had bought a controlling interest in Transcontinental & Western Airlines, later to be called Trans World, or TWA, and was arranging the company's financing. He had also ordered new transports for his airline, to be built by Lockheed, and he met with Lockheed's engineers, rejecting drawings, arguing obstinately, forcing his demands on stubborn designers. Hughes insisted upon what most of the designers thought was an impractical idea: three vertical tail fins instead of the conventional one or the less-conventional two. As work progressed the design was given a new name—*Constellation*—and the schedule called for the new aircraft's appearance early in 1942.

At the 7000 Romaine Street building, Hughes paid equally close attention to the search for the as-yet-undiscovered actors to play the leading roles in a new Hughes picture to be called *Billy The Kid*. He and his associates pored over thousands of photographs culled from newspapers and magazines, both foreign and domestic; they searched through heaps of glossy photographs sent by agents. Then one day Gummo Marx, an agent and one of Hollywood's Marx Brothers, brought Hughes a lad who had the spare, athletic build and babyish good looks that precisely fit the public misconception of Billy the Kid. The young man's name was Jack Buetel. Hughes signed him to a contract for $75 a week and trusted that someone would give him acting lessons before shooting began.

There was at this time in Los Angeles a receptionist in a chiropodist's office who, to implement her $27.50-a-week salary, posed for photographers. She had dark hair, a clear complexion and a remarkable bosom. An agent, Lewis Green, saw one of her photographs and sent it on to the Hughes office. When the producer saw it, he stopped to look again.

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Drawing upon his aeronautical experience with the sources of stress, flutter and vibration, Hughes very shortly sketched a kind of brassiere that, no matter how Miss Russell twisted about between her trees, would rather pointedly show the audience more precisely what Howard Hughes wanted them to see.

Occasions such as these, which served to divert the technical crew, were rare. Sometimes work would stop altogether for weeks at a time while Hughes vanished into another world—the world of high finance or of aviation design. Meantime the cast and crew remained on salary. There was something princely in all this to them, but on occasion Hughes would worry about production costs. Once he observed a Mexican actress who, according to the script, was supposed to chew on a piece of chicken. He called the property manager to one side.

"Did you have to get a whole chicken?" he demanded.

Production dragged, and meantime, MGM brought out a film called *Billy the Kid*. Exasperated, Hughes changed the name of his picture to *The Outlaw*. The year 1940 melted into 1941 and during all this time, Mr. Birdwell was seeing to it that the world did not remain ignorant of Miss Russell's charms. An extraordinary publicity campaign was well underway.

It was perhaps inevitable that a gossip columnist should report that Miss Russell was Howard Hughes' newest girl friend. Just as inevitably, the gossip columnist was wrong. For one thing, Miss Russell said of Hughes, "He's such a shy man I can't see him making any advances to girls." Moreover, Hughes' attention had been captured by a child with jet hair and enormous eyes so deep a blue they seemed, in some lights, purple.

Her name was Faith Domergue; she was 15 years old and attending a parochial school in Los Angeles when a Warner Brothers talent scout saw her and signed her to a seven-year contract.

One day the actress Susan Peters invited Faith—renamed by the studio Faith Dorn—to a yachting party at Balboa where at dockside Faith was introduced to Howard Hughes.

A few days later Miss Domergue learned that Hughes had bought her contract from Warner Brothers. He also bought a new Lincoln from her father, Leo Domergue, manager of a Los Angeles automobile dealership. Then Hughes called, instructed her to change her name back to Faith Domergue and told her to begin attending classes at his 7000 Romaine Street office, under tutors. Not unnaturally, Miss Domergue began to entertain hopes of being starred in a forthcoming Hughes picture. As the months passed she wondered when that would be.

In late 1941, the Army Air Corps believed that heavily armed bombers, flying high in broad daylight, could fight their way to and from targets without the protection of friendly fighter aircraft. It so happened that Odekirk at Hughes Aircraft and his staff were working on this problem. One part of the answer was their development of a stainless steel, flexible feed chute, 65 inches long, leading to a box containing 500 rounds of ammunition—a decided improvement over the 50-round belts the Air Corps had been using.

"They went out of their mind when they saw it," Odekirk said. "They wanted all we could produce."

He said the Air Corps visitors did not show the same degree of enthusiasm for plans for a Hughes fighter called the D-2, but that on the whole the inspection trip was a great success.

Hughes meanwhile was working on *The Outlaw*. Before shooting had begun the script had been submitted to the Hays Office for censoring. Among the great many changes the censors demanded was an absolute insistence that one particular line of dialogue be deleted. The line occurred during a scene in which actor Huston returned home after a protracted absence to discover that Buetel, the outlaw, had married Huston's girl friend, Miss Russell. Following Huston's recriminations, Buetel was to reply, "Waal, Doc, you borrowed from me; now I borrowed yore gal."

That line, the Hays Office said, was absolutely unacceptable.

It was one Hays Office objection to which Hughes was willing to pay attention. He changed the line. Buetel was now to say, quite simply, "Tit for tat."

It took all of one night of constant retakes before Buetel could say this without breaking into hysterical laughter.

Work on *The Outlaw* proceeded in fits and starts while Hughes went from one iron to another among his many fires, and 1941 drew toward its end. Hughes had been working all that Saturday night before the Sunday of Pearl Harbor, but when he heard the Sunday morning news broadcast he worked through the day as well.

An obvious thing to do was to increase production of the machine-gun feed chutes.

Eventually 90 percent of all United States bombardment aircraft were equipped with them. Also underway at the aircraft company was work on an electrically operated booster drive for machine guns that speeded their rate of fire. The device was perfected and 89,512 of them were produced by Hughes. Meantime Hughes set other projects in motion. Hughes Tool Company opened a plant in Los Angeles, and with Hughes Aircraft produced during the war 14,766 landing gear struts, 5,576 aircraft wings, 6,370 fuselages and 18,733 aircraft seats under subcontracts to other aircraft manufacturers. Hughes also built a munitions plant that ultimately turned out 939,320 artillery shells, and a factory that produced 16,958 cannon barrels. He was disappointed that the Air Corps—soon to become the United States Army Air Force—showed so little enthusiasm for the now ready-to-be-tested D-2, but an opportunity suddenly arose to try to make a long-nourished dream come true.

In Washington, D.C., the industrialist Henry J. Kaiser made what many people considered to be a madman's proposal: that mammoth aircraft be built—planes each capable of transporting hundreds of men and their equipment. Then an army could simply fly over the submarines.

Kaiser's idea was coldly received in Washington but Odekirk, in California, thought the notion was far from preposterous.

"We have two hundred engineers working on the D-2," he told Hughes, "and they're about finished. If Kaiser is as good a production man as he claims to be, why don't we design a flying boat and let him build it?"

In September, 1942, Hughes and Kaiser each received a copy of a letter from the Defense Plant Corporation authorizing construction of three flying boats for testing purposes. The letter specified that the aircraft would be built at Hughes' Culver City plant; that neither Hughes nor Kaiser would receive fee or profit; that they should spend no more than $18,000,000 of the government's money; that the planes were to be delivered in two years.

Hughes devoted his days to flying and to his defense industries, and at night he would return to *The Outlaw*. The shooting had been completed. What remained was the most difficult work in the process of making a motion picture: the dreary cutting, scoring and editing. In the usual studio these various tasks are entrusted to the appropriate experts, but Hughes saw to them all himself. It was as if *The Outlaw* had become a nocturnal hobby to which he could turn at day's end.

It was late 1942 before all this work was done. But there remained another matter: obtaining a seal of approval from the Hays Office of the Motion Picture Producers Association. The Hays Office demanded that 108 cuts be made before the seal could be granted.

"I will not make a single cut. I'll release it without a seal," Hughes said.

Only Hughes and the censors had seen the completed picture so far; the stars themselves had not. The original negative was in Hughes' possession, and he telephoned Glen Odekirk to stop doing whatever he was doing at the aircraft company to come to Los Angeles.

Odekirk said Hughes told him, "Odey, I've got a picture here that is moody and dark, and I'm afraid some dust particles might get on the film. I want you to come over and design a room to keep the negative in. It's got to be absolutely airtight. I don't want the tiniest speck of dust to get in."

Odekirk said he led a crew which dismantled a room at the 7000 Romaine Street building, putting it back together with lead walls. To insure its absolute cleanliness, cleaning women were admitted at intervals to inspect it, but first they had to vacuum their hair to be sure they brought no loose dandruff into the room with them.

When Hughes finally decided to release *The Outlaw*, he engaged the Geary Theater in San Francisco. He piloted a special airline flight up from Los Angeles. The plane carried 48 Hollywood reporters and columnists and their spouses to the premiere. Every one of them had his expenses paid by Hughes—from breakfast to nightcap. These gentry were joined at the

Geary by representatives of the national press and by a select gathering of eminent Californians, including the redoubtable Oakland shipbuilder, Henry J. Kaiser. When *The Outlaw* screen titles appeared there was general applause for the man who was at once the film's producer and the guests' host. The first few scenes of the picture itself were good. There was skilled camera work by veteran photographer Gregg Toland; there was the capable presence of Walter Huston. From then on the audience did not know whether to laugh, weep, or maintain an uncomfortable silence.

There were two scenes that left no one with anything to say. One showed Miss Russell's peasant blouse to be a bit too large for her as she stooped to pick up something. In the other, outlaw Buetel was shaking from chills despite the blankets piled atop his bed. Unbuttoning herself, Miss Russell said, "I'll get you warm," and popped under the covers with him.

The acting of Miss Russell and Buetel left everything to be desired. Mitchell's performance was little better and only Huston seemed to be making a wistful attempt to preserve his considerable reputation. When at last the happy lovers rode off into the sunset together, Russell Birdwell was too wise to ask reporters for their opinions. Instead, he ushered them into buses that would take the audience to a celebration party at the Bal Tabarin—a nightclub. There one reporter said, "In the 40 years I have been going to the theater, this is the worst thing I have ever seen."

This sentiment seemed to find its way into most of the reviews, but Hughes' view was that he had a highly saleable product; the problem was how to market it.

Birdwell wrote an article entitled, "What Time Does Reel Six Go On?" and persuaded a friend to plant it in a San Francisco newspaper. The article suggested the Geary Theater was being stormed by soldiers, sailors and Marines who desired only to see Reel Six of *The Outlaw*.

"Actually," Birdwell said with modest pride, "there was nothing in Reel Six that you couldn't have seen in Reels Five, Four or Seven."

But the article had its desired effect. The public pressed into the Geary Theater in such numbers that all records for San Francisco motion picture attendance were broken in the ensuing 10 weeks.

Whereupon, Hughes immediately withdrew the film from distribution and sealed it away again in the airtight, lead-lined room at 7000 Romaine Street. No one knew why, and he did not say.

While Hughes was thus diverting the war-raddled multitudes, President Roosevelt's son Elliott, chief of the Mediterranean Allied Photo Reconnaissance Command, was called from the fighting front to Washington and given orders to help to find a new aircraft to fly the dangerous reconnaissance missions. He was entertained in Hollywood by Howard Hughes who made young Roosevelt familiar with the promise of the D-2.

A picture of Howard Hughes at this time is not without some pertinence to that which follows, and perhaps no one can provide a more intimate glimpse of Hughes than Eddie Alexander. Eddie was the proprietor of a Hollywood barbershop, and one day a Hughes aide enlisted him to wait upon Hughes himself.

"I walked into the Beverly Hills Hotel where he was staying, and there was Howard Hughes in a chair, badly in need of a shave and a haircut, talking to a couple of generals," Eddie said. "He motioned for me to start cutting his hair and kept talking all the time to the generals. It took me three hours to finish because Hughes alternated talking with the brass with talking on his amplified telephone. He's hard of hearing, you know, and his phone is rigged so that he can hear the other person's voice broadcast throughout the room. It's eerie, hearing both ends of a conversation.

"I thought I did a bad job, with all those interruptions, but apparently it was all right. Because for the next 17 years, I was Hughes' personal barber."

Hughes ordered Eddie to close his shop, go home and wait for Hughes to call him the next time he needed a haircut. Eddie said Hughes told him that he was a busy man, and he wanted his barber to be "on the hook" as Hughes employees called being on standby duty. Sometimes, after Eddie had been waiting three or four days at home, the telephone would ring at 2 a. m. and a familiar voice would say, "Just checking, Eddie, just checking. Wanted to see if you were standing by. I'm going to need you soon. I'll call you one of these days."

Eddie said Hughes also ordered him to bathe carefully and frequently. "He said he didn't want me bringing other customers' germs into his presence," Eddie said.

While Eddie was most frequently called into the presence at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Hughes would often be found at one or another of sundry houses in and around Los Angeles.

"In those cases," Eddie said, "the driver would take such a winding route that nobody could remember it. When we'd reach the house, we'd walk up to the front door and a voice would boom out, like over a microphone, demanding to know who was there. The guard would say, 'It's Eddie, the barber,' and they'd let me progress to the front porch.

"Then the guard would kick on the door a few times, I guess because Mr. Hughes didn't hear so well, and after a minute or two, Hughes himself would open the door just a crack. He'd say, 'Hurry on in, step lively, shut the door and keep the germs out.' "

If young Roosevelt saw any of the aspects of Hughes that Eddie did, he might have been fascinated. What he did see that certainly fascinated him as a military photo reconnaissance officer, was the design for the D-2. On his return to Washington Elliott recommended that a contract be awarded Hughes for mass production of the aircraft. He said Hughes wanted to build the planes of plywood, since Hughes was having success working with that material on his flying boat.

Elliott Roosevelt's report provoked a mixed reaction. But in late August, 1943, Colonel Roosevelt was made Chief of the Reconnaissance Branch's requirements division in Air Force Headquarters. And two weeks later Hughes was awarded a 48-million dollar contract that called for delivery of 100 D-2s within a year.

Meantime, in that fall of 1943, it was very nearly time for Hughes to deliver the first of the flying boats which he had been given $18,000,000 by the government to develop. Routinely inquiring as to a delivery date, the War Production Board was shocked to hear that the flying boat was still in skeleton form. In Washington, angry voices were raised demanding that Hughes' contracts be cancelled.

Meanwhile Hughes was busily creating a new motion picture company in partnership with the talented director, Preston Sturges. At the time Hughes told a reporter "I want to make one thing clear: I can't devote any time whatsoever to the motion picture business until the war is over. Sturges is the one man in whom I have complete confidence. I am happy to turn over to him the full control and direction of all my motion picture activities."

Sturges was shortly to discover that although he had "full control," this did not include the power to buy a script, hire a star, build a set or change a line of dialogue without Hughes' approval. He did have complete authority to follow Hughes' instructions to the letter. But at the moment of formation of the partnership Sturges' problems were all ahead of him.

Turning to another project, Hughes flew to Washington in April, 1944. Airlines were an important industry to the total war effort, as all other transportation industries were, and TWA was beginning to receive an allotment of the new Lockheed Constellations that Hughes had done so much to design. By way of celebration—and at the same time publicizing the airline—Hughes loaded the first TWA Constellation with Hollywood stars and flew to Washington from Los Angeles in little over six hours. Hughes called it the Constellation's maiden flight.

In August he was back in Washington in a far less triumphant mood. The Bureau of the Budget had been looking through his Culver City factory and had suggested that the reconnaissance plane contracts be given to some other manufacturer—to one who had enough space, manpower, equipment, experience and organizational ability to build the 100 planes. Hughes tried unsuccessfully to obtain higher materiel priorities. He did succeed in retaining the contracts.

But the flying boat was not finished by the end of 1944. Nor was it near completion in the spring of 1945. Nor was the reconnaissance ship, now christened the XF-11, anywhere near ready for testing in May, 1945, when the European war ended. Armaments contracts were everywhere canceled as being in excess of need. The XF-11 contract was renegotiated to call for only two experimental aircraft and a static test model, and the flying boat contract was changed to call for one test model, not three. Hughes had failed to produce either his flying boat or his reconnaissance aircraft during the war.

He seemed tired and dejected. To add to his problems, Faith Domergue, now 19, demanded to know when—if ever—she would be starred in a Howard Hughes production. One reporter said

that Miss Domergue's insistence took the form of a tantrum, upon which Hughes capitulated saying, "All right you pick the story you want to do." Miss Domergue's choice was a script called *Vendetta,* created from an antique melodrama called *Colomba,* the legend of a young Corsican noblewoman's revenge. Hughes told Sturges to begin production. Then, like a guest who becomes ill at a banquet, Hughes vanished from a world that was deliriously celebrating its survival of the war. Only a few trusted associates knew that Hughes had gone to Acapulco, then a sleepy Mexican town sadly diminished since the days when it had been the entrepot for the Manila galleons. He remained there for months, inaccessible to the captains of his businesses, slowly recuperating from nervous exhaustion. He was 40 years old.

V the full life

Those who might think the worse of Hughes for not having completed work on the aircraft on schedule would have missed a point. Reflection suggests that Hughes was a man who kept his own time, worked in his own way his wonders to achieve and put much of himself into everything he did. In the case of the XF-11, he added money of his own to the millions the government invested in the project. He finished it in 1946. The end result was a machine that promised to satisfy the enormous demands that Hughes made upon himself. There was some ineffectual maneuvering among Hughes' aides to persuade him to hire a test pilot, but Hughes was determined to be first in the air with a plane he called "my brightest dream come true." On a Sunday morning in July, all was ready and a sprinkling of Hollywood friends and curious newspapermen came to the Culver City airstrip to see the show.

The XF-11 was smoothly airborne, climbing high out of sight of the Culver City airfield and swinging over the Pacific at more than 400 mph. Its speed was an apparent justification of one novelty of its design. Each of the two engines spun two four-bladed propellers mounted one behind the other. A theory was that eight propeller blades could take a more efficient bite out of the air than the conventional three-bladed propeller. For whatever reasons, the ship was fast and climbed well. Hughes turned east to return to the airfield and as he did so the XF-11 pitched violently to starboard.

The instrument panel showed no malfunction. The engines were receiving full horsepower; instruments indicated that the landing gear was up, that the flaps were up. But the XF-11 wanted to drop its right wing and pull to the right. Hughes, fighting the controls, looked out to see if a part of the right wing had torn loose. The wing was intact. But something was exerting a pressure against the wing as if someone had tied a barn door broadside to it. There was a big drag and no lift.

The XF-11 fell toward Beverly Hills. A pilot who thought only of saving himself would have taken to his parachute. Several miles ahead Hughes could see the green swatch that was the Los Angeles Country Club golf course. It was the only possible place to crash-land. Hughes grimly fought his wildly bucking ship toward the golf course. He did not make it.

He sheared through the upper roof of one house. In a matter of seconds, the XF-11 sliced through the upstairs bedroom of a second house, rammed through a garage, clipped down a row of poplar trees and plowed into the two-story brick home of an army colonel, with one of its engines tearing loose to dig itself into the lawn of a fourth residence 20 yards away.

Barely conscious, Hughes lifted bleeding, shredded hands to pry back the plastic cockpit canopy as debris rained down around him. With strength that came from somewhere, he managed to wrench his broken body up and over the side of the cockpit. He fell to the ground. There he lay as the wreck began to burn.

At the emergency room at the Good Samaritan Hospital, a doctor said, "I don't see how he can live through the night." The doctor's colleagues agreed. There was little they could do for Hughes at that moment except give him opiates against the pain.

Hughes' chest was crushed: nine ribs were broken. His left lung was collapsed. His left shoulder was broken. His nose was broken. His skull was fractured. Internal injuries were suspected. Third degree burns covered much of his lower body.

So they gave him morphine, set the bones, and carried him to a private room to die.

Odekirk, who had feared something had happened when Hughes had neither radioed to base nor had returned from the flight that was to take 30 minutes, heard the news on the police radio frequency. He sped to the hospital and took the room next to Hughes. The doctors told Odekirk there was no hope. During the night, Odekirk broke a hospital rule. He tiptoed into Hughes' room to look down at the broken, dying man with whom he had flown and worked for nearly 15 years. He stood there for more than an hour, silently weeping.

The following dawn Hughes regained consciousness and asked to sit up and see his business associates. By afternoon the man who had not been expected to survive the night and for whom the doctors still entertained little hope was demanding to be propped up and given writing utensils. The nurses refused and complained to doctors that they could not make Hughes rest. Odekirk called two guards from the aircraft company to bar Hughes' door to all visitors.

By the end of the second day Hughes had given Odekirk a full report on the XF-11's performance and his opinion of what had caused the crash. He suspected that something had gone wrong with the right propellers and told Odekirk to investigate this suspicion secretly.

On the third day Hughes told Odekirk. "This pain is killing me." His hips and legs were so badly burned that it was excruciatingly painful to shift his body even slightly. Odekirk said that Hughes told him he had an idea.

"I want you to make me a bed, a special bed that will let me move around without all this pain," Hughes said.

"Here was Howard Hughes on what we all thought was his deathbed, instructing me to make a new hospital bed that he was still mentally sharp enough to design," Odekirk said. "He came up with the idea that if the bed could change pressure instead of the patient having to move, the pain would be less.

"He had thought the whole thing out, and he spelled out just what he wanted. He told me to build a bed composed of little three-inch squares of foam rubber covered by a soft cloth. These squares were each to be mounted on a three-inch square platform, and under each platform was to be a screw jack hooked up to a tiny motor. There would be about 80 of these rubber squares and 80 little motors. Each square could turn in any direction—up, down or sideways.

"I rushed out of the hospital and called Jack Sherman at the plant. He began a crash program and his crew worked 24 hours a day for four days to build this bed. They even created a large console with switches to move each square. But the really inventive part of the bed was a large hole in the middle that would move out, accommodating a bed pan that slid in and out. The patient thus didn't have to be shifted around."

When the bed was finished, the men started to load it into a truck. One of them called, "Wait!" He ran to get a little decalcomania that bore the legend, *Hughes Sportster,* and slapped it onto the bed frame. The decals were otherwise used to decorate the seven-foot boats that Hughes Aircraft Company workmen had been making out of scrap plywood left over from construction of the monstrous flying boat.

At 2 a.m. the bed was taken up the freight elevator and to Hughes' hospital room. Odekirk eased the door ajar to see if Hughes was awake. He was.

"We made your damn bed, Howard," Odekirk said, pushing the door open. "And now you'll have to lie in it."

"I think he went home in an ambulance, but I wouldn't be surprised if he flew home in that damn bed," one hospital physician told another afterward.

The doctors, reluctant to see him leave the hospital after a five-week stay, told him he should remain in bed for at least six months. The Howard Hughes that the reporters met looked to be a very different man from the Hughes they had known before. He was rail thin; his neck seemed lost in its shirt collar. He had grown a moustache to cover scars left from wounds to his upper lip. He still wore his ancient brown fedora, but when he smiled faintly for the photographers it was the thin, sad smile of an old, tired man. He was carrying a quart of milk, a box of soda crackers and a paper sack holding a change of clothes.

"I have nothing to say gentlemen," he told the press. "It looks like a nice morning, so I thought I'd go somewhere and

rest for a while, then go back to work." End of the interview.

Rather than follow the doctors' advice to spend half-a-year in convalescence, Hughes resumed command of his financial empire, wherein events had marched with mixed success during his absence.

One project that had succeeded rather wildly was *The Outlaw*. Hughes had released it for national distribution in the spring, and now by late summer, it had broken box office records everywhere—no doubt because it had run into censorship problems nearly everywhere it was shown. A Baltimore judge had helped matters considerably by upholding Maryland censorship, in the course of which he remarked that, "Miss Russell's breasts hung over the picture like a summer thunderstorm spread out over a landscape. They were everywhere. They were there when she first came into the picture. They were there when she went out."

Hughes said he figured the judge had added a million dollars to the gross.

A far more important project was the transformation of Transcontinental and Western Airlines into Trans World Airlines. Hughes returned from hospital to find that TWA stock had slipped from a January high of $71 a share down to $2. What with one thing and another, TWA faced a 16 million dollar loss in 1946. Worse, it also owed 40 million dollars to the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Refinancing was in order, and TWA president Jack Frye urgently suggested that the company issue two million more shares of stock.

Meantime Preston Sturges had spent nearly one million dollars on *Vendetta*. When Hughes was able to leave the hospital, he sat down one midnight in a projection booth and studied the film until 8 the following morning. It was a complete and unsalvageable mess. So most of what had been filmed was junked, and once again Hughes decided to take over the direction of a motion picture himself. Miss Domergue's career, which had begun to edge forward, would once again halt until Hughes could find the time to fit *Vendetta* into his schedule.

There followed days, then weeks of inactivity for *Vendetta's* cast, but not for Hughes. Still a gaunt shadow of the man he had been before his crash, Hughes managed, as usual, to give Hollywood gossip columnists something to write about. He was seen with Linda Darnell, Yvonne De Carlo, Ida Lupino, Jean Peters and Ava Gardner. Of these young actresses, Jean Peters was unique. She was an Ohio college girl who had won a beauty contest and a trip to Hollywood. She wore no makeup and $10 dresses. She often wore her hair in pigtails and she wore blue jeans. She was neither sultry nor bosomy nor dazzlingly beautiful. She was simply a fresh, good-looking young girl who would possibly have been much happier had she refused a Hollywood contract and become a schoolteacher in Ohio, as she had originally intended.

Following his recuperation from the XF-11 crash, Hughes had dated Miss Peters but then seemed to prefer the company of Miss Gardner, who bore very little resemblance to a pigtailed ingenue. Miss Gardner had hurried through three marriages before being seen about town with Hughes. Hollywood gossips said she liked him well enough, but that she did not like having to stay home waiting for him to call her, nor did she appreciate being followed about by Hughes guards. Lana Turner was quoted as saying she loved Hughes "but I know absolutely nothing about him."

Far more typical of the reaction of the women Hughes met casually was a remark attributed to one film hopeful he dated. "Mainly," she said, "I guess I'm just sorry for him."

Approximately 1,000 employees were on the payroll of the Hughes Aircraft Company but there were no new projects, nothing to stimulate the imaginations of the first-rate engineers Hughes had hired. A work force still carefully tended the *Hercules*, the largest flying boat in the world. Hughes had completed it in 1947, and had flown it precisely one mile at an altitude of 70 feet. Whereupon it was returned to its hangar, where it still sits today.

There was still some continuing work on military aircraft weapons systems. Mechanics were converting a few war-surplus bombers into private aircraft for business executives. The engineers began to drift away. Four general managers quit. Odekirk had led a group of company executives in an urgent request that Hughes allow the company to develop an electronics department, pleading that electronics was a certain path to the future.

Hughes agreed and persuaded a retired Air Force general, Harold L. George, to become president of what Hughes promised would become "the best electronics business in the world."

Hughes was extremely fortunate in hiring Dr. Simon Ramo, a graduate of California Institute of Technology, to conduct research, and Doctor Ramo in turn hired Dr. Dean Wooldridge away from the Bell Telephone Company's research department. Ramo and Wooldridge were young men of brilliant reputations, and when they sent word out into the academic community that here was a dream come true—an intellectual oasis where working conditions were unparalleled and salaries were more than handsome—more than a hundred first-rate young scientists joined them. The atmosphere of Hughes Aircraft, once the atmosphere of a garage where a handful of unschooled but mechanically gifted young men tinkered with an engine, became that of an institute for post-doctoral study.

More scientists joined the Hughes organization. The Air Force gave Hughes Aircraft an $8,000,000 contract to build 200 fire-control units for its Lockheed F-94 fighters. The company that had little to do as the year began could certainly not complain of inactivity as the year ended. It seemed that the electronics department was becoming a tail that would wag the dog.

Although Hughes stayed away from his growing company, his presence was felt. No one knew where he was living—reporters said it was in "San Limbo"—but Hughes insisted on seeing every drawing and approving every detail of a new laboratory he had agreed to put up in Culver City. The plans would be sent to 7000 Romaine Street. There would then be weeks upon weeks of utter silence from Hughes—precious weeks from the standpoint of the company. Suddenly the plans would come back to George with personal instructions from Hughes to change this corridor, shorten that passage, add a door here, use this color in this room, that color in that room.

On one occasion word came down from Hughes' answering service on Romaine Street that Father, as employees were beginning to call him, would grant George and his staff an audience at the unexpectedly reasonable hour of 8 p.m. The meeting was at the $100-a-day bungalow that Hughes maintains at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

On another occasion when Ramo and Wooldridge were anxiously awaiting the return of a particularly crucial set of plans, they received from Hughes instead a demand for a complete financial accounting for the past four years on all vending machines in the Hughes Aircraft factory. Hughes wanted to know precisely how much he was earning from the sale of candy bars, soft drinks, milk and cigarettes.

This was bad enough, but silence was worse. "I had to telephone that damn answering service at 7000 Romaine Street and tell some $40-a-week kid that I, the general manager of the aircraft division, would like to talk to Mr. Hughes," George said. "The damn kid would tell me he'd try to pass my message along if Mr. Hughes ever called in. Was that any way to run a business?"

Despite the disappearances, vagaries and caprices of its owner, the aircraft division nevertheless burgeoned at a fantastic rate. If the Hughes Aircraft Company made aircraft no longer, it was manufacturing electronic devices absolutely vital to national defense. By the end of 1951, the company sales totalled an astonishing $67,000,000. A year and a half later, sales stood at an incredible $200,000,000 a year.

He had given up golf. He said he no longer had time for it, as well he might not, what with having to attend to the company vending machines and purchasing 25 new Lockheed Super Constellations at $1,250,000 apiece for Trans World Airlines.

"He had a phone by his side with three or four buttons on it," said Eddie the barber. "He'd talk to one guy, put him on Hold, then start talking to another." It was normal for a Hughes haircut to take maybe five hours.

"Once I was being very careful with the tender skin under his chin. He took the clippers away from me—he wouldn't let me use the electric clippers—and said, 'Here, Eddie, do it this way.' Sure enough, I took a big hunk out of his neck. He hollered and said from here out he would leave my business alone."

Eddie was fortunate to have come to a working agreement so

easily, for elsewhere throughout the burgeoning empire of Howard Hughes, the satraps, captains and secretaries fared less well. For example, when Hughes appeared at the 7000 Romaine Street headquarters to dictate business correspondence, two secretaries were required to type the same letter. First Hughes would adjust the margins on their typewriters for them. Then he would slowly and carefully speak, stopping to make sure that each had typed exactly what he had said. He would not let them use shorthand; he did not trust shorthand, they said.

The secretaries, like Eddie, were on call around the clock. When they came to Romaine Street, they were not only refused permission to wear perfume and nail polish, but ordered to wear surgical gloves when typing. If a mistake was made on a page, the page was put into a container which was then picked up by a male attendant, carried to the roof and its contents burned. There was in all this a certain emphasis on sterile cleanliness that led the secretaries to call the stucco building with its locked doors "a second-class maternity ward," and in this ward the staff found their diet supervised by Hughes. For example, no one was allowed to go out for lunch; food was always sent in. These were all standing orders to be obeyed whether Hughes was in the building or not—and he was most usually not. Elsewhere in the world of Howard Hughes, others stood by at their respective outposts, obeying their orders. A chef assigned exclusively to Hughes was on 24-hour duty call at the Beverly Hills Hotel in event that Hughes might arrive at any hour of day or night requiring anything from a cup of black coffee to a seven-course banquet. A Hughes aide stationed at the hotel had the duty of receiving the food from the chef in the kitchen and carrying it to Hughes, who would not permit waiters or bellboys to serve him.

The building at Romaine Street, the resort town of Palm Springs, the Beverly Hills and the neon clutter of Las Vegas, were all to be found in the extensive province of San Limbo, which someone described as being a state of mind. Within San Limbo, in various rented houses and hotel rooms at various times and moments, Hughes was at once omnipresent and elusive. Working for Hughes was "not a job," as one employee said, "but a way of life." In the early 1950's, the capital city of San Limbo was Las Vegas, which had a way of life peculiarly it own, but which perfectly accommodated the developing needs and desires of Howard Hughes. The town ran full-blast 24 hours a day, and so did he.

Yet in moving throughout his realm of San Limbo, Hughes was not so much awe-inspiring, mysterious, invisible and unapproachable as he was merely undiscoverable. The reason for this is that his empire was so large and his control of its minutiae so close that anyone needing to see him was virtually certain to learn that he was somewhere else, busy on some other matter. For example, while George was having his problems with Hughes, Hughes was having his own difficulties with RKO. He had bought control of the studio in 1948 for $8,825,690, and in the first year under his management it lost several million dollars. Moving about among Las Vegas, Hollywood and Palm Springs, soothing George one moment and fretting over TWA the next, Hughes was also busy signing contracts with 12 independent producers to use RKO's facilities, and with making plans to produce 31 major pictures of his own.

There was also Nevada, the tool company and the new plant, and so when something had to go, golf went. *Vendetta* was finished, and Miss Domergue had gone away and got married and had a child and Hughes had sold the Lincoln he had bought from her father but had never driven. Next there was the matter of Gina Lollobrigida.

Miss Lollobrigida was rather more than unhappy. She was an extremely beautiful Italian actress who was in a towering Italian fury. All had gone well at first, when a Hughes agent appeared in Rome saying that Mr. Hughes had admired a photograph and wished her to come to Hollywood to act for him. But from that moment on, *Magari!*

"Gina was put into the Town House Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard and told not to leave the place unless Mr. Hughes sent orders," the late Jerry Wald, then a producer working for Hughes, said. "He wanted to protect her from the Hollywood mob. A detective guarded her door 24 hours a day. A chauffeur was there in case she needed to run an errand, but no one ever saw her. Howard knew what a hot discovery she was."

Indeed she was not only hot but boiling, Wald said. Her English was poor and only by throwing things at her guard was she able to make him understand that she wanted to get out of that hotel room. She wanted to go back to Italy where her husband was every bit as eager for her to return. Wald said that Gina simmered down from time to time, and when quiescent would plod through her English lessons, read an occasional script and scream that American food was terrible, but what could one expect of barbarians.

Hughes did what he could to assuage her feelings. On rare evenings, he would come by the Town House, normally after 2 a.m. when the hotel's supper club was ushering out its last customers and closing its doors. Then, Wald said, the orchestra would be retained on overtime to permit Hughes to dance around the empty floor with his Italian protege, soothing her with promises of a career unequalled in Hollywood. Then the orchestra would be dismissed and Miss Lollobrigida put away in her room again, while Hughes flew back to Las Vegas. Somehow or other, Wald said, Miss Lollobrigida managed to escape from California. She returned posthaste to Italy and the solace of her husband.

"I was not free in the time I spent there," she said of Hollywood.

VI the end of the dream

Hughes had been having rotten luck with RKO. He wondered why he had ever bought it, saying, "I needed it like I needed the plague." Under his sporadic, willful supervision, RKO had lost $4,200,000 in 1949. In 1950, RKO lost $5,800,000, but perhaps its most costly loss was self-respect. Hollywood was laughing at Hughes and RKO.

Jet Pilot, for example, was a source of many bad jokes. It was no secret that Howard Hughes intended *Jet Pilot* to be the *Hell's Angels* of the jet age, and someone said, "Why not? The story is just as bad." The script described the love of an American Air Force jet pilot for a Russian woman jet pilot whom he pursued through Palm Springs swimming pools. Somebody said it was a good thing the female lead was supposed to be a Russian, because Russian dress styles hadn't changed in 20 years and wouldn't have changed by the time the film was released. The word around Hollywood was that Hughes had lost his touch. And as time went on *Jet Pilot* became less of a joke and more of a source of embarrassment.

Much funnier was the story that Howard Hawks was telling around the town.

"One day I was on the set when a delegation of Hughes' attorneys arrived," Hawks said. "In my film *Red River,* one of the characters uttered the line, 'Draw your gun.' The Hughes men notified me that Howard Hughes was filing a lawsuit against me. He claimed that 'Draw your gun' had been stolen from the script of *The Outlaw.*"

Hawks said he burst out laughing when the lawyers left, and he laughed again when telegrams began to arrive from other directors. PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT I OWN THE RIGHTS TO "THEY WENT THATAWAY," one director wired. YOU ARE FORBIDDEN TO USE THE LINE, "CUT 'EM OFF AT THE PASS," another said. THE WORDS "HOWDY, MA'AM" MAY NOT BE USED WITHOUT PERMISSION. Hawks deleted "Draw your gun" from *Red River's* script.

A Jane Russell picture was released. It was called *Underwater,* featuring Miss Russell in a bathing suit. It was the notion of Howard Hughes and press agent Perry Lieber to hold the world premiere underwater at Silver Springs, Florida. Columnists and critics equipped with face masks and air tanks sank beneath the surface to see the fun. United Press' Aline Mosby subsequently reported she hadn't seen the picture because she had been too busy trying to keep from drowning. Her colleagues who had seen the film told her she had been lucky.

"It is impossible to estimate the damage done to RKO by Howard Hughes," *Fortune* magazine said. "Where is the accountant who can set a figure on the hundreds of intangible losses that came from Hughes' inability to produce enough movies? With adequate production, RKO would have been able to develop stars of its own, rather than buying them from other studios at fancy prices . . . . the Hughes regime at RKO was about as dismal as it could be. . . ."

Meanwhile RKO stockholders, appalled by the company's losses and its virtual nonproductivity, filed $30,000,000 worth of lawsuits against Hughes. One of them charged that Hughes was driving the studio bankrupt by putting actresses on the payroll "Solely for the purposes of furthering his personal interests." This suit cited, as examples in point, Gina Lollobrigida, Merle Oberon, Ann Sheridan and Jeanmarie.

Of all Hughes' businesses, RKO was the least important by any objective measurement but perhaps the most frustrating and certainly the least profitable. He began a long series of negotiations with Thomas Francis O'Neil, president of General Teleradio, a chain of television and radio stations. It was a fantastic experience for O'Neil, who was flabbergasted both by Hughes' ways of doing business and by Hughes' amazing knowledge of tax law.

The upshot was Hughes sold O'Neil RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. for $25,000,000. Hughes who had originally bought into RKO for approximately $8,800,000, thus emerged nearly eight years later with a profit of $7,700,000, escaping $30,000,000 worth of lawsuits en route. But Hughes was now out of the motion picture business which had been so much of his life.

While these transactions were taking place, Hughes also moved to divorce himself from the most wildly successful of his ventures, the Hughes Aircraft Company—the electronics firm that made no airplanes. Hughes established, in 1955, the Howard Hughes Medical Institute in Miami, Florida, under the supervision of Dr. Verne Mason, the physician who had attended him at the time of the XF-11 crash. He then arranged for ownership of Hughes Aircraft to pass to the Medical Institute. To accomplish this a trusteeship was established, and Hughes himself could not touch the profits that Hughes Aircraft earned.

It would seem as if Hughes were presiding over the liquidation of his own empire as he approached his fiftieth year; as if the fire that had once burned so bright was now to be banked against a long winter's night. Was this to be retirement? He had now cut himself off from two old loves—the making of films and the treading of the frontiers of flight. Just as his scientists were showing him the way to the farthest stars, he gave up the company that once provided him with man's swiftest wings.

All his interests now centered on TWA, which he intended to equip with 50 pure jets.

But there was a problem. The jets cost $4,000,000 apiece. One place to obtain $200,000,000 is Wall Street, but to go there is to put one's self into the hands of the bankers. Hughes' thought was therefore to buy the jets himself.

But Hughes did not happen to have the cash. Yet he went right ahead and put in his orders for jets, anyway. He called Boeing and said he wanted 33 of the new 707's. Next he turned to General Dynamic's Convair Division in San Diego. Hughes told Convair executives that Boeing and Douglas had already saturated the airline market with big jets, and what was called for now was a medium-range aircraft, cheaper to operate, that carried fewer passengers. TWA could use such aircraft for its domestic flights, he said. In fact, he would like to buy 30.

In short, Hughes committed himself to buy 63 jets worth some $300,000,000, and the Hughes Tool Company's directors announced the company would somehow find the money.

But how? Surely Noah Dietrich, the shrewd business expert who had been with him for all these years, would find a way.

But Dietrich quit. Dietrich had always done Hughes' bidding, but when Hughes ordered airplanes he could not pay for, Dietrich was appalled. He tried to convince Hughes to change his orders. Hughes refused. And Dietrich quit—because of this and because, as a former Hughes executive said, the two men had begun "to disagree about more and more things."

No one could find Jean Peters. A spokesman at 20th Century-Fox studios said, "We haven't seen or heard from Jean for months." Asked if it were not somewhat unusual for an actress not to let her own studio know where she was, the spokesman said, "Normally, yes. But in Miss Peter's case, anything is possible."

Her telephone rang in an empty house. The studio was worried, and more worried were her friends. Jean was known to have taken trips alone before, but never for four months and never without leaving word as to where she could be found. It was absurd. Leading actresses simply do not disappear.

"Yes, it is true, but don't quote me," a relative of Howard Hughes told a reporter on the telephone. "I don't dare say anything else."

"The only person who can give you an answer is Hughes, and even we don't know where he is," a member of Hughes' public relations staff said.

Reporters rummaged through marriage license registers in California and Nevada, but there was nothing there. Despite this, a Hollywood gossip columnist wrote on March 16, 1957, that "friends tell me" that Howard Hughes had married the girl he had dated from time to time for nearly 10 years. Miss Peters had for a few months in 1954 and 1955 been married to a Lockheed Aircraft Company executive. The gossip columnist said "I happen to know" that Hughes and Miss Peters had become engaged to one another while sitting in a parked car in "a lovers' lane . . . overlooking the twinkling lights of filmland."

That was certainly more than anyone else knew, and it sounded to other working newspapermen very much like the kind of thing that Hollywood publicists pour out for Hollywood's vision of the reading public—the vision being that of an impressionable shopgirl, reading as she sits alone in a cafeteria over a cup of morning coffee and a breakfast bun. Lovers lanes and twinkling lights of filmland, bosh! The fact of the matter is that reporters have yet to find any official record of a Hughes-Peters wedding. Hughes has never said that he is married. The nearest thing to an announcement were the Christmas cards that Hollywood friends received years later, stamped "Jean and Howard Hughes."

Another view was expressed by an actress who claimed to have observed the Hughes-Peters romance at a fairly close range. Meowing ever so slightly, the actress said, "Jean Peters was one of the first women Hughes had ever met who indicated that he held little fascination for her. If she was only acting, she did it beautifully, because Hughes had to possess, and she wasn't possessable. She wouldn't put up with his orders and foolishness. She didn't even care for his gifts. She didn't dress for him, wouldn't break dates for him, and generally kept him in suspense."

Hughes had told Olivia de Havilland that he would not marry until he was 50. He was now 51, and Miss Peters 30, and they slipped off together to no-one-knew-where.

News of the marriage caused intense speculation in the film colony. Miss Peters, whose career had been burgeoning, was one of 20th Century-Fox's most valuable properties at the time of her disappearance. Had Hughes bought out her contract? No one knew. What kind of life could Jean be living now? No one knew that, either, for Miss Peters did not reappear in the familiar places of Hollywood, nor, for that matter, was she to be seen in Las Vegas. There were rumors that she became ill under the strain of life with Hughes, but these rumors could not be confirmed. There were reports that even Miss Peters' family in Ohio did not know where she was, but these reports could not be confirmed. It was as if Hades had carried Peresphone off with him without the Associated Press knowing it.

But Eddie the barber saw her. He said nothing at the time, but in later years he gave this description of family life at San Limbo: "Sometimes his wife, Jean Peters, a lovely girl I used to see around Hollywood, would be sitting on the couch. She'd look up and tell me to cut her husband's hair short, but he never paid much attention. He was always carrying on business. By this time Hughes had become strange. He grew a long beard. I'd walk in every four months or so, and he'd be sitting there looking like Moses. He had a scar on his lip and chin from a plane wreck, so that's why he grew the beard, I guess, to cover them up. I used to trim it down to a Van Dyke, but he'd always let it grow back full."

Now in the deepest seclusion of his life, Hughes moved like a phantom from one place to another in San Limbo, meanwhile barraging Boeing and Convair with nocturnal telephone calls. He called Boeing to cancel part of his order for 707's; called Convair to hold up production; called them back to order more 880's; called Boeing to say he needed more 707's. He made a partial payment on the first 707's, and arranged for Hughes Tool to lease them to TWA at a reported $2,500 a day. Unforeseen delays began to plague production at Convair. As is customary between airlines and manufacturers, TWA inspectors watched the Convair assembly line. Convair complained that Hughes would call the inspectors off their jobs, one by one, so that work

could not proceed. The result for Convair was stark disaster; the company lost $27,000,000 in 1960 and $40,000,000 in the following year, in the course of which the structure of its parent corporation, General Dynamics, was shaken and so were the careers of several executives.

As 1960 drew to a close, Hughes was backed against a wall. Several banks offered to lend him the money he needed, but only if Hughes would put up a part of the tool company and his $100,000,000 in real estate as collateral. Hughes refused. He would not part with any of his holdings.

Then the men in Wall Street had second thoughts. A consortium of lending institutions told Hughes that they would finance his jet purchases on just one condition. The condition was that he put his TWA stock in the hands of a three-man voting trust. Two of the three would represent the lending institutions; the third could be a Hughes man. The trust would control Hughes' stock for 10 years.

In other words, the bankers were saying, "Look, Howard, you go away somewhere for 10 years while we see what we can do with your half-billion-dollar property."

The men who believed they knew Hughes best swore he would never accept such an arrangement. But it was really the only possible way out. He surrendered.

Now, Hughes could only watch, from wherever he was, while the voting trust installed a new management at TWA, bringing in Charles C. Tillinghast, Jr., a former Bendix Corporation executive, to be TWA's new president.

In December, 1960, as he turned 55, Hughes could reflect that he had come a long way back to where he had been 35 years ago. Then he had come to California, a rich young man with his motion picture enterprises, his flying achievements, his aircraft company, his electronics company and his world-girdling airline all in his future. Now, a graying man and, a friend has said, an ill man, all this was in his past. He had given up motion pictures, had given away his electronics concern, and the money men had taken his airline away from him. Seen nowhere in the glittering places he once frequented, Hughes more than ever seemed to fit the epithet that *Fortune* applied to him, "The Spook of American Capitalism."

In late 1961 a wealthy Los Angeles financier named John Zurlo put his French regency mansion up for sale. It stood atop a hill in the suburb of Bel-Air, and its price was $500,000.

"Shortly thereafter," Zurlo said, "I got a telephone call from a well-known real estate woman named Virginia Tremaine who specializes in renting homes for celebrities. She said she had a client who wished to remain anonymous and who wished to rent my house. I laughed, because nobody could afford to pay the kind of rent I would need. The house is full of priceless antiques, and I would have to be sure it was a respectable tenant, and a very, very rich one.

"She then mentioned a sum, a fantastic sum, and I thought it was a joke. But she said she was not kidding. Her client wanted the house, provided that his identity could remain strictly secret. To this day I don't know for sure who lives there. All I know is that each month a check arrives signed by Miss Tremaine. I can't get into my house, but I am assured by her that my furniture and my house are being taken care of properly."

The twisting road that leads up the hill terminates at the ornate gate of the high fence that surrounds Mr. Zurlo's property, and in 1961, before the gate, pleasant-looking muscular young men sat in old Chevrolets. The young men would not open the gate for anyone whose description, automobile, automobile license plate and time of arrival did not tally with the written notations the young men consulted.

From time to time luxurious automobiles were passed through the gate after scrutiny, and the occupant of one of them subsequently returned down the hill to tell her friends that Jean Hughes enjoyed playing with her black cat, Nefertiti, and had taken up art. She said that Jean had done a somber black and white portrait of herself.

"Her life is a lonely one," the friend said. "But she has apparently adjusted to it. She genuinely loves Howard, and despite his strange ways, theirs is a good marriage. She would like him to come out of his shell; she wants the world to know of her husband's greatness, rather than of his eccentricities. But he doesn't listen to her. She's learned to please him and to accept his reclusive way of life."

On the other hand, she said, Jean seemed anxious to hear talk of places and people she had known; she was delighted to hear gossip of the studios, of who was planning what sort of film and who would be the actors.

It was from the hilltop mansion, or at any of his residences, that Hughes sought by telephone to recover control of TWA. In May, 1961, he was considering legal action against the TWA voting trust and the lending institutions which had appointed it. But before he could file suit, TWA's management struck first. They sued Howard Hughes and the Hughes Tool Company for $115,000,000 damages, charging that Hughes had mismanaged TWA, had damaged it; and they petitioned the court to force him to sell his stock and get out of TWA forever.

Hughes' answer was to file a 63-page countersuit, demanding $336,000,000 in damages from the men who controlled TWA. He demanded that the voting rights of his stock be restored to their rightful, injured owner, Howard Hughes.

While the legal bickering went on and on, and while reporters and process servers searched in vain for her husband, Jean Peters began to live a somewhat more public life. Whereas the elegant Beverly Hills shops had once sent gowns to her for inspection, now she began to shop herself, driving into town in a nondescript Chevrolet station wagon. In 1962 she appeared twice at concerts at the Hollywood Bowl—but in a box well-screened from public view by a mass of shrubbery. She saw a performance by the Comedie Francaise at the Greek Theater, and for the first time since 1957, talked briefly with a reporter. She was still beautiful at 37, swathed in an enormous black mink coat, a purple scarf at her throat.

"I haven't been ducking the press," she said. "It's just that they aren't interested in an old married woman any more."

She smiled.

"My husband and I don't go out very often," she said, as if to explain her attendance alone at the theater.

Mrs. Hughes said she was confident that her husband would regain control of his aerial dominions.

No, she said, as she walked toward the black Cadillac limousine where two guards waited, she did not believe she would ever return to the kleig lights, the cameras and the microphones of the sound stages of Hollywood.

"Not unless it was a dream role," she said. "And those don't come along any more."

Indeed, now in 1966, in Hughes' sixtieth year, it would seem that Mrs. Hughes was quite right. No dream role has come along for her save as that of consort to a deposed king, watching from a distance as his kingdom prospers under other princes.

An irony of Hughes' situation is that he, as majority stockholder in TWA, is indirectly financing the company's suit against him while directly financing his suit against the company. Another irony is that even if he lost and had to pay millions in damages, the money would merely move from Hughes Tool, which he wholly owns, to TWA, of which he owns 77 percent. Practically speaking, he would be shifting money from one pocket to another. But what is really at stake is not money, but power.

A further irony is that Hughes has grown richer while the lawyers squabble. Thanks to a rising economy, a remarkable increase in long-distance passenger travel since 1960, and to Tillinghast's lucid management of TWA, Hughes has gained approximately $215,000,000 through an increase in the market value of his airline stock. In addition, he converted $30,000,000 worth of TWA debentures into stock, and thereby gained another $45,000,000. *Fortune* today estimates Hughes' worth at $1,432,000,000—he is one of the handful of billionaires in the world.

But money seems not to be the point. If it were the point, Hughes could simply make peace with TWA's management, take his billion dollars and do something else with it if he wished to resume an active role in the world. If he intends to remain a hermit, why should he care who runs the airline? Why does he wish to recapture his kingdom? Is there some pride that drives him on and on?

At one point in his life Hughes spoke of himself in terms of Greek tragedy, and the parallel has occurred to others.

The image summons up a memory of an ancient play performed on another stage, involving the story of a king who, through a fatal flaw, fell into the grip of remorseless Fate and was destroyed. At the end of it, the chorus chanted, "Count no man fortunate who is not dead."

Perhaps so.

One wonders what the view from San Limbo must be.

—John Keats

THIS FUNNY LIFE

During a recent physiology class the instructor was lecturing on the bones of the human body. It came time for the identification of certain bones and the instructor dragged out a large cardboard box containing an assortment of various human bones.

We would study one for a while, identify it and pass it on. Finally a very large, flat hip bone reached me. On it had been written some very small words which I managed to decipher: *"If you can read this, you're getting fresh!"*

John W. Wennergren
Soledad, Calif.

En route to the invasion of Luzon, our escort carriers were under continuous attack by suicide planes as they passed through Surigao Strait, Mindanao Sea and the Sulu Sea. Five of our carriers were hit before they reached the invasion area.

As we entered the South China Sea the captain of one of the carriers called his men together on the flight deck and announced over the loudspeaker: "This is a very historic occasion. For the first time since the fall of the Philippines, American surface ships are now entering the South China Sea!"

One young seaman in the crowd, who had grown a little older in the last few days, couldn't help but mutter what was on his mind: "Okay. Let's go home and spread the news!"

Raymond B. Harter
Gretna, La.

An American GI who met Pablo Picasso in Paris told the artist that he didn't like modern paintings because they weren't realistic.

Picasso made no immediate reply, but a few minutes later when the soldier showed him a snapshot of his girl friend, Picasso asked, "My word, is she really as small as all that?"

John W. Chase
Point Pleasant, N. J.

Bill Brown's symptoms and his wife's nagging were serious enough to scare him into going to see a doctor for a physical checkup. On his way to the doctor's office Bill stopped by a bar to fortify himself for the ordeal.

He managed to get through the examination and waited for the doctor's report.

"Give me the news, what does the report show?" Brown asked the doctor anxiously.

"The analysis shows there is a very small percentage of blood getting into your alcohol system," answered the doctor.

Robert L. Meares
Washington, D.C.

A New York City Police Department sergeant was lecturing recruits on "Crowd Control." During his talk, he gave as an example an incident that happened in a South Asian country when the U.S. Embassy there was being picketed by a group of college students. An official from the Embassy ordered U.S. Marines with fixed bayonets to disperse the pickets. In retaliation, the female pickets removed their upper garments and stood, bare to the waist, defying the approaching Marines.

"What would you do in a situation like this?" asked the sergeant.

After a short silence in the classroom one recruit asked, "How about using your bare hands, Sarge?"

John McMahon
Cambria Heights, N.Y.

A New Orleans priest was explaining the Church's view on birth control to one of his parishioners, a Bourbon Street musician. "There are two alternatives," the priest stated. "Periodic abstinence and complete continence."

The musician stood silent for a moment, apparently translating the words in his mind. Then, with sudden enlightenment, he said, "I get it, Padre. Rhythm and blues."

Robert Brault
Hartford, Conn.

After taking over a new territory, one of our salesmen came upon a prospective customer who proved to be a real challenge. Entering the lobby for the first time he found no receptionist, only a telephone which connected him directly to the purchasing agent upstairs. No matter what pitch our salesman used he could not get anyone to come downstairs to see him.

Finally, one afternoon he came back to our office all smiles, and explained he had finally managed to meet the purchasing agent.

Asked how he accomplished this, he answered, "I just telephoned upstairs and said, 'Your lobby is on fire!' "

Byron Bortis
North Hollywood, Calif.

One of the sorority houses at the southwest college that I attended was noted, more than anything else, for its overly prudish housemother, Miss Virginia Byron. She enforced curfew regulations like an old army sergeant, gave constant moral lectures, and when it came to her attention that the large oleander bushes in front of the sorority were being used by the young daters for long, amorous goodnight kisses, she had the bushes all chopped down.

This latter action proved too much for one prankish male student. In the dead of night he placed a large hand-lettered sign on the now barren lawn in front of the sorority house. It read, simply: MISS VIRGINIA BYRON'S BIRTH CONTROL CENTER.

Tony Furman
New York, New York

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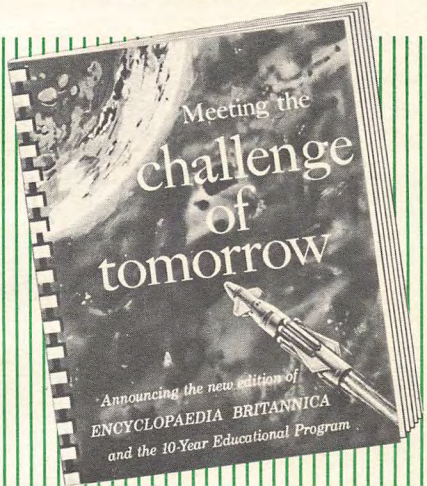

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